

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Husbandry.

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SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

G. F. KIMBALL, Editor.

Seventy-Five Cents a Year in Advance.
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Three good heating stoves for sale cheap at the Five Ct Store 423 Kans. Ave.

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Corner of Adams and Fourth.

The Kansas Farmer, published at Topeka, has been enlarged to a 20-page, 180-column paper, and reduced in price to one dollar a year. It ranks among the best agricultural papers in the country, and for Kansas farmers it is best, because it is made up specially for them. It is now twenty-four years old, is conducted by practical farmers, and published wholly in the interest of agriculture in the broadest sense of the word. The Farmer publishes full crop, stock and weather reports for the entire State seven times a year. It also publishes, weekly, a list of all the stray animals taken up in any part of the State. We have arrangements whereby we can offer the Spirit of Kansas and the Kansas Farmer, both papers one year for \$1.50. This is an opportunity to get two needed papers for a very small outlay.

The completion of the Eighteenth Volume of the Magazine of American History, with its December issue, is an event of interest. These elegant volumes elaborately indexed, are preserved by its subscribers in the choicest of bindings and they constantly increase in value with age. It is the only magazine extant where back numbers are in as great demand as current ones. The contents of the Holiday issue are most agreeably diversified. "Our Country Fifty Years Ago," by the Editor, presents a series of quaint pictures made at the time, and never before published in this country, together with incidents in connection with the journeyings of Lafayette in 1824 and 1825, not least among which is a graphic account of his entertainment by the fishermen of the oldest club in America, at the State in Schuylkill. "Stephen A. Douglas and the Free Soilers," by A. W. Clason, is an informing and readable contribution; "Aaron Burr: a Study," by Charles H. Peck, is continued from the November number, and concluded; "The Apotheosis of the Plutocrat" is a thoughtful discussion of the question, by W. M. Dickson; "A Winter's Work of a Captain of Dragons," by General P. St. George Cook, of Detroit, gives the reader new light concerning the movement of troops in New Mexico, in 1846; "Notes from Harvard College," by Rev. Henry C. Badger, furnishes interesting data touching upon the physical basis and intellectual life of Harvard; "The Treadmill in America," by Professor Oliver P. Hubbard, clears away some serious historical errors; the "Prototype of Leather-Stocking," by Henry H. Hurlbut, of Chicago, treats of one of Cooper's curious characters; and "Christmas," by Gilbert Nash, is an exquisite poem. In the Departments are numerous short contributions from eminent sources. "Baby Grace" is a sad little Christmas story in verse, and "Thanksgiving" is an amusing item of statistics. There is not a dull page between the covers of this superbly printed periodical. It is a specimen of typographic beauty that has no superior on this continent. The December is a strong, instructive, and delightful number. Price, \$5 a year. 713 Broadway, New York City.

To-day upon opening a package of goods purchased at the Great Five Cent Store 423 Kansas Avenue we were much amused upon reading a certificate of purchase. The same is being given away with every package of goods bought at the above store, which is an idea that originated in the fertile brain of the proprietor, F. E. Brooks. He has the largest and finest selection of Holiday Goods in this city. The following is a fac-simile of the certificate we received.

Dealer in Almost Everything.

5c, 10c, 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 Cents.
Lamp and Miscellaneous Departments.



"Brother, the wild waves say, 'Wish you a Merry Christmas,' and they say that
THE GREAT FIVE CENT STORE,
is the largest and cheapest store of the kind in the west.
F. E. BROOKS, Prop.
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This Certificate of Purchase

ENTITLES THE HOLDER TO ONE COUNT IN OUR
CUSTOMER'S HOLIDAY PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.

EXPLANATION.—One of these certificates will be enclosed in every package of goods bought at this store. Prizes will be awarded to the person who presents the greatest number of certificates up to the date mentioned below.

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Certificates will be issued up to December 25. Certificates must be sent in by January 2, 1888. Prizes will be awarded January 7, 1888.

FIRST PRIZE.—Twenty Dollars worth of any goods in stock.

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To be given to the three persons presenting the greatest number of certificates bearing their names.

THE GREAT FIVE CENT STORE,

Dealer in

F. E. BROOKS, Prop.

ALMOST EVERYTHING.

Articles from 2 for 1 cent to \$75.00 each.

A Public Benefactor.

Some one has said that he who makes two blades of grass grow when one has previously grown, is a public benefactor. To the weary, tired house-keeper M. C. Jones of the Bakery appears as a good genius. By giving your order Saturday morning you can have your Sunday breakfast of Boston brown bread and baked pork and beans with out any trouble and at small cost. Give a trial order and you will want more. M. C. Jones 806½ Kan. Ave.

Courtney Dunn, a boy 12 years old, was frozen to death during Saturday's blizzard at Atchison.

John Green, an old soldier, was run over and killed by a train on the Rapid Transit at Leavenworth Tuesday evening.

Go to Sweet & Brown's for your teas, fresh roasted coffees or finest spices, No. 718 Kansas Avenue between 7th & 8th, or telephone No. 272.

Memorial services in honor of J. B. Finch will be held in the First M. E. Church Sunday evening, December 4. Prof. M. C. Holman will lead the singing, and Prof. Leon Stanton presides at the organ.

Miss Minnie Miller, a student of Bethany, and daughter of O. B. Miller, of the Candy Factory, received a badge of garnet satin ribbon for excellence in scholarship and deportment the past month.

Greater Bargains Than Ever.

In Millinery 20 per cent, or 1-50th of the regular prices deducted from all purchases over \$1.00 in cash at Mrs. Metcalfe's, 803 Kansas Avenue. An immense assortment, latest styles, ready trimmed. Don't miss it. Make your selection while there is a full assortment of such elegant goods.

Mr. E. Klusman has quite a tempting array of candies at the "Kandy Kitchen," corner of Gordon & Kansas Avenue. Van Bonner, the first-class candy maker, formerly with the Cracker Factory, is in charge of the candy making, and that guarantees the excellence of their goods.

A fresh lot of P. G. Ritters, unrivalled mince meat and other goods just received at Kaufman & Thompsons 418 Kan. Ave.

E. Klusman opens a Candy Kitchen in the building formerly occupied by Dr. Clay, corner of Gordon St. & Kans. Ave. Give him a call when you want good candy.

GRAYVILLE, IND., Feb. 2d, 1887.

Dr. A. T. SHALLENBERGER,

Rochester, Pa., Dear Sir: I have

used your Antidote for Malaria for over a quarter of a century, and have found it to be in every respect all that you claim for it. It not only cures chills and fevers of every kind, but it is the best medicine I ever knew to build up the system when broken down from any cause.

Respectfully yours, F. M. BROWN.

A startling suicide was that of Mr. J. N. Thompson on Wednesday evening. He was found in the basement of his new unfinished house near the Grant school with two bullet shots in the forehead. No satisfactory explanation of the affair has yet been found, but despite the apparent impossibility of a man being able to shoot himself twice through the brain, the general belief seems to be that it was a case of suicide. The family were absent in Ohio, and the body will be sent there.

Saturday the 26th was the coldest day ever known for the season in Iowa, being thirty-eight degrees below zero.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Doolittle, who died on Sunday, was buried Tuesday from the Throop House. Bishop Vail conducted the services.

Sweet & Brown at No. 718 Kansas Avenue are the leading tea and coffee merchants in the city.

Miss Flora Eddy, of the 5th grade, Quincy school, expects to be able to take charge of her classes by the end of the year, her health having improved greatly during her stay in Lawrence.

Rev. C. Holman occupied the pulpit at the Kansas Avenue M. E. Church last Sabbath morning and evening, and delivered two very excellent sermons.

CITY MEAT MARKET,

Established 1871.

ED. BUECHNER, Prop.

Carries on strictly first class business with all its different branches.

Buys all his stock alive and has it butchered in his own slaughter house.

808 Kan Ave. Telephone 37.
North Topeka, Kan.

WANTED To let the Ladies of North Topeka know that I have opened

Dress Making,

At 205, (old no.) Kansas Avenue, north, and is General Agent for the Parisian Tailor System.

Mrs. S. WIDGEON,
Room No. 7, up stairs,
North Topeka, Kan.

RICHLY Rewarded are those who read this then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make \$5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address: Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

DEEP Sea Wonders exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Bullett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from \$5 to \$25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over \$50 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

INVENTION has revolutionized the world during the last half century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country, without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; any one can do the work; either sex, young or old; no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. Grant outfit free. Address: Tat's & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES,

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California Fruits and Canned Goods a Specialty.

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Fine Cabinet Photographs only \$2.00 per dozen at

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During November and December.

Now is the time to get good photographs cheap. DOWNING is often asked how can you do as fine work for \$2.00 per dozen as your competitors do for \$5.00 to \$5.00 per dozen? FORTHREE REASONS.

FIRST. He does more work and can afford to work on a smaller margin.

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THIRD. He buys his goods for cash and in larger quantities and therefore buys cheaper.

It will pay you who want good work to call at once as the very low price given above will be raised the first of January.

We guarantee all Photos satisfactory. Remember the place.

DOWNING GALLERY,
617 Kan. Ave. Topeka, Kan.

Shot Guns **Revolvers,**
Rifles,
Etc.

MRS. H. WEST,
Fashionable Dressmaker.

Cutting and Fitting a Specialty.

824 Quincy Street,
TOPEKA, KANSAS.

BAKER & WARDIN,

Store of Fine Watches,
Clocks, Jewelry, Silver Ware
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FINE FRENCH PANEL PHOTOS

Equal to the best made.

50 CENTS PER DOZEN,

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INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY

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H. REISNER,

Candy Factory.

807 Kan. Ave. NORTH TOPEKA.

Candy Cheap and Lots of it.

Toys, Dolls, &c. in endless variety.

THE ROCK WHERE MY MOTHER PLAYED.

I hear the notes of the whippoorwill,
As of old in the gathering shade;
I sit by the rock on the quiet hill
Where in girlhood my mother played.

With cheeks out-blooming the morning
flowers,
And with heart as light as May,
It was here that she came in the golden
hours
By the lichened rock to play.

A granite wall, by glacier borne
From a far away northern sea;
It seemed so lonely from kindred torn,
That she kept it company.

'Till all in fancy or witching dream
It shone with a glimmering light,
While fairies trooped in the moon's pale
beam,
To dance through the summer night.

And such was her tender grace to me,
As we wandered the forest wild,
That ever the fairies seemed to be
Her playmates when a child.

And she a queen of the Sylphid race
On her silvery throne held sway,
But alas! I dream of her girlish face,
And the rock is cold and gray.

For the fairies went when my mother died,
And my years were scarcely ten;
I come to-night from wandering wide,
But they will never come again.

I love the garden and orchard old,
The meadows her footsteps press;
And the stately oaks that shroud their gold
In the lap of their gentle guest.

I love the spring and the rippling rill,
Where, in evening she often strayed;
But dearer to me the quiet hill
And the rock where my mother played.

—Harper's Magazine for November.

A Corsican Legend.

Long ago the brothers Luidgi and Pietro were living in the town of Vico, in Corsica; they were proud, brave, generous and lazy as Corsicans are.

One day Luidgi said to Pietro: "You are growing thin every day, you sigh during the whole night, you have no more appetite—what is ailing you?"

"Brother," replied Pietro, "I want to marry."

"Very well," answered Luidgi, "marry and be done with it; this crime is a common one; every man or nearly every man takes a wife, and we have plenty of good and handsome girls all around us; make a choice and give me a sister to cherish as I do you, brother."

"That seems to be an easy matter with you, Luidgi, but if I told you that I want a perfectly and naturally rose and white girl for my wife, what would you say?"

"That pretension of yours changes the situation considerably. Why, there is not in Corsica a single girl who does not put two pounds of flour and one pound of carmine on her cheeks every month. If you persist in your exacting, Pietro, I fear that you will die in the skin of an old bachelor, which is certainly worthy of consideration."

"No, I will not die a bachelor, and for that reason I will request you to travel the country in search of the girl my heart calls for. If you find her, Luidgi, make haste to return and I marry her on the spot. Remember, she must be perfectly and naturally rose and white."

Luidgi, who was a good fellow, kissed his brother, took a big sponge that he wet well, mounted his horse and departed on his mission. He traveled many miles, and as soon as he saw a pretty girl coming (a being very common in Corsica) quickly he dismounted, rushed at her and pressed his sponge to her face. Alas! the sponge caused the comely face to turn a little swarthy; this discouraged he pursued his course, reciting the verses made on women by the Arab poet, a savage:

Velly women are treacherous to every one
near or distant;
With their fingers diled with kenna; with their
hair arranged in plaits,
With their faces whitened and crimsoned, their
eyes painted with kohl,
They make our drink of sorrow.

"That Arab knew them thoroughly," (the Arabs ought to) said he to himself. "I tramp like the Wandering Jew from north to south, from east to west. I see hundreds of women, young and old, carrying on their faces the subsistence of quite a number of families. Was it for that purpose that God created wheat? The rich ones use ceruse and arsenic; the making of ceruse is deadly to the workmen, the use of arsenic is deadly to the women. Are they all crazy? I do not blame my brother for his wish, but I blame myself for going on this fool's errand."

And he became so tired with the failure of his mission that he resolved to return home, when, one night, having accepted the hospitality of an old hermit, he sighed so much that the next morning his host, who had heard him, asked the cause of his affliction.

"Ah," answered he, "good father, I am in search of a wife for my brother, and I am unsuccessful in my undertaking."

"And what kind of a wife does he expect, that you cannot find one worthy of becoming his better half. Are the Corsican girls so ugly and so bad that you experience so much difficulty to meet one as your brother wishes her to be?"

"Not at all, father; our girls are handsome and honest, but the disfigure themselves by painting their faces as a barber's pole. They forgot that the beauty described by Solomon in his 'Song of the Songs' said of herself:

I am like a dove,
Come le tende di Chedar;
Come l' padiglioni di Salomone.

(I am dark but handsome as the tents of Chedar, as the pavilions of Solomon.)

Do not trouble yourself any more

about your brother's desire, that I have guessed. He wants a girl perfectly and naturally rose and white," replied the hermit.

"Yes, father."

"All right. I know where you will meet with such a girl. She lives in a garden not very far from here with her father, who is an ogre, and her fairy of a mother. In the midst of that garden is an orange tree covered with luscious fruits. You will take one and say: 'Are you thirsty?' Then a beautiful girl will appear and ask you for water. Give her none, but take her in your arms and run for the gate. When you will have passed it she will be thirsty no longer. She is the woman who shall become your brother's wife. Her father, whose name is Touchmenot, is exceedingly ugly. He has a head the size of a pumpkin, two green eyes as large as a saucer, and a neck like a bull. He is seven feet tall, ferocious, suspicious, malicious and cruel. You know your man now. What do you intend to do?"

"If you will show me the road to that garden," answered Luidgi. "I will go, take the orange and bring a wife to my brother."

"You are a brave soul," replied the old man. "To-morrow morning I will accompany you to the place where the girl is detained."

So the next day they went to the garden, and the hermit had already a leg over the wall, when all of a sudden Touchmenot, who was watching the pair, seized the trespasser and ran toward his house, holding the holy man fast. Arriving in his kitchen, he brute put him in a bag, whose mouth he tied with a strong rope, and threw it under the table. This done, he returned to see if he could not catch the Corsican also, but Luidgi has vanished, and seeing nobody loitering around, he went to the forest to cut a branch of a tree with which he intended to beat the hermit to death.

It is a well known fact that a Corsican never deserts a friend in trouble. It is equally true that he never deserts an enemy, to whom he returns tooth for tooth and eye for eye (you cannot blame him for that, as it is due to his generous nature) so Luidgi had watched the goings and doings of Touchmenot, and when he saw the ogre leaving the house he hastened to the hermit's rescue. He climbed an olive tree, and from there he jumped into a room whose windows were open; his companion was not in the room; he visited successively all the others without finding his man; finally, he arrived in the kitchen, calling "Father! Father! are you here?" A voice answered, "Yes, I am in this bag under the table; take me out, for God's sake!" Luidgi drew the bag, untied it, and the hermit emerged from his uncomfortable abode.

"Let us run as fast as our legs can carry us!" said he to his savior. "I am all trembling with fear," added he.

"Wait a moment, father. I must play a trick on that brigand." And Luidgi began to gather all the china-ware of Touchmenot, which he put in the bag, together with two bottles of wine and the ogre's dog; when that was done he tied up the bag and replaced it under the table, and the Corsican with his friend, hid themselves to see what Touchmenot would do.

When the fellow returned he closed the door, as he did not want to be disturbed in his work; he removed his coat, tucked up his shirt sleeves, dragged out the bag and took the stick that he had cut in the forest. "How do you do in your canvas, you old scoundrel?" he said, ironically (he thought the hermit was still in the bag). "Ah! you do not answer, you would-be child-stealer. Very well, take that!" and he discharged a violent blow on the bag, thus breaking quite a number of costly plates and saucers. "How your bones are cracking, old hypocrite!" and another blow, that smashed the two bottles of wine, was given to the bag; the claret poured out and reddened the floor. Touchmenot, redoubled his blows, and cried, "Do you see how much blood that aged thief had in his veins?" and another stroke that he gave with all his might was followed by a frightful howling; the ogre had killed his dog. "What! you have lost so much blood and yet you have the strength to howl like that! Catch that, and that, and that!" Furiously he he struck the bag again and again. When he thought the hermit dead, he opened the bag and saw his crockery all broken and his dog pounded to jelly. He was so frightened that he made a clean jump through the window, fell in the yard, and broke his neck.

When Luidgi saw that the ogre was dead, he and the hermit left their hiding place and went into the garden. The Corsican took an orange and said: "Are you thirsty?" and lo! a most beautiful girl, all naturally and perfectly rose and white, stood before him asking for water. He took her in his arms and carried her away. When they had passed the garden's gate, she said to him: "Thanks, brother, where is my husband?" "I will conduct you to him, my sister," replied Luidgi. "and the sun will not rise twice before our arrival at his house."

The next day Luidgi entered Vico. His brother was waiting for him. He was delighted when he saw the handsome girl who was to be his wife. They went to the Signor Lindaco's office, where they became husband and wife. Returning to their house, the newly wedded pair met a lady closely veiled. She stopped before Pietro and said to him:

"I am your wife's mother. You have caused her father's death in order to have for lawful consort a girl naturally and perfectly rose and white. You must be punished in your children. They shall be: the males of fair complexion, and will have white hair very early in their lives; the females shall be with hair as black as the wing of a raven, and they shall have a swarthy complexion, and if they use flour, ceruse or arsenic they will lose their hair and teeth."

And she disappeared.

"Yes, said an old man that nobody had seen before, 'yes, they shall be swarthy if they marry ogres or Genoese men, but if they marry true Corsicans they shall be fair and handsome.'"

And as none of our girls marry either ogres or Genoese men it follows naturally that they are fair and handsome.—*New York Graphic*.

REGULAR TARANTULA KILLERS.

A Monster Wasp that Gets Away with the Monster Species of Spider.

"I have recently read in the columns of the *Examiner* some very interesting original stories about animal life," said a gentleman to a reporter. "and," he continued, "as they are all local or California stories I want to add to the number. My business calls me into the country a good deal, and as I am a passionate lover of nature, with its myriads of forms of animal life, I amuse and entertain myself by taking observations. One day while up in Calaveras County I was traveling through a rocky section and was rather hard pressed for something to entertain me. I finally reached a little glen, wheeled my horse about and got under a magnificent shade tree. Then I dismounted and sat down for a rest. Scarcely had I touched the grass when I was entertained beyond all expectation by witnessing a bloody battle between wasps and a tarantula. I call them wasps, though in reality they are not such, being much larger and heavier about the body, which was held together in two separate parts by a scarcely visible coupling. Their waists seemed even smaller than the common wasp, and they swung themselves about on the coupling with lightning-like dexterity. The insects seemed to be very much excited about something and acted as if looking for prey. It may be that hunger made them furious. Anyway I closely watched their actions and soon discovered the cause of their rage. A large tarantula crept from under a dry log and apparently started for his house with all possible speed. The wasps, as I will call them, had been dashing themselves in all directions about the log, but the moment the insects saw their victim, which had evidently been hiding, they fell upon him furiously with quick darts, and every dart seemed to eject a poison which made the tarantula writhe in agony. The latter fights like a bear, resting on his haunches and using his paws and legs as weapons of defense. The tarantula fought for his life, and while doing so seemed to be conscious that at all hazards he must make for his house as the only hope of safety. The wasps seemed by instinct to understand what was going on in the mind of the tarantula and redoubled their merciless attacks. They struck their victim so suddenly that he seemed at times to be bewildered. Finally the fierce conflict ended; the wasps had stung and poisoned the tarantula to death. After the battle was over I took a glance at the body of the latter. It bore evidence of a terrible struggle for life. When I approached it the wasps flew away, but they did not fly far and were evidently watching me. When I left the wasps returned and immediately commenced to tear the dead body of the tarantula to pieces. In an incredibly short space they had carried off the body piece by piece, either to feed their young or lay in a supply of food for the winter. I made particular inquiries concerning the habits of the monster wasp, and learned from some of the old settlers that the vicious insects were regular tarantula-killers, and that scarcely one had ever survived their murderous onslaughts. *San Francisco Examiner*.

It Could Not Be.

He put on his hat, started slowly for the door, hesitated, came back, sighed deeply and took the lily white hand in his own and pressed it to his lips.

"Katie," he murmured, I have waited—oh, how long—for this opportunity. Will you, Katie, will you, darling, be mine?"

"Henry, she replied with a look half of sorrow and half of determination, 'it can never be.'"

"Never be! Oh, why have you permitted me to hope? Why have you encouraged me, only to stamp upon my bleeding heart at last?"

"I am sorry, Henry; but I can never be yours. I have other objects in view."

"Other objects!"

"Yes, Henry; I can not consent to belong to any man. I intend that you shall be mine."—*Boston Transcript*.

The Only Alternative.

Doubtful Party (to gentleman)—Can you assist me, sir, to a trifle? I'm a stranger in a strange land, ten thousand miles from home.

Gentleman—My conscience! Where is your home?

Doubtful Party—Australia.

Gentleman (handing him a cent)—How do you ever expect to get back there?

Doubtful Party (balancing the penny)—Well, if I don't do better than this, sir, I s'pose I'll have to walk.—*Duke's Magazine*.

A WOMAN'S FREAKS.

Is She a Kleptomaniac or a Chronic Shoplifter.

There has been much newspaper space devoted to the freaks of Flora Trumbull during the past twenty months, says *The Detroit Free Press*.

She has been subjected to many examinations in the police court for shoplifting by the authorities of justice, and was once convicted and served time for that crime. She has repeatedly been detected in the act of stealing goods from the counters of retail dry-goods establishments in this and other cities. Mrs. Trumbull's habit has been to walk into a dry-goods establishment, ask to be shown articles, and while the clerk was engaged in search of the goods she would conceal what ever took her fancy under her garments. Occasionally she would be so successful that the clerk who waited upon her would only suspect that she had been sneaking. At other times the clerk would be morally certain that she had taken goods surreptitiously from the appearance of her cloak when she left the store. On one or two occasions it transpired that Mrs. Trumbull was detected in the manner of the man who attempted to leave a grocery store in a southern town with the tail of a codfish protruding from under his coat. On one of these occasions Mrs. Trumbull escaped through the sympathy of the jury, and on another she was forced to undergo imprisonment for her folly. But recently she has been complained of to the police for this strange and unaccountable habit, and her trail has been camped upon by several detectives. Positive evidence has been procured against her which neither she nor her attorneys could contradict with any show of success. Her case seemed to be one which called for special attention, and consequently a petition was filed in the probate court yesterday by Detective Manning, setting up that Mrs. Trumbull is insane and asking for her admission to the Pontiac insane asylum. It is the most charitable construction of Mrs. Trumbull's mania, and was suggested to the probate court out of sympathy for her.

The case came before Judge Durfee, and he resolved to order a hearing in the case forthwith. Accordingly at 3 o'clock Mrs. Trumbull, a middle-aged and disconsolate-looking woman, shabbily dressed, accompanied by her husband, as poorly dressed as herself, appeared in the probate court.

The last act of the unfortunate woman was to be caught in the act of purloining goods from the establishment of Taylor, Wolfenden & Co. on Wednesday last. Frank D. Taylor was the first witness called in the matter yesterday by Judge Durfee. In making his statement Mr. Taylor said: "All the interest I have in the applicat on here is to protect myself and other business men from this woman. If she is insane I ask the court to do nothing more than to commit her to the asylum at Pontiac, and I feel sorry that she was not committed long ago. If she is not insane, then she ought to be prosecuted to the full extent of the law and placed behind the bars. I understand that her mania has brought her so prominently to the notice of the police justice that he refuses to take a complaint against her, and if the authorities believe she is insane then I am bound to believe them."

Francis Bowring Owen, the attorney for Mrs. Trumbull, was considerably exercised over her case. Of a physician who went on the stand to give his opinion of Mrs. Trumbull's mental condition Mr. Owen inquired:

"Are you an expert on matters concerning the mental condition of persons?"

"I am," replied the physician.

"Are you called so?"

"No, sir."

"Have you any reputation as such?"

"I do not know."

"Would you be surprised if you learned that this a conspiracy to separate a husband and wife?"

"Yes, sir, I should be, certainly."

"What is kleptomania, doctor?" inquired Mr. Owen, casually.

"It is that form of insanity which renders a person unable to resist the temptation to steal."

"Is this woman a kleptomaniac?" asked Mr. Owen severely.

"Yes," was the terse and decisive response.

Detective Manning was sworn in the case, and he stated that several months ago he was called to a store to investigate Mrs. Trumbull's case. He said that a similar complaint had been made before Magistrate Bartlett, of Windsor, against Mrs. Trumbull, and that in his opinion she was insane.

The husband of the respondent was called and he was asked if in his opinion his wife was an insane person.

"No," said he.

"Where do you live, Mr. Trumbull?" inquired Judge Durfee.

"In Windsor," replied the witness.

Do you consider your wife a truthful person?" inquired Mr. Owen.

"Yes, sir," replied the witness with emphasis. "I have never caught her in a lie since she was 5 years old."

This was a stunner, and the proceeding suffered somewhat from the amusement in court. Judge Durfee, however, soon brought the subject uppermost by declaring that if Mrs. Trumbull was a resident of Windsor and lived there with her husband, the cause is one for the Windsor authorities to dispose of.

"I shall not commit this woman to the insane asylum at Pontiac," said Judge Durfee. "If she is a resident of the province of Ontario, the province of Ontario must look after her incompetency." And with this the court-room was soon emptied.

HERE AND THERE.

One hundred and sixteen men over 80 years old registered at Cincinnati.

A New York merchant advertises leggings for children with or without feet.

"Her face would wear a calf," says a Georgia reporter in "writing up" a bride.

Dr. Hammond says there are five hundred too many physicians in New York city.

A New York jeweler has a \$60,000 pearl necklace that he wishes to dispose of.

Cotton-growing is to be attempted in the neighborhood of Jacksonville, Oregon.

The latest estimate places the population of England and Wales at twenty-eight million.

The Protestant Episcopal cathedral in New York is to be modeled after St. Peter's at Rome.

A deaf-mute society has been organized at Dayton, O., for mutual intercourse and instruction.

Two hundred women began proceedings for a divorce in San Francisco during the past sixty days.

There are eight thousand people in Macon, Ga., who obtain means of subsistence by working in mills.

Some New York kitchen girls are supplied with rubber gauntlets to save their hands in washing dishes.

In France a small five-ton boat has been built which is to run by electric motors and accumulating batteries.

The latest thing in connection with New York church weddings is to have one or more pews reserved for family servants.

Mrs. Amanda Hoy Smith, who was born Christmas eve, 1795, died the other day at Brooklyn, N. Y. She never saw Washington.

All branches of business at San Francisco are said to be remarkably prosperous. The increase in business this year has been marvelous.

At Philadelphia the other day the authorities of the mint discharged eight employes in the smelters' department because charcoal marks were found in bars of silver which they had made.

Keeper Judson, of the Stratford lighthouse, near Bridgeport, Conn., has a cocker spaniel dog that has become an expert fish-catcher. He took up the sport of his own notion, and pursues it regularly and enthusiastically. The other day he carried to his master a two pound eel.

A remarkable case of "substitution" was recently found in a Georgia iron mine. Workmen digging came upon a pine stump, now converted into brown iron ore. The stump showed all the fibers and bark of the original pine tree, and the resin streaks were plainly seen in places.

Farmer Charles Bryant, of Holden, Mass., observed an old Yankee custom the other day by giving a husking-bee in his new barn. After the 125 huskers had husked 1,400 bushels, they were invited to the house, where they did justice to Mrs. Bryant's baked beans, pumpkin-pies and coffee.

Capt. Bauldry, of the steam whaler *Orea*, San Francisco, has just returned from one of the most successful whaling expeditions on record. On his cruise he killed 35 whales, stowed 28 (all he had room for), and brought import 2,800 barrels of oil and 48,000 pounds of bone. The whole is valued at \$105,880.

A Philadelphia clergyman who is intensely annoyed by the squeaky shoes of his congregation, thinks that the reason there are so many noisy shoes in church is that the average citizen wears his best shoes on Sunday, and another pair during the week, and that it takes many Sundays to get the squeak out of a pair of new shoes.

Hardwick, Mass., has furnished another victim of the cider barrel. This was one Mrs. Louis Babbitt, who the other evening held a light while her husband drew the cider from a barrel at the head of the cellar stairs. She lost her balance, fell over the barrel and down stairs and the barrel following rolled over her and killed her instantly.

Heeter McLean, one of the most prominent auctioneers during the boom days of Whinnipeg, Manitoba, has wooed and won the hand of a San Diego, Cal., fair one, whose age is 85, and who possesses a fortune of \$100,000. The lady's relatives objected to the alliance, whereupon the aged couple eloped to Los Angeles, where the marriage ceremony was performed.

The new Maine law forbidding children less than 13 years of age to work in the mills and requiring that all between the ages of 12 and 15 shall have at least sixteen weeks' schooling each year has increased the attendance at the schools remarkably. It has also increased the age of small children remarkably, as the mill superintendents find when they take the age of operatives.

A recent discovery at Boucher-du-Rhone is that 800 francs has been paid annually to the "guards of the tower," although the tower was abolished in 1867. The sum of 16,000 francs has therefore been paid for guarding nothing. At St. Cloud an employe of the palace has received a salary for waxing the floor, although the palace was bombarded into ruins in 1870.

Maggie Blanchard, of Holling Point, Newfoundland, is a fine chunk of a child. When she was 5 months old she was large enough to sit at the table and eat the same food that her parents ate. Now, at the age of 5 years, she measures forty-eight inches around the waist, weighs 170 pounds, and wears stockings as large as the ankles as 10-cent salt bags. Withal she is a very active and playful child.

One of the most absent-minded men in Buffalo was sitting in his hotel-room in the dark the other evening, when one of the hall boys came in with a note for him. The man took it, hunted for a match to light the gas, couldn't find one, stuck the note in the grate, set it blazing, lighted the gas, threw the burning fragment into the grate, and then hunted high and low for the note that he wanted to read.

The following delicate dun appears in a South Carolina paper: "Some of our subscribers owe us for two years. Some for three. In the stringent times of the past twelve months our manhood and gentility have forbidden us to trouble any of our subscribers. At present the matter is different. Money is tolerably plentiful. And now the manhood and gentility should be on the other side. And it will be. We feel that we need say no more."

INDUSTRIAL TOPICS.

An Excellent Method of Keeping Sweet Potatoes Through the Winter, Etc.

Sweet Potatoes.

I write confidently on this subject, from experience and from inspecting the cellars of large commercial growers. Ninetenths of those who raise sweet potatoes suppose that if frost kills the vines and they are not cut off at once, the crop is ruined and will not keep, and it is common to see farmers working till dark cutting the vines from their sweet potatoes if they anticipate frost; or out at daylight the next morning working to get them cut off before the sun wills them. A gentleman near Marietta, Ohio, who raises and winters from 2,500 to 4,000 bushels, tells me he considers frost an advantage, as it kills the vines and hastens the maturity of the crop. The essentials to insure keeping are: 1. That the potatoes be fully mature; so it is not advisable to dig too early. 2. Careful handling; it will not answer to plow them out, cutting and bruising them, and then pour from baskets and shovel them as you would common potatoes. 3. Dig in sunny weather, so that all external moisture will be quickly and thoroughly dried; and they should be taken at once to the place where they are to be kept, for the less they are handled the better they will keep. If a large quantity is to be put in a cellar artificial heat will be needed and no packing used among them. When only a family supply is to be put away I would wrap each one separately in newspaper, pack in boxes or barrels and sprinkle layers of perfectly dry sawdust between the layers of potatoes; and to keep them all winter it is necessary that they be in a room with fire heat. The range of temperature may be from 40° to 60°, but the nearer you can keep to 50° the better; and for a short time it may go a few degrees below 40° or above 60° without danger.

A large bulk of sweet potatoes in a cellar, filling it nearly full, will generate their own heat, and when first put in the temperature will rise in the bin to 75° to 80°, and it will be necessary to keep the cellar open so as to give ventilation, and all through the winter there must be provision for, and attention paid to ventilation. I visited in February, when the mercury was 29° below zero, a cellar containing 2,500 bushels, and on entering the barn-room above them I found a circular hole large enough so that a hog's head was fitted into it for a ventilator. This hog's head had both heads removed and was stuffed with hay to keep the cold from settling down in the cellar, and that morning it was smoking like a furnace. Entering the cellar I found the sweet potatoes stored in bins six feet square, made with slatted sides so as to leave cracks two inches wide at intervals of three inches. No packing or absorbent was used with the potatoes except that the top was covered about three inches deep with plain-mill shavings, and these were almost dripping wet, but on carefully opening them down to the potatoes they were dry and fresh and plump as the day they were dug. The air of the cellar was so moist that the water stood in drops all over the ceiling, and dripped down the posts that supported the bins. On looking at the thermometer I found that the temperature was 50°. There seems to be no difficulty whatever in keeping sweet potatoes if these conditions are complied with. The cellar ought to be rat-proof as rats will be likely to damage the potatoes badly. Sweet potatoes kept without fire lose little by shrinkage, are not liable to rot so quickly when taken out of storage in spring as those kept by fire heat.—*Correspondent of New York Tribune.*

The Horse's Feet.

A correspondent of *The Country Gentleman* has some timely remarks on the above subject.

Few farmers give that attention to their horses' feet that they should give. Most men rub and curry well enough, perhaps, and many take great pride and plenty of time in smoothing the horse's hide; but seldom is it that they think of that most indispensable part, the horse's feet, and stop to give them that little attention and inspection that is almost daily necessary.

The feet of the horse require as much attention as the body, and some horses' feet much more. Without sound feet the horse is not of much service for labor. A horse's feet may become unsound by having to stand in a filthy stable. The floor and bedding of the stable should always be dry, and the manure that is caked under foot every morning should be carefully removed by the groom. As often as necessary the hoof should be pared, and the frog examined as to soundness and hardness. A little alum water and brine should be kept at hand, and the frog of the foot mopped with it once a week to keep the frog sound and hard. A soft frog causes the animal to get lamed easily, and so he can not travel or work well.

Sometimes stones and other hard substances get fastened in the foot, and if not removed cause lameness. Coppers thrown over the manure of the stable to destroy smell will tend to keep the hoof sound. It is well to sprinkle it over the stable frequently, if for no other purpose than to cure the unpleasant smell that often attaches to the feet of the horse. Plaster will have the same effect, and is very useful to prevent the loss of ammonia from the manure.

The Best Food for Pigs.

The best food for pigs is milk from the dairy—sweet, sour or buttermilk. This food, superior as it is, must be given to young pigs, and even to old hogs, with some degree of judgment; often pigs are made sick by milk, and frequently they are killed. Milk is not a complete food, and pigs always do better with some middlings mixed with it. When three months old, a little rye ground entire, or corn-meal, may be added, but there should be only a very small proportion and gradually increased as they grow older. Bran may take the place of middlings for other pigs. Milk should not be kept longer than twenty-four hours after coming from the dairy before it is all eaten up. If older than this it will be likely to have passed beyond the degree of acidity to that of vinegar, or, further on, to that of alcohol. In either of these last degrees it is poison for pigs.

The milk will rapidly reach these degrees if any of the old fermented milk remains in the milk-barrel; the fermentation is thereby started at once, and, owing to the sugar in the milk, it soon becomes a poisonous acid, which will surely break down any hog's stomach, and a pig's much sooner. Freshly-mixed foods are safer in hot weather, or not longer mixed than one meal ahead. Next to milk, as a safe and profitable food, is wheat-middlings. If there is no milk to go with them, they can be fed mixed with water. Pigs will do well thus fed when taken from the sow. Bits of other food, with a few kernels of corn, will help to keep them growing, but a full diet of corn is the height of folly, and will be likely to empty the pen before butchering time.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Apple Pomace and Its Uses.

Only a small part of the nutritive elements is expressed with the juice, while by far the greater part remains in the pomace. Hence the later, if fresh and clean, is more valuable food for all farm animals than the same bulk of apples. Two pecks per day given to the milch cow in two rations, materially increases the flow of milk. The same quantity would fatten a horse. Hogs and sheep will do well on it. For poultry it may be boiled and mixed with bran or meal, though the mess is still better if small potatoes, half and half, are boiled with it.

Fresh and clean pomace has sufficient nutritive value to pay for quite a distance, but we would use it for feeding purposes with great care, after fermentation has actually commenced. In any case, it is too good to be wasted; and too offensive to the nostrils of people in the vicinity, to be left to rot near dwelling-houses.—*Orchard and Garden.*

Lepers in Philadelphia.

A Philadelphia dispatch says: The board of health has discovered that two well-developed cases of leprosy exist in this city, but, owing to the obstinacy of Dr. Van Harlingen, a German physician, living at No. 118 South Seventeenth street, they can not be located.

At a meeting of the board of health on Tuesday, the health officer, Dr. Ford, stated that two lepers had been smuggled into the city, and that the disease was dangerously contagious. He requested the board to search for them, and have them removed to an isolated place. After some discussion it was decided to place them in the Municipal hospital, on the old Lamb tavern road. The members of the board requested the representatives of the press present at the meeting to suppress the fact that there were any lepers in the city until they could be found and placed where they could do no harm.

After a diligent search the health officers discovered that the lepers are under the care of Dr. Van Harlingen, who claims to be a specialist in skin diseases. When the health officers visited him to-day he was emphatic in his refusal to give them any information about the lepers, and said that he "did not consider it anyone's business." He was told that the visit was an official one, and that immediate steps would be taken to compel him to disclose their hiding-place. Threats were to no purpose, and the physician refused to say where he got the patients, when they arrived, or what his object was in keeping them.

Steps will be taken to compel Dr. Van Harlingen to turn the lepers over to the board of health.

The Result of a Dream.

The story is being told at the clubs how Mr. Endicott invented the rough-backed playing cards which are just making their appearance. Mr. Endicott is a member of various well-known clubs, and at one of them he had passed the evening playing cards, when in the night he had a dream. He dreamed that he was playing poker and made a misdeal. One of his companions who had an excellent hand reproached him for making him lose the benefit of it.

"Very well," Endicott said in his dream, "if you had rough-backed cards it wouldn't have happened. It isn't my fault."

When he awoke in the morning he remembered his dream, and the idea of rough-backed cards seemed a good one. He reflected, experimented, perfected his improvement, patented it in three or four countries, and is now likely to make a fortune out of his clever and fortunate dream.—*Boston Cor. Providence Journal.*

REMINISCENCES OF JENNY LIND.

Barnum's Recollection of the Swedish Nightingale's First Appearance in This Country—A Famous Milwaukee Organization.

"I was not surprised to hear of Jenny Lind's death," said Paineas Taylor Barnum, the prince of showmen, when called upon by a *New York Herald* reporter.

He received a private dispatch from Otto Goldschmidt, Jenny Lind's husband, Morton Gardens, London, England, announcing the once-famous nightingale's demise, and at once cabled a reply, in which he said:

"I, who knew the peerless Jenny Lind in private life as well as in public, as a woman and as an artist, appreciate the greatness of your loss. Accept the sympathy of your old friend."

"I brought Jenny Lind to this country at a great risk," continued the veteran showman, "and in spite of many predictions of failure and financial disaster. She had, as everyone almost knows, a great reputation before she came here and she was, moreover, very rich—worth at least \$1,000,000. Her success is a matter of history."

"I remember my first meeting with the famous songstress. It was on Sunday morning, Sept. 1, 1850, on board the steamer Atlantic, at quarantine, where I slept all night in the residence of Dr. A. S. Doane, then the health officer."

"After a few moments' conversation with her she asked me where I had heard her sing. 'I never had the pleasure of seeing you before in my life,' I replied. 'How is it possible that you dared risk so much money on a person whom you never heard sing?' she answered, in surprise. 'I risked it on your reputation, which, in musical matters, I would much rather have than my own judgment,' I answered. Although I relied upon Jenny Lind's reputation as a great musical artist, I also took largely into my estimate of her success with all classes of the American public her character for extraordinary benevolence and generosity. Without this peculiarity in her disposition I never would have dared make the engagement which I did."

"Jenny Lind's character for benevolence became so generally known that her door was beset by persons asking charity, and she was in receipt, while in the principal cities, of numerous letters all on the same subject. I know of many instances in which she gave sums of money to applicants varying from \$20, \$50, and \$500 to \$1,000, and once she gave \$5,000 to a Swedish friend. Jennie was in the habit of attending church whenever she could do so without attracting notice. She always preserved her nationality and always attended Swedish churches whenever they could be found. She gave \$1,000 to a Swedish church in Chicago. While in Baltimore my daughter Caroline, who was mistaken for Jenny, went to church and sang in the choir. 'What an exquisite singer! 'Heavenly sounds!' I never heard the like!' and similar expressions were whispered through the church."

"Jenny Lind went into ecstasies over Daniel Webster during her reception at Washington, at which the president, members of the cabinet, and others were present. I had previously introduced her to Webster in Boston. He was carried away by her singing. At the reception he greeted her by rising, drawing himself up to his full height and making a profound bow. 'Ah, Mr. Barnum,' she exclaimed enthusiastically, 'that is a man! I never before have seen such a man.'"

"I remember very distinctly how Jenny played a joke on me, or, rather, taught me a lesson. We were, I think, in Philadelphia. Many ladies called to be introduced to her, but she preferred not to see them, as she looked upon them as curiosity-seekers. A lady friend of mine called, and after much argument I succeeded in introducing her. Jenny laughingly said, 'I shall be delighted to see her.' But her manner and face suddenly changed when she said she did not know what to say to my friend, and expressed the hope that I would refrain in future from introducing those seeking a chance to shake Jenny by the hand. And I did so."

"A funny incident, involving Horace Greeley, occurred upon Jenny's arrival in New York. She was received at the Irving house that stood at the northwest corner of Broadway and Chambers street. Greeley came over with his trousers tucked into his boots and wearing his proverbial light-colored overcoat. He started to remove his overcoat, when a friend said: 'Don't! it will destroy your identity.' So he wore it to the room where Jenny was, and after an introduction she said: 'I have heard so much about that overcoat that I wouldn't know you without it.'"

"Jenny Lind gave the ninety-five concerts while in this country, and the aggregate receipts were \$712,161.34, averaging \$7,496.43 each. The net receipts amounted to \$176,675. Of her half of the receipts of the first two concerts she devoted \$10,000 to charity in New York. She afterward gave charity concerts in various cities."

"I met Miss Lind several times after our engagement terminated. She was always affable. On one occasion while passing through Bridgeport, she told me she had been sadly harassed in giving her concerts. 'People cheat and swindle me very much,' said she, 'and I find it very annoying to give concerts on my own account.' She finally went to Boston, where she married Otto

Goldsmith, a German composer and pianist."

The death of Jenny Lind, *The Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin*, recalls to the minds of old settlers the Jenny Lind club, a Milwaukee social organization which went out of existence more than a quarter of a century ago, but which at one time had an influence that was supposed to extend throughout the state. On Sept. 20, 1850, the steamer Empire State left Milwaukee for Buffalo. A party of nine gentlemen got aboard here with the intention of going east to hear the Swedish nightingale sing in Castle Garden, and on that trip they resolved themselves into the Jenny Lind club. The club was composed of whigs and democrats and men who were prominent in professional and business circles of that day. The party consisted of Judge Levi Hubbell, George H. Walker, Alexander Mitchell, Rufus King, Norman J. Emmons, James S. Brown, Thomas L. Ogden, Dr. J. K. Bartlett, of this city, and M. M. Strong, of Racine. The party must have enjoyed the trip down the lakes, for on arriving at Buffalo a card appeared in one of the Buffalo papers, stating that they had never experienced more pleasure in the trip than while on the Empire State. About as soon as they got to New York they went to Gennin, the latter, who paid \$225 for first choice of the seats at the opening night, to buy Jenny Lind hats. Owing to the excessive demand for hats of that kind, only eight hats were in stock, and so one of the club was disappointed, although history does not say which one it was. At the concert "the party occupied a conspicuous place in the parlor near the center, in front and were the observed of all observers, especially the lord mayor." The latter was the portly Col. Walker. While they were in New York they went to witness the sailing of the steamer Pacific upon a trial trip to Liverpool. Alexander Mitchell, Rufus King, and George H. Walker were in the crowd of five hundred persons on a shed on the dock. As the steamer backed out she struck the shed and broke it, precipitating sixty persons into the water, among them Mayor George H. Walker, who escaped with a few bruises. He was so badly hurt, however, that he did not return with the party, when they journeyed homeward, early in October.

When the Jenny Lind club returned home, the members had become so attached to each other that they kept up their organization, and used to have banquets at Benjamin B. Belden's restaurant, No. 2 Grand avenue.

Several gentlemen whose individuality has become obscured by tradition, but who included capitalists, a divine, and lawyers, afterward became members of the club. Of the original members only a few are living now. Among the well-known people, living and dead, who are reputed to have been members of the club are Hans Crocker, Don. A. J. Upham, William P. Lynde, John H. Tweedy, and Jonathan E. Arnold. The meetings of the club were supposed to have powerful political significance in the sixth decade. Socially they were enjoyable events. The late Justice E. G. Ryan, in his famous argument before the state senate on the occasion of the Judge Hubbell impeachment trial, made an attack on the club, on account of its alleged political machinations, which is even now sometimes referred to as one of the most vigorous pieces of denunciatory oratory ever heard in Wisconsin.

Henry Fess, Jr., was in New York when Jenny Lind arrived, but did not wait to hear her sing.

An Idyll of Sunday.

"What sort of a town is this, anyhow?" said an Iowa man who is visiting relatives in the city, to an acquaintance whom he met on Nicollet avenue this morning.

"What's wrong with you now?" "Why, you close up the barber-shops here every Sunday tighter than an Iowa drug store and allow blacksmiths to shoe horses on Sunday. How's that?"

"You're mistaken."

"No, I'm not. I'll prove it to you. On Cedar avenue there is a shop with a sign over the door which reads: 'Horse-Shoeing Done with Neatness and Dispatch Every Sunday.'"

"You say prohibitionist," replied the Minneapolis man, "the drinks are on you. Iver Sunday is the name of the man who owns the shop."

Then they adjourned to the nearest coffin-varnish emporium.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

Electric Lights in Libraries.

A subject of great interest to librarians in these days of electric lights is discussed by Prof. Wiesener of Vienna, namely, the effect of using the electric light in libraries. A large number of works in the library of the Technical School were found to be very yellow. Observing this, the director of the school asked Prof. Wiesener to ascertain the cause of it. Experiment has shown that the coloration is due to light, but occurs only with paper containing ligneous substances, such as wood, straw and jute, or when the ligneous that forms the essential part of the wood is removed. The yellowing is due to oxidation. Gaslight is nearly harmless in producing this result, but the electric light, emitting numerous refrangible rays, is very favorable to it. It is better, therefore, to choose gas rather than the electric light for the illumination of libraries.

The Kentucky idea is that this great country revolves around the whisky ring.—*Macao Telegraph.*

CURRENT EVENTS.

At reading, Pa., one day recently, a piano over a century old and still useful was sold for \$1.

The taxpayers of Newport, R. I. Tuesday voted to invest another \$100,000 in the improvement of the city sewerage system.

A Buffalo lady recently went to Boston and purchased the famous Vedder drawings for the Rubaujat of Omar Khayyame.

The stockmen of Arizona claim that they have been discriminated against by the legislature, and have organized to secure the repeal of obnoxious laws.

A postoffice employee says that the gummed surface of a postage stamp should never be placed on the tongue. Moistening the other side of the stamp and the corner of the envelope, or the latter only, and the stamp will stick fast all its worth.

A big black hog owned by a farmer near Montgomery, Pa., has a strange aversion to men who make a living by fishing. He has chased a number of men away from the ponds on its owner's farm, and already this fall has bitten three fishermen quite severely.

The house now being constructed at Great Barrington, Mass., by Mrs. Mark Hopkins Searle will cost when completed \$5,000,000. Mr. Searle, who recently became the husband of the famous widow, was the master mind in the construction of the magnificent dwelling.

When Miss Sadie Aikens, of Reeves, Ga., eloped, the other night, she took with her the family watch-dog. After the marriage ceremony had been performed she wrote a note to her parents acquainting them with the fact and imploring their forgiveness, tied it to the dog's collar, and sent him home.

Elias Wayman, who was born near Albany in 1733, recently walked from Youngstown, O., to Cleveland, quite a tramp for a man 104 years old. He has been an inveterate smoker of tobacco for ninety-four years and says he doesn't know how old he might have been if he had never used the weed.

It is said that apples are so cheap in Norwich, Conn., that a barrel filled with them is worth no more than an empty one. The fruit is allowed to rot under the trees. The very best fruit, however, brings 40 cents a barrel. A new name has been invented for cider by the farmers; it is "orchard tea."

At Smith's Falls, a town situated somewhere in Canada, the other day was born a baby whose parents are much older than fathers and mothers usually are in such cases. The happy papa celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday only a few days ago, while mamma will celebrate her fiftieth year of life next month.

A mule deer and fallow buck, whose pens in the zoological gardens were separated by a fence, got together the other night, and were found in the morning with their horns interlocked in deadly combat. It required the exertions of three keepers to separate them, and when this was accomplished, the deer chased the men from the pen. The keepers triumphed in the end.

During several years past, hundreds of couples have been married in a house on the western borders of Warren county, Pennsylvania, under the impression that they had gone into Ohio and might thus evade the license law. The county commissioners declare that the house is in Pennsylvania, and that the couples must be married over again if they wish to be legally united in the bonds of matrimony.

The city of Augusta, Me., is now the defendant in twenty-seven suits for false imprisonment brought by members of the Salvation army. In one of these the damages are laid at several thousands of dollars, the complaint alleging that death resulted from the imprisonment. It is matter of rumor that if these suits are successful two hundred others will be brought against other Maine cities and incorporated towns.

A well-known and consistent member of one of the churches of Albany, Ga., needing \$50 in a business emergency after banking hours, asked a merchant for it, promising to return it in the morning. The transaction was seen by a drummer from this city, and his experience led him to remark: "If there's a little game of poker going on to-night, I'd mighty like to sit in for a while." The church member is careful how he borrows money now.

One who claims to know of what he is speaking says that sealskins are expensive, not because they are scarce, but because the trade limits the supply. If all the skins that could be taken were poured on the market, the fur would become so common that it would cease to be desired by the wealthy. So the seal catchers agree upon the total number that they will put upon the market, and they make their report to the furriers of London and Paris, who meet each spring and decide upon prices.

The Lebel gun, which is to be used hereafter in the French army, is a repeating-rifle, throwing a small steel pointed ball, which is propelled by a newly-invented smokeless powder. The balls revolve at the rate of one thousand revolutions a minute, and are effective at a distance of a mile and a half. In recent tests bullets at five hundred yards penetrated a brick wall eight inches; and it is said, that at a mile they will pass through a man as easily as at ten paces. The cartridges are so small that a soldier can carry two hundred rounds. One hundred and sixteen rounds has heretofore been the maximum.

Thirty years ago Edward Critland, a young artist of Cincinnati, exhibited a painting of considerable merit at the Mechanics' institute there. Some one ruined the painting by thrusting a cane through the canvas, and the artist grieved so over the loss that his mind became unsettled and he disappeared. He fell in with another artist, a young Scotchman, named George Bryce, who was also of unbalanced mind and imagined that he was not his reputed father's son. These two congenial spirits became very close friends. They went back to Cincinnati, where their parents lived, and rented a little back room and have lived there ever since, unknown to any of their friends. They sold an occasional painting to supply their wants, and now their walls are covered with fine paintings, inferior work being destroyed to make room for better. Their friends have only recently discovered them, but the artists refuse to have anything to do with them, or to sell their pictures "for scoffers to ruin."

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

For the week ending Dec. 3, 1887.

Prohibition has been defeated in Atlanta by the negro vote. Of course this is to be regretted, but it will not seriously check the great onward movement.

Memorial services in honor of the late John B. Finch, who was chairman of the National Third Party Prohibition Central Committee, and a prominent Christian Temperance worker, will be held at the First M. E. Church, in this city, Sunday evening.

Congressman Anderson declares for Robert Lincoln for president. To nominate him is the only rational thing the Republican party can do. Nominating Blaine would be to commit harikari, and Sherman can never defeat Cleveland in New York.

The Chicago anarchists have issued a circular, headed only by the ominous word, "Fight." It is not a dangerous manifesto, and, so far, at least, as its references to history are concerned, would be as easily exploded as one of their own bombs.

The poor, silly fellows down south, who are perhaps, only illustrating human nature, may be allowed to cling to the traditions of the lost cause. It can certainly do no harm, and time will heal their weaknesses. But of course the politicians will make all the capital possible out of their foolishness.

Minister Taylor does not report favorably of the prospect in Liberia. He has returned to Washington and resigned his position, and will soon return to Kansas. His report will be disastrous to the colonization schemes of the Topeka negroes who have been a year or more trying to enlist volunteers in a grand emigration to the home of the fathers, or more properly perhaps, of the mothers.

Women have obtained municipal suffrage in Wisconsin by a little sharp legislation. It was granted in all elections pertaining to school matters which was supposed to refer to the country districts. In the city school officers are elected by city councils, and the courts decide the regular municipal elections, in cities, are the only ones relating to school matters and that women have the right to vote for city officers.

The departments in Harper's Magazine for the closing month of the year contain rather more than the usual number of entertaining articles and paragraphs. Mr. Curtis, Mr. Howells, and Mr. Warner are all in the best of Christmas humors, and good cheer fairly rolls from their pens. The Editor's Drawer contains one of Mark Twain's happiest hits, and a "Musical Drama after the fashion of a French Vaudeville," by Edward Everett Hale, which would fill a poor-house with merriment.

For a number of years past farmers in all parts of the country have been subjected to a very unjust application of the present patent laws by which the purchaser of an article that is an infringement upon someone's patent has been held personally liable, compelled to pay royalties on machines etc., for which he has already paid full price. The National Grange has taken decided action against this unfair feature of the patent laws. Bills have been presented in Congress and petitions asking for their passage have been signed and forwarded by Patrons from all parts of the country. A sentiment has thus been slowly created and is growing and will doubtless ere long bring the desired result. Farmers must learn to stand together in these matters. The Grange has secured a number of reforms through legislation, and this can be brought about in the same manner

Educational Notes.

Every teacher in Shawnee county should secure a vacation between Christmas and New Year's in order to attend the meeting of the State Teachers' association. A regard for our county and city should lead all our teachers not only to be present at the meeting, but to become members of the association.

Mrs. Nicholls teaches the school in Horace, a town in Greeley county. She lives on her homestead eleven miles from town, and rides in and out on a pony every day.

In Leoti, Wichita county, the teacher drives in from her homestead, a distance of fourteen miles, every morning, and drives back every evening. For grace, grit, gracefulness and ability, the Kansas schoolmarm is unsurpassed and unsurpassable.

The teachers of the southwest will not soon forget the splendid hospitality of the Wellington people. The executive committee, the board of education, the county superintendent, the city superintendent and teachers did all that was possible for mortals to do to make the association comfortable and happy. May Wellington enjoy a perpetual moral, physical and intellectual "boom."

"There was a great deal of cheating at that examination." What is meant by that? Just this, that applicants will adroitly copy answers from manuscripts on neighboring desks, or may even receive aid on slips of paper passed furtively in the form of a wad across the aisle or seat. The conveying of information in this quiet but sinful manner, while the examiners' backs are turned, is an easy matter. And even when the examiners have a full view of the class, applicants who have not the fear of God before their eyes, can with that expertness acquired through long experience, easily smuggle condensed knowledge to a needy friend. "But," interrupts some one, "consider the consequences of failure, the humiliation of it, not to mention the inevitable loss of employment." Yes; but consider likewise the consequences of dishonesty, the inevitable loss of self-respect, which follows every glance at that stolen certificate.

JOHN MACDONALD

"Godey for December."

"I wonder what sort of a person the editor is" frequently is said by the interested readers of many a publication. Editors are so often impersonal or inaccessible creatures, that it is hardly unreasonable if people wonder as to their very existence. The December number of Godey's Lady's Book furnishes a notable instance of departure from old customs in the matter of the relation of editor to readers. It introduces to a wide circle of families, extending all over the United States and part of Canada, the editor of the Lady's Book, the sketch being quite photographic in its accuracy, but endowed with a sparkle which makes it exceedingly life-like. Those who have wondered just what the gifted "Jennie June" is like will greatly enjoy what Mr. Wilson has written. For Christmas literature this number is indeed rich. There are several spicily Christmas stories, a valuable article on Christmas greens, some practical directions for Christmas dinners and sundry wise suggestions as to Christmas presents. The poetical contributions are unusually worthy of mention, particularly the "Happy Message," with its choice illustrations. No lady who wants to dress well can afford to be without the fashion intelligence given and illustrated so fully in this number. London and Paris correspondence will be prized by all readers, and so will the Home Hints, Chat about Women's Affairs, and fifty other things of which limited space forbids present mention. Such a magazine as Godey's Lady's Book is exceedingly cheap at two dollars. Write to the Croly Publishing Company, Philadelphia, and learn all about it, and the premiums, too.

Clean up the yard and make the farm neat. Nothing helps our country towns more and increases real estate value faster, than to have the farms neat and thrifty in appearance.

Among the exhibits at Chicago were fifteen samples of wool, some of them beautifully crimped and six inches long, cut from thorough bred Shropshire Down sheep owned by Jeffery Corbett.

The Mosquito at Laramie.
The mosquito is a bird with two wings and a long, hollow bill. It is a native of New Jersey and the Laramie plains.

It follows the same business some gentlemen in Wall street follow. They are a different kind of bird, though.

There is more business to the square inch of mosquito than there is in a forty stamp-mill. That is, to reduce both to the same size.

In business relations the mosquito is closely allied to the buffalo gnat and the flying ant.

Some say the flying ant is the common ant before it sheds its wings.

Others say it is the ant angel.

I've got an aunt, but she's not an angel.

I wish she was. She owns a grocery store and a house and lot. I'm her next of kin.

Until Jay Gould came west the mosquito had the business all to himself. The only competition was the wood and the contractors and the city undertaker.

The mosquito is a mean bird to catch.

The best trap I know for them is a bare arm. It never fails if properly baited.

The mosquito has a very familiar voice. So familiar, indeed, that I firmly believe I would recognize it in California or the Mississippi valley.

It's fun to see a "tenderfoot" when he first comes to Laramie plains.

He tries to catch all the mosquitoes in the territory. One staid all night at "Dirty Woman's Ranch" last summer.

Next morning his face was like a painted picture. It was red—in spots.

He said "he'd be hanged" if he lived in Wyoming.

He told the truth. He only lived here a month, when he was hanged to a pitch pine.

He was trying to catch a mosquito and made a mistake and caught somebody's mule.

I don't know anything more interesting than the study of the habits of the mosquito on a warm evening in August, A. D. 1887.

To those desiring to engage in this study I can cheerfully recommend the Laramie plains.

Agricultural Literature.

It is well understood that the science of agriculture, in conjunction with its necessary ally, stock-raising, embraces all the principles of vegetable and animal life—principles that have engaged the attention of the profoundest thinkers in all ages. And yet some people, in fact a large majority of the tillers of the soil, are skeptical of the teachings of "book farming," and absolutely refuse to be enlightened by the investigations of experimental and scientific stations. This is doubtless largely the result of a common belief that scientific farmers are financial failures. That belief is based upon an insufficient and narrow observation; but without stopping to argue against it, and conceding for the present the truth of the allegation, the failure of scientists to turn their experiments to profit, or to make money, is easily understood when it is explained that the true scientist—he who studies nature for the love of knowledge—strives for intellectual wealth first. To him material prosperity is an accidental acquirement which, while desirable, is unworthy of effort as the sole object of life. Herein lies the distinction between the scientist and the inventor. The former studies to learn, merely that he may enlarge his store of wisdom; the latter studies in order that he may accumulate wealth. Another cause of failure among scientists is that mistakes are unavoidable in the development of any industry, in the discovery of any principle. The investigator suffers by these mistakes; the man who subsequently follows his methods does not.

The agricultural literature of to-day, however, is not purely scientific; that is, not merely theory without facts. It is practical and empirical as well as rational, and embraces actual experiments in the field—experiments which, whether profitable to the experimenter, are still beneficial to the industry. Whatever may be the financial condition of the scientist, it is nevertheless a fact that he who reads after the scientist is immensely profited.—*Texas Farm and Ranch.*

Hard Times for the Cow.

A York state county paper conveys the astounding news that "Mrs. Van Allen lost a fine cow on Saturday evening by overeating green corn." It was very imprudent for Mrs. Van Allen to eat green corn late in the evening; but it is unjust that the penalty for her gluttony should be visited upon her cow. It isn't right that the cow should suffer for Mrs. Van Allen's gluttony.—*Yankee Blade.*

Historical Brieflets.

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

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

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

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

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

Cicero relates that the Chaldeans and Bactrians claimed celestial observations for 470,000 years; but, taking a day as an astronomical period, it becomes 1300 solar years, or, taking a moon lunar, 32,000 years.

Julius Caesar was born 100 B. C.; became a member of the Triumvirate with Crassus and Pompey the Great in 60; in 46 assumed the title of imperator or perpetual dictator, and was assassinated in March of the following year.

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

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

A Crazy Old Hunter.

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

He Had Seen no Stray Horse.

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

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

"You are mistaken, sir; I have."

"Which way was he going?"

"Which way was who going?"

"The horse."

"What horse?"

"The horse you saw pass here."

"I have seen no horse pass here."

"You just said you had."

"Well, I say so still."

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

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

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

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

DOMESTIC HINTS.

PUDDING SAUCE.

Beat together four, teaspoonfuls of sugar and two ounces of butter; stir in a teacup of boiling water; flavor to taste.

POP-OVERS.

One thoroughly beaten egg, one cup sweet milk, a little salt, one cup sifted flour. Drop in hot gem irons and bake quickly.

DOUGHNUTS.

One cup sugar, one heaping tablespoonful butter, one egg, one cup sweet milk, half a nutmeg, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one quart flour.

CORN-STARCH CUSTARD.

Put a pint of milk in a frying pan, let it come to the boiling point, then add a pinch of salt and two tablespoonfuls of corn-starch. Serve with sugar and cream.

SUGAR COOKIES.

One cup butter, two cups of sugar and three eggs. Flour enough to make a soft dough. Flavor with cinnamon or nutmeg and bake in a moderate oven.

JELLY CUSTARD PIE.

Four eggs, whites beaten separately, one cup of sugar, two tablespoons of butter; beat well; add one cup nearly full of jelly; last thing add the whites of the eggs; bake on thin pastry.

FRUIT CAKE.

The yolks of ten eggs, ten ounces butter, one pound flour, one pound citron, one pound raisins, two pounds currants, one teaspoonful cinnamon, cloves, mace, nutmeg.

COTTAGE PUDDING.

One cup of sugar, one egg, one cup of sweet milk, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one tablespoonful of baking powder, 2½ cups of flour. Bake about forty minutes. Eat with sauce while warm.

GINGERSNAPS.

Boil slowly for fifteen minutes two cups of molasses; add one-half cup of butter, cool and add two spoonfuls of cold water, one heaping teaspoonful of ginger and flour to roll.

BLACKBERRY JAM.

Take four pounds of fruit, put into a kettle with two pounds of good coarse sugar, and set over a slow fire, gently boiling it for one hour, occasionally stirring it to prevent burning. When done put in jars and seal.

GOOD CAKE.

One cup each of butter, brown sugar, molasses and coffee, one teaspoonful each, even full, of cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg grated, three teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in the coffee, flour to make a stiff dough; add the last thing two cups of raisins chopped. Bake in a moderate oven.

FRIED ONIONS.

Have frying pan hot, put in a good sized piece of butter (or meat frings after frying meat), put in the onions sliced; sprinkle with pepper and salt and pour in just a little hot water, cover closely, let cook twenty minutes; add a teaspoonful of flour in a little milk and when it boils it is ready to serve.

SPONGE JELLY ROLL.

Four eggs, 1½ cups of sugar, one teaspoonful baking powder; beat the whites separately, and the sugar and the yolks together till very light; then add part of the whites, then a cup of flour, then beat good, then a little more flour, then the rest of the whites, and stir easy, put it in and bake. Spread and roll as quick as you can.

DELICIOUS PUDDING.

Two eggs and their weight in butter, sugar and flour. Have the butter soft and mix it with the sugar. Beat the whites and yolks of the eggs separately, and mix with the butter and sugar; add the grated peel of half a lemon, and stir in the sifted flour. Pour into a buttered pan, filling a little over half full, and bake in a moderate oven.

A Tiresome Evening.

Omaha Girl—Isn't Mr. De Blank funny?

Omaha Youth—I noticed you seemed to think so.

"Why, he has kept us laugh'ng half the evening. Didn't you enjoy his wit?"

"I found it very tiresome."

"Tiresome? O you don't mean it. I know you have a keen appreciation of humor. Why didn't you enjoy Mr. De Blank's jokes?"

"Well, the fact is, he takes the same funny paper that I do."

"It Might Have Been."

Pat—Moike, th' tells me az ez have quit worrukin in the powder factory. Was it too dangerous?

Mike—Dangerous? Well, be gosh! I believe if I had worruked there t'll now I'd a be'n dead a year ago.—*Life.*

Even So.

The man who blows into the muzzle of a gun to see whether it's loaded or not generally finds out, but he doesn't seem to remember it long.—*Washi-ton Critic.*

Our lady friends who are looking around to see what magazine they wish to subscribe for next year should see Demorest's Monthly for December, which is in the front rank of Family Magazines in one, so varied is the information it contains. Any lady possessing this valuable publication cannot fail to keep house well, if she follows its suggestions. Only gives full information on household matters, but furnishes light as well as solid reading. One of its late attractions is to give each month a portrait and a sketch of the life of one of the State Presidents of the W. C. T. U. That for December is Mrs. Mary Towne Burt, of New York State. In fact, Demorest's is a magazine that every lady of refinement should possess. It is beautifully gotten up, and its price, \$2 per year, puts it within the reach of all. Published by W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th street, New York.

Money to be Made.

It is said that dull times are not known by the agents for the great publishing house of George Stinson & Co., of Portland Maine. The reason of this exceptional success is found in the fact that they always give the public that which is keenly appreciated and at prices that all can afford. At present we understand, their agents are doing wonderfully well on several new lines. They need many more agents in all parts of the country. Those who need profitable work should apply at once. Women do as well as men. Experience is not necessary, for Messrs. Stinson & Co. undertake to show all who are willing to work, not hard but earnestly, the path to large success. It should be remembered that an agent can do a handsome business without being away from over night. Another advantage—it costs nothing to give the business a trial, and an agent can devote all his time, or only his spare moments to it. Stinson & Co. guarantee grand success to all who engage and follow simple and plain directions that they give. We have not space to explain all here, but particulars will be sent free to those who address the firm; their full address is given above.

The readers of ST. NICHOLAS will discover in the December number, that Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has created a worthy companion character to "Little Lord Fauntleroy," in the heroine of her story "Sara Crew; or, What Happened at Miss Minchin's," and, as in the earlier story, the author's conceptions are aided in their setting forth by the work of the illustrator, Mr. R. B. Birch.

Mr. Frank R. Stockton administers a salutary little lesson to both young and old in one of his admirable stories, "The Clocks of Roudaine," the first part of which appears in this number; and the Reverend Washington Gladden, in "Santa Claus in the Pulpit," reveals the good old saint in a new role. H. H. Boyesen tells the strange story of "The Bear that Had a Bank Account"; while J. T. Trowbridge gives an account of "How the Hart Boys Saw Great Salt Lake," and Sarah J. Pritchard draws an interesting sketch of Puritan days and of the difficulties which attended the setting up of "The First Christmas-tree in New England." Edward Duffy, who, as reporter for the New York "World," took part in the ascension of the great air-ship from St. Louis, in June last, recounts the stirring adventures which attended the start, the voyage, and the descent, and tells of the novel, and often thrilling experiences with which he met on his trip, "Three Miles High in a Balloon." "The Children's Christmas Club of Washington City," is a brief history, by Edmund Alton, of the origin and development of a notable organization which each year gives a Christmas dinner and an entertainment to the poor children of Washington City. Mary Mapes Dodge, Mary E. Wilkins, Annie Rives, Edith Thomas, and there is the usual complement of sketches, jingles, and pictures.

"Every Lady in the Land" Ought to read GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for December. The year 1887 has been a great year with this popular magazine, and the closing number of the year is the best of all, both in its literary matter and its illustrations. This number opens with a very readable sketch of the editor, Mrs. Croly. A valuable assortment of Christmas reading follows, comprising everything from Christmas dinner to Christmas love stories. Fashions for the season have their ample share, with practical and tasteful illustrations. In poetry, home hints, correspondence, and the miscellaneous reading which makes this magazine so acceptable, there is a charming variety. For less grand inducements are offered, with wonderful things in premiums and other advantages. Our young friends should grasp the opportunity of making something out of clubs and premiums. The circulation of this favorite old monthly, already deservedly large, is rapidly increasing. It is pushing its way by the solid merit of the literary attractions offered. The Croly Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa., will promptly respond to all inquiries. Write at once.

The leading article in the ECLECTIC for December is from the pen of Prof. Freeman, the great English Historian, and is from the pages of the Contemporary Review. It discusses one of the vexed educational questions of the hour, and the other problems related thereto. Dr. Fothergill's article on "The Effects of Town Life on the Human Body," is of striking interest. The continuation of the story of Zebahr Pasha's life as taken from his own lips, will be found as fascinating as a romance. Zebahr will be remembered as one of the most important factors in Gordon's Sudan experiences. Another paper, which is a continuation, is Mr. W. H. Mallock's third article on "Wealth and the Working Classes," full of suggestiveness and pungent expression. Sir Salar Jung, the great Parsee statesman of India, discusses "European Politics from an East Indian Standpoint," and shows superior acumen and knowledge. W. L. Courtney has a critical study of "Pascal," as an exponent of the tendencies of philosophical doubt, which will present the great Frenchman to many readers in a new light. The pleasant essay "In Praise of the Country," by H. D. Traill, will evoke sympathetic study from thousands of readers who are interested in country life. The paper entitled "The Cause of Character," from Cornhill, is a suggestive if inadequate examination of a very obscure problem. The attention of the reader will be worthily excited by the article called "The Eruptive Force of Modern Fanaticism," as it touches some of the most pressing and terrible problems of the age. "The Women of Chivalry," by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, is a racy and agreeable sketch; and "The Experience of an English Engineer on the Congo," will be found attractive by all those who have been drawn to African Exploration and the career of Stanley, specially in his last great enterprise. The shorter papers are good. There is a long and striking ballad poem, called "Alfred the Hero King," and some clever if melancholy verses by a Japanese poet, published under the head of "Wordsworth and Japan." Published by E. R. Pelton, 25 Bond Street, New York. Terms, \$5 per year; single number, 45 cents; trial subscription for 3 months \$1 ECLECTIC and any \$4 Magazine, \$8.

The Youth's Companion

is superior to any Illustrated Family Weekly published. That it is highly appreciated is shown by the fact that it has won its way into 400,000 families. The publishers issue a new Announcement and Calendar, showing increased attractions for the new year, which with sample copies will be sent free to all not familiar with the paper. If \$1.75 is sent now, it will pay for THE COMPANION to January 1889, and you will receive the admirable Double Thanksgiving and Christmas Number, and other weekly issues to Jan. 1, 1888, free.

Corn fodder, hay straw, etc. will be cut for cattle to a greater extent than usual this year, because of high-priced grain. A woman in Castle, New York, found a bird's egg imbedded in the centre of a cabbage head, which she opened last week. 686 beans from one ordinary white bean is said to have been raised this season by Edmund Wilson of North Harpswell, Maine. Feed cows regularly and well and keep them warm, if you wish to maintain the standard of the milk produced. In marketing butter it is of great importance that it looks well itself and is packed in a neat and attractive manner. As far as possible see to it that all drinking water passes through iron pipes and not through wood, which decays and favors germs of disease, nor lead, which is a subtle poison.

An Arcadia, Lapeer county Michigan farmer, pays thirty cents a stump to a contractor, who is to clear eighty acres of his farm of stumps.

J. M. Olmstead of Holbard, New York, who bought a suit for \$12.00 for damages from "vicious bees" owned by S. A. Rich was awarded six cents.

It seems an excellent plan to do much of the ploughing in the fall, that the seed may be sown earlier in the spring. Some favor sowing early, even on deep snow.

The fine cow, Peerless, imported from England by Tom Clark of Illinois, is dead, she was only seven years old. The death was caused by abscess on her kidney.

It is noticeable that the eye chooses more frequently than the palate the fruit or vegetables to be purchased. Notice the partiality for red apples and red strawberries.

It is suggested that farmers, whose neighbors are at a distance, establish horn signals among themselves for protection against burglars and to be used in case of emergency.

The cold weather is close at hand, and there can be no idleness on the farm, for all crops must be harvested, tools housed, and the buildings made comfortable for the winter.

The one-sided way of expecting dumb animals to understand the owner and conform to his rules is disappearing before the more reasonable course, where the owner studies carefully the wants and desires of the animal and endeavors to meet them intelligently.

ST. NICHOLAS

For Young Folks.

SINCE its first issue, in 1873, this magazine has maintained with undiminished reputation its position it took at the beginning—that of being the most excellent juvenile periodical ever printed. The best known names in literature were on its list of contributors from the start.—Bryant, Longfellow, Thomas Hughes, George MacDonald, Bret Harte, Bayard Taylor, Frances Hodgson Burnett, James E. Fennell, describe Whittier's Island. The list is so long that it would be easier to list the few authors of note who have not contributed to "the world's child magazine."

The Editor, Mary Mapes Dodge,

author of "Hans Brinker; or, The Silver Skates," and other popular books for young folks,—and for grown-up folks,—too, has a remarkable facility for knowing and entertaining children. Under her skillful leadership, ST. NICHOLAS brings to thousands of homes on both sides of the water knowledge and delight.

St. Nicholas in England.

It is not alone in America that ST. NICHOLAS has made its great success. The London Times says: "It is above anything we produce in the same line." The Scotsman says: "There is no magazine that can successfully compete with it."

The Coming Year of St. Nicholas.

The fifteenth year begins with the number for November, 1887, and the publishers can announce: Serial and Short Stories by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, Frank R. Stockton, H. H. Boyesen, Joel Chandler Harris, J. T. Trowbridge, Col. Richard M. Johnston, Louisa M. Alcott, Professor Alfred Church, William H. Rideing, Washington Gladden, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and many others. Edmund Alton will write a series of papers on the "Romance of the Republic,"—how the President came to the White House, and how the affairs of the Treasury, the State and War Departments, etc., are conducted; Joseph O'Brien, a well known Australian journalist, will describe "The Great Island of Australia," Elizabeth Robbins Fennell will tell of "London Christmas Pantomimes" (Alice in Wonderland, etc.); John Burroughs will write "Meadow and Woodland Talks with Young Folks," etc. Mrs. Burnett's short serial will be, the editor says, a worthy successor to her famous "Little Lord Fauntleroy," which appeared in ST. NICHOLAS. Why not try ST. Nicholas this year, for the young people in the house? Begin with the November number. Send us \$3.00, or subscribe through book-sellers and newsmen. The Century Co., 39 East 17th St., New York.

The Century Magazine.

With the November, 1887, issue THE CENTURY commences its thirty-fifth volume with a regular circulation of almost 250,000. The War Papers and the Life of Lincoln increased its monthly edition by 100,000. The latter history having recounted the events of Lincoln's early years, and given the necessary survey of the political conditions of the country, reaches a new period, with which its secretaries were most intimately acquainted. Under the caption

Lincoln in the War,

the writers now enter on the more important part of their narrative, viz.: the early years of the War and President Lincoln's part therein.

Supplementary War Papers,

following the "battle series" by distinguished generals, will describe interesting features of army life, tunneling from Libby Prison, narratives of personal adventures, etc. General Sherman will write on "The Grand Strategy of the War."

Kennan on Siberia.

Except the Life of Lincoln and the War Articles, no more important series has ever been undertaken by THE CENTURY than this of Mr. Kennan's. With the previous preparation of four years' travel and study in Russia and Siberia, the author undertook a journey of 15,000 miles for the special investigation here required. An introduction from the Russian Minister of the Interior admitted him to the principal mines and prisons, where he became acquainted with some three hundred Statesmen—Liberals, Nihilists, and others,—and the result will be a startling as well as accurate revelation of the exile system. The many illustrations by the artist and photographer, Mr. George A. Frost, who accompanied the author, will add greatly to the value of the articles.

A Novel by Eggleston

with illustrations will run through the year. Shorter novels will follow by Cable and Stockton. Shorter fiction will appear every month.

Miscellaneous Features

will comprise several illustrated articles on Ireland, by Charles De Kay; papers touching the field of the Sunday-School Lessons, illustrated by E. L. Wilson; wild Western life, by Theodore Roosevelt; the English Cathedral, by Mrs. van Rensselaer; with illustrations by Fennell; Dr. Buckley's valuable papers on Dipsy, Italianism, and Christianity; essays in criticism, art, travel, and biography; poems; cartoons; etc.

By a special offer the numbers for the past year (ending with the Lincoln history) may be secured with the year's subscription from November, 1887, twenty-four issues in all, for \$6.00, or with the last year's subscription for \$7.50.

Published by THE CENTURY CO., 39 East 17th Street, New York.

NEW YORK OBSERVER.

Established in 1823.

The Oldest and Best Family Newspaper.

Six Regular Editors; Special Correspondents at Home and Abroad; Stories, Reviews, Condensed News, Departments for Farmers, Merchants, Bankers, Professional Men, Students, Boys and Girls.

This year the OBSERVER will publish more than

FIFTY PRIZE STORIES.

and the ablest and most popular writers will contribute to its columns. Poets and prose writers, authors, editors, men of science and women of genius will fill the columns of the OBSERVER, and it will give twenty unexcelled papers in the coming year.

Price, \$3.00 a year. Clergymen, \$2.00 a year.

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The Spirit of Kansas

TOPEKA, - - KANSAS.

GEN. R. E. LEE's daughter, Miss Mildred, now in Paris, has passed the crisis in a serious illness and is improving.

MR. W. H. MICHAEL is preparing the Congressional Directory, which was so many years edited by the late Maj. Ben: Perley Poore.

THE Chinese emperor is now hard at work practicing archery, a necessary portion of the education of Celestial rulers.

C. A. PILLSBURY, of Minneapolis, is again growing his beard. He shaved it off last summer for the first time in twenty years.

WHILE the president is engaged with affairs of state Mrs. Cleveland takes long drives in the country, sometimes with her mother, sometimes alone.

SENATOR HAWLEY will spend the interval between the date of his wedding and the opening of congress with Charles Dudley Warner, at Hartford, Conn.

DELANCEY NICOLL was not long ago a reporter in New York. He is about 35 years of age, a graduate of Princeton, and was stroke oar of a Princeton four in 1874.

SIR JOHN PULESTON, knight and member of parliament from Wales, is a former resident of Brooklyn, and was the private secretary of Gov. Curtin, of Pennsylvania.

IVAN PANIN will next month deliver a series of lectures in Boston on great Russian writers. Five years ago Panin, who is a Russian, graduated with high honors at Harvard.

MAYOR AMES, of Minneapolis, is acquiring prominence as an artist's model. Four local painters and a sculptor are now at work on counterfeit presentments of the genial doctor.

THE prince regent of Bavaria has requested Manager Perfall to get back the plays of Paul Heyse and Count Sedack which he refused, and to produce them at once at the Royal theater.

JOHN HABBERTON, who has written many stories better than "Helen's Babies," but who is best known as the creator of "Budge" and "Toddy," lives in a fine old place just outside of New Rochelle, N. Y.

SENATOR CHANDLER and other prominent men of New Hampshire are about to procure, by public subscription, bronze statues of ex-Senator John P. Hale and ex-President Pierce, to be placed in the state-house park at Concord.

ADDISON CAMMACK presented his pretty young wife with one thousand shares of Manhattan Elevated stock the other day, not because he proposes to desert the bears, but because, as he says, "the property is right under my nose, and I can see what is going on."

M. DANIEL WILSON, son-in-law of President Grevy, is said to be utterly indifferent to literature and the drama. He one day recently remarked that he cared for no novels but George Sand's, and for them only because of their landscapes. Then he added that "George Sand must now be very old."

MORITZ JOKAI, the Hungarian novelist, has written a letter to his friends in which he declines with thanks the celebration which they were arranging for him this month in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of his debut as a poet. He informs them that fifty years ago he was a lad of 12, busy studying Latin, and that if he had shown any disposition at that time to write poetry, his teacher would have soon knocked that nonsense out of him. The proper date for the intended celebration, he suggests, is 1892.

BERLIN papers report from Fredensborg that as the czar was recently about entering his carriage he was approached by a beggar-woman, who held a little child in her arms and implored his assistance. The czar roughly called to her in Danish to withdraw, and quickly jumped into the carriage. He then beckoned to one of the officers of his retinue and handed him several gold pieces, which he delivered to the woman with the remark: "His majesty has just come from his children, who are ill with the measles, and he did not wish to expose your child to the contagion. He sends you this money and advises you to leave the spot at once. The very air around the castle is dangerous to children."

THE PEANUTS USES.

It Serves the Boy at the Circus, the Housewife for Salad, and the Confectioner for Candies and Chocolates.

The peanut is a thorough democrat. He is not fair to look upon, not half so pretty as his much-abused brother, the old and ever-blooming chestnut, yet he is equally at home in the Fifth avenue palace as he is in the tenement on the Bend, and is equally loved and respected in both, although he is often sugared in the more fashionable quarter.

No one for a moment would suspect it, but really "there's millions in it." Not only does the peanut afford a comfortable living for thousands of gentlemen who quit sunny Italy for Italy's good, to bloom out as merchants at the street corners of Gotham, but it aids in giving employment to other thousands on three continents—Europe, Africa and America.

From Virginia southward to the Gulf of Mexico it grows in great abundance, and millions of bushels are dug up annually to provide strength for people who attend the circus and are compelled to listen to the ancient jokes of the clown. When Jack Frost first makes himself acquainted with the beautiful autumn then the peanut farmer is in his glory. He hies himself at early dawn to the field armed with a pronged hoe and digs up the modest peanut. For the peanut is modest and hides from the vulgar gaze. Indeed, it is a peculiarity of this nut to push its pods into instead of out of the ground. Hence it requires digging to obtain the crop.

The farmer with his pronged hoe pulls out the vine with the peanuts attached, and leaves them on the ground for two or three days to dry. Then he removes them to a shed, where they quietly rest for two weeks. The nuts are then picked from the vine and are ready for the fanning mill.

One hundred bushels to the acre is a fair estimate, and good peanuts are worth \$1 a bushel. If a man—or a woman, for that matter—has a 100-acre farm he can have a great quantity of peanuts, which when exchanged for dollars, even trade dollars, will net him a handsome return for his outlay and labor.

Virginia, the "mother of presidents," may be also called the mother of American peanuts. That state alone furnishes over two million bushels. The Carolinas send their quota, and so does Tennessee, though the peanuts from the latter state are not as white as those from the other southern states, and hence not so high priced.

The nuts are sent to the peanut factory, as callow youths are sent to college, to be dusted, coming out as white as snow—not Broadway snow, but just common everyday snow. The farmers used to do the dusting and polishing at home, but now they find it cheaper to send the nuts to the "peanut factory."

At Norfolk, Va., there are nine of these factories, where a million bushels—often more—of the nuts are cleaned, polished, and sorted by colored women.

Of course, all the peanuts are not large and handsome. Those with only one kernel are placed in the sheller, which quickly removes the "cover coat," and the lonely peanut slips through to find lots of company in the separator below which sorts them into three sizes: "extra large," "No 1" and "No 2." Then the nuts are packed up, sent north and go to the hands of the confectioner, the man who gives his customers taffy.

A better fate awaits the big healthy peanut, the aristocrat, so to speak. It comes out of the fanning mill white and "pretty as a picture," with the shell unbroken. These are sent north also and become the stock in trade of the street vender and the "corner speculator." They buy the peanuts for 5 cents a pound. The roasting, when they do not do it themselves, costs them 1 cent a pound. The loss in the process of roasting is 10 per cent., and the cheery peanut comes up smiling in the last round at the cost of \$1.45 a bushel. The vender sells them at 10 cents a quart. But his quart is just a little contracted, and he always manages to have forty of them to the bushel in defiance of all the rules of measurement. Thus the nuts cost him \$1.45 a bushel and he receives \$4 a bushel, a clear profit of \$2.55.

But let no one think that this finishes the work of the modest peanut. Its mission has a much wider scope. Not only does it figure on the street stand, but in another form it often appears on the table of even the best regulated families as "olive oil." But this deceitful and wicked peanut is not of native growth. It is a product of foreign lands.

The peanut yields from 45 to 50 per cent of an oil almost colorless and nearly equal to olive oil in taste and quality. This oil is obtained in various ways, but the best is furnished by cold compression, and France is responsible in the main for it.

Marseilles does an enormous trade in olive oil, but all that is thus labeled is not olive oil by any means. Last year ten million bushels of peanuts went into the city in their original shape and came out in neat bottles as "olive" oil or "huile d'olive."

This is not all. "No pent-up Utica" confines the scope of the peanut. The oil that is extracted is also used in making toilet soaps. It possesses the quality of rendering the skin soft and white. Many an actress who has given

her certificate as to the worth of some dainty toilet soap would go into hysterics if some knowing person yelled "peanuts."

The usefulness of the peanut does not end here. Its sphere is very extensive, and the manufacturers of chocolate know the fact remarkably well. They take the seed of the peanut, grind it to a fine powder, and produce excellent "chocolate," so called.

Thus in many and divers ways the friend of childhood, the companion of the circus, gets in its work and shows that "there's millions in it."

The Fate of Patagonia.

There used to be a place called Patagonia. It appears on our geographies now says a writer in *Harper's Magazine*, as "a drear and uninhabitable waste upon which heads of wild horses and cattle graze, that are hunted for their flesh by a few bands of savage Indians of immense stature." I am quoting from a school book published in 1886 and in common use in this country. The same geography gives similar information about "the Argentine confederation." It would be just as polite and proper to call this the "Confederate States of America." A bitter bloody war was fought to wipe that name off the map, but our publishers still insist upon keeping it there. It is not a confederation; it is a nation with a big "N," like ours—one and inseparable, united we stand, divided we fall, and all that sort of thing—the Argentine Republic. To call it anything else is an insult to the patriots who fought to make it so, and a reflection upon our own intelligence.

Several years ago Patagonia was divided between Chili and the Argentine Republic, the ministers from the United States to those two countries doing the carving. The summits of the Cordilleres were fixed as the boundary lines. Chili took the Strait of Magellan and the strip along the Pacific coast between the mountains and the sea, and the Argentine Republic the pampas, the archipelago of Tierra del Fuego being divided between them. Since the partition ranchmen have been pushing southward with great rapidity, and now the vast territory is practically occupied. There are no more wild cattle or horses there than in Kansas and the dreary uninhabited wastes of Patagonia have gone into oblivion with the "Great American desert."

The remnant of a vast tribe of aborigines still occupies the interior, but the Indian problem of the Argentine Republic was solved in a summary way. There was considerable annoyance on the frontier from bands of roving savages, who used to come north in the winter time, steal cattle, rob and ravish, and the outposts of civilization were not safe. Gen. Roca, the Sheridan of the River Plate, was sent with a brigade of cavalry to the frontier to prevent this sort of thing. East and west across the territory runs the Rio Negro, a swift, turbid stream like the Missouri, with high banks. Fifty miles or so from the mountains the river makes a turn in its course, and leaves a narrow pathway through which everything that enters or leaves Patagonia by land must go. Across this pass of fifty miles Gen. Roca dug a ditch twelve feet deep and fifteen feet wide. The Indians, to the number of several thousand, were north when the work was done, raiding the settlements. As spring came they turned to go southward as usual, in a long caravan, with their stolen horses and cattle. Roca galloped around their rear, and drove them night and day before him. When they reached the ditch they became bewildered, for they could not cross it, and after a few days of slaughter the remnant that survived surrendered, and were distributed through the army as soldiers, while the women were sent into a semi-slavery among the ranchmen they had robbed. The dead animals and men were buried together in the ditch, and there has been no further annoyance from Indians on the frontier.

The Reputation of Wealth.

Next to the possession of wealth in inconvenience, says a Boston letter to *The Providence Journal*, is the reputation of having it. A friend tells with a good deal of drollery how he has suffered this summer from the undesired fame of fortune. "You know," he says, "that the X's went abroad in June, and they offered us the use of their cottages at Wareview for the summer. Of course we were delighted, and if I hadn't made a mismove in the first place we should have had a beautiful time. Such a trifling thing too. It was only buying a dollar's worth of postage stamps at the village post office, but it came very near spoiling our whole summer."

Of course he was asked to explain, and did so by saying in a place where people bought a single stamp for a letter after the epistle was written, the purchase of fifty stamps at once took on all the magnitude of a magnificent financial transaction. The purchaser was from that moment regarded as a man of enormous wealth. He was charged extravagantly for everything, his steps were haunted by committees soliciting subscriptions for the church and charity, and he was, in a word, subjected to all the annoyance of being wealthy without the satisfaction of having the reality of which this was the unpleasant shadow. "And hereafter," he concluded, "I shall never buy more than a single stamp in the country."

The American Workman.

The thing most to be desired is that the working classes shall be so alert, active and aggressive in pursuing their economic interests, that the full pressure of that competition which is essential to the best conduct of trade and production may be applied to them steadily and unremittingly, without any danger of their sustaining injury therefrom.

This certainly was the case in the early days of the republic; this was the case, without qualification, until a recent date, so great was the nobility of the laboring population, so high their intelligence, so frugal their habits, so enterprising, alert and industrially ambitious was the rising generation, so wide the margin of living afforded by the favorable conditions of a new country, so relatively weak, then, was capital. If this has now ceased to be the case, it is not due mainly either to the fuller settlement of the country or to the large accumulation of capital during the past twenty-five years, but to the introduction of vast numbers of persons not born on our soil or bred under our laws, having lower standards of work and lower social ambitions, with less, at once, of general intelligence and of technical skill, often improvident and not infrequently intemperate in their habits, generally untrained in the responsibilities of civil life, and unaccustomed to the communication of thought upon subjects of general concern. Certainly, if the children and grandchildren of our population of thirty years ago were alone concerned, it would still be true that the working classes of this country had no occasion to ask favors in production and trade, or seek to escape the utmost pressure of industrial competition. The workmen of those days were abundantly able to take care of themselves; and the workmen of to-day would be not less so, if they all came out of that patient, watchful, resolute sagacious, self-mastered strain.

I confess I have little respect for the objection which is often interposed to the use of the term "working-classes." Every now and then some lawyer or professor or editor informs the public that he works twelve or fifteen hours a day himself; that he is just as much a working-man as any carpenter or cotton-spinner; that we are all working-men together; and that the use of this term, in application to a section of the community, is both etymologically wrong and economically misleading. Indeed, I know one highly intelligent gentleman who sincerely believes that the correction of our popular speech in this regard will nearly, if not quite, remove all our labor troubles and restore industrial peace.

Now, I cannot take this view of the expression in question. . . . There are a few familiar phrases whose purport is not larger, or smaller, or in some way different from the logical significance of the words composing them, if brought together for the first time. The term working-classes is sufficiently descriptive for the use to which it is put in discussions regarding the organization of industry and the distribution of wealth. There are large and important bodies of producers who are clearly enough pointed out thereby, and who well enough understand themselves to be meant. It is not an offensive appellation, for it is self-imposed. It is not an inexact expression, for no one not intended by it would deem himself, or be deemed by others to be included.—*Gen. Walker, in Scribner's.*

He Was Finally Admitted

A horse man dismounted before a lonely dugout in Missouri, and confronting the proprietor of the place asked for accommodations for the night. The farmer surveyed him critically and said:

"Air you selling a cure for hog cholera?"

"No, sir; I'm selling nothing."

"Is that so? Wal, p'raps ye mount roost in the barn of that's so. But say, stranger, yer not takin' any subscriptions for the 'Life of Grant,' air ye?"

"No, sir."

"If that's the case I mout let ye bunk on the floor of my dugout. But yer not sellin' any new fangled oats, air ye, that'll preface four bushels to one of any other kind?"

"I have nothing to do with oats, I assure you."

"Wal, this beats all! I'll hef to try an' rig up a cot fer ye to sleep on, an' I gess I'll find room fer yer hoss in the cattle shed. But see hyar, stranger, I want a squar deal. Ye won't spring any patent revolving churn on us ef we treat ye right, will ye?"

"I don't know a churn from a water wheel."

"Now, this is sing'lar. Ye seem to be a white man, an' I gess I'll chuck ye in the spar room an' put yer hos in the barn. But I want ye to look me squar in the eye and say that ye haven't any condition powders to sell; ye don't want to flash out any setting sun stove polish, er French blackin', er harness ile. Do you promise?"

Certainly I do. I'm not an agent for any sort of a trap. In fact I'm out here trying to find and arrest a rascally dealer in moving machines who swindled a lot of farmers in our neighborhood."

"Stranger, ye'll sleep in my bed ter-nite, an' me an' the ole woman'll bunk on the floor. Go in an' tell her to flash up the best grub she hez while I curry an' feed yer hoss."—*Nebraska State Journal.*

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

ROAST TURKEY.—After removing the feathers and cleanly singeing the bird, break the leg bone close to the foot and hang up the bird and draw out the strings from the thigh; make a slit down the back of the neck and take out the crop, then out the neck-bone close, and after the bird is stuffed the skin can be turned over the back. But around the vent, making the opening as small as possible, and drawing carefully, taking care that the gall-bag and the gizzard are not broken. Open the gizzard, remove the contents and detach the liver from the gall-bladder. The liver, gizzard, and heart, if used in the gravy, will need to be boiled an hour and a half and chopped as fine as possible. Wash the turkey and wipe thoroughly dry inside and out; then fill the inside with stuffing and sew the skin of the neck over the back. Sew up the vent, then run a long skewer into the pinion and thigh through the body, passing it through the opposite pinion and thigh. Put a skewer in the small part of the leg, and push it through. Pass a string over the points of the skewers, and tie it securely at the back. Dredge with flour, covering the breast with buttered white paper; put in the oven to roast; baste often, first with butter and water, afterwards with gravy from the dripping-pan; not too hot an oven. A turkey weighing eight pounds requires two and a half hours to bake. Stew the giblets till tender, and chop them up fine to make gravy, with a few spoonfuls of drippings and very little flour. Some sauce of a slightly acid taste, as currant, apple or cranberry, usually accompanies roast turkey.

CHICKEN PIE.—Stew chicken till tender, season with one-quarter of a pound of butter, salt and pepper; line the sides of a pie-dish with a rich crust, pour in the stewed chicken, and cover loosely with a crust, first cutting a hole in the centre. Have ready a can of oysters; heat the liquor, thicken with a little flour and water, and season with salt, pepper, and butter the size of an egg. When it comes to a boil, pour it over the oysters and about twenty minutes before the pie is done lift the top crust and put them in.

PARSNIP STEW.—Three slices of salt pork, boil one hour and a half; scrape five large parsnips, cut in quarters lengthwise, add to the pork and let boil one-half hour, then add a few potatoes, and let all boil together until the potatoes are soft; the fluid in the kettle should be about a cupful when ready to take off.

BOILED ONIONS.—After taking off the outer skin let them soak in cold water for a couple of hours, or longer if you like them mild; let them be cooked in boiling water, which should be pretty strongly salted; drain off the water as soon as they are almost done, then let them simmer in milk until quite tender, add a good bit of butter, pepper and salt.

DOUGHNUTS.—Three eggs, one cup sugar, one pint of new milk, salt, nutmeg and flour enough to permit the spoon to stand upright in the mixture; add two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and beat until very light; drop by the dessertspoonful into boiling lard. These will not absorb a bit of fat, and are the least pernicious of the doughnut family.

SLICED APPLE PIE.—Line pie-pan or plate with crust, sprinkle with sugar, fill the tart apples, sliced, very thin, sprinkle sugar and a very little cinnamon over them, and add a few small bits of butter and a tablespoonful of water, or not, as you please—it depends upon the juiciness of the apples—dredge in flour, cover with the top crust, and bake about three-quarters of an hour; allow four or five tablespoonfuls of sugar to one pie. Or, line pans with crust, fill with sliced apples, put on top crust and bake; take off top crust, put in sugar, bits of butter and seasoning, replace crust and serve warm. It is delicious with sweetened cream. "Crab-apple pie, if made of the 'Tracendents,'" will fully equal those made of the larger varieties of apples.

HICKORYNUT CAKE.—One-half cup of butter, two cups of sugar and four eggs, beaten separately; three cups of flour, one-half cup of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, two cups of hickorynut meats minced, one teaspoonful extract of vanilla.

ROILED TURNIPS.—Use a separate saucepan for them. If when done they appear soft and full of water put them in a cloth and squeeze the moisture out; then add a little salt and butter; a teaspoonful of sugar makes them taste milder. Mash and dish them. If, however, they are very nice-looking turnips, slice them, put a little butter on them and pepper well, and then serve them. An hour will boil them, unless they are very hard.

APPLE SAUCE.—Pare, halve and quarter a sufficient quantity of nice stewing apples; put them into a baking dish and cover thickly with sugar; bits of lemon-peel may be added if liked; put a plate over the dish and set it into a pan having a little hot water in the bottom, and place it in a hot oven. Bake until the pieces are clear and tender.

CRANBERRY SAUCE.—Pick over and wash the cranberries and put in the preserving kettle, with a half a pint of water to one quart of berries; now put the sugar—granulated sugar is the best—on top of the berries; set on the fire and stir about half an hour; stir often to prevent burning; they will not need straining, and will preserve their rich color cooked in this way. Never cook cranberries before putting in the sugar. Less sugar may be used if you do not wish them very rich.

PARESIS A LIVING DEATH.

Dr. Talcott Describes the Scourge that Has Stricken Prominent Men.

A tall, thin man seated on a long bench on a pretty lawn in front of a large brick building.

The man kept his hands in constant motion, now pressed to his brow, now extended above his head. And all the while he kept up a low conversation with imaginary people, and the sound of his voice resembled the barking of a seal.

The man was Bartley Campbell, and the huge building was the state asylum for the insane at Middleton, N. Y., says *The New York Star*.

"Is there any hope of his recovery?" was asked of Dr. Talcott.

"None," was the reply. "When a man becomes a victim of paresis he leaves all hope behind him."

Remembering that John McCullough, the tragedian, and others equally prominent had suffered from the same disease which had seized on Bartley Campbell, an explanation of paresis was asked of the genial and kind-hearted superintendent.

"Come into my office and I will tell you something of paresis," said Dr. Talcott.

A few minutes later the reporter was seated in the cozy office of the doctor, ready to hear about this terrible disease.

"Paresis," said Dr. Talcott, "is a marked type of those grave forms of mental disturbance so common in our day, and which are the direct outgrowth of an unwise expenditure of nerve forces through the various channels of overwork and dissipation."

"What are the causes of the disease?"

"Hyper-stimulation of the brain and nervous system by various means, chiefly hard drinking, excessive indulgence, and over-application to business of an absorbing and exciting nature. There are few cases where rum, women, or overwork, one or all combined, do not figure largely as exciting causes."

"Can not medical treatment conquer this paresis?"

"Never, according to history, does paresis yield up its hold. It is a deep-seated, far-reaching, intractable scourge, which fastens its malignant fangs upon the brains of its victims and, unlike any other serious disease, it never yields."

"Is it not generally spoken of as 'softening of the brain'?"

"That is the vulgar term applied to paresis. It is known under various names, the most common of which are: General paresis, general progressive paralysis, general paralysis of the insane, mania de grandeur and dementia paralytica. The latter term might be more strictly applied to the last stage of the disease, while the others are appropriate through all its stages."

"What are the stages of paresis?"

"First, the irritable stage; second, the well-defined or stage of hectic delusions of grandeur; third, the stage of subsidence, or that of subacute or chronic mania; and fourth, the stage of dementia, failure, and death."

"Does this disease attack both men and women?"

"Males largely predominate. The nineteen cases treated here were all males. In England the male paretics predominate over females as five to one. In this country there are probably ten male to one female paretic."

"Are robust people the most likely to be attacked?"

"General paresis is generally found in the robust and over-dissipated man of early prime or middle age. With strong bodies and active, even though uncultivated, brains, these men seize with consuming avidity upon the hard work of the sinful pleasures of the world. That they break down in the middle prime of life, is due simply and solely to the consumption of wasting of both principal and interest of their nerve capital."

Dr. Talcott then went on to say that general paresis was first intelligently described by a French physician, Dr. Calmeil, who, in 1826, investigated the subject. It is, then, a disease known to the medical profession for only half a century. Doubtless it existed long previous to its recognition, but since that time it has steadily increased in frequency, particularly in this country, and is a nervous plague peculiar to the rush of those modern high-pressure times. It is particularly prevalent in seaport towns.

The disease was traced through all its stages by Dr. Talcott thus:

The first stage is marked by unusual irritability. This occurs to a decided degree, even though the person affected had been good-natured or jovial previously. He seems pre-occupied in his thoughts, even to abstraction, and then again he is hurried, nervous, and fidgety. While in the former state, if spoken to suddenly or aroused from his abstraction, he will indulge in ebullition of anger and speak harshly even to a loved one. If the person is in a restless mood he will pass unheeded a friendly salutation, not from a disposition to be rude, but because in his mind he is eagerly pursuing some train of thought, which precludes all consideration of others. Even in this early stage of paresis he will be engaged in greater business projects than ever before and will spread his financial canvass to its fullest capacity. In this particular, under the influence of approaching disease, he differs from the ordinary business man, who, though bold, will manifest at least ordinary prudence in the affairs of life.

At this juncture the paretic informs

his friends that he is preparing plans that will insure him an independent fortune in a short time. He indulges in the most extravagant purchases.

Although at first irritable and restless, he soon assumes an extreme cheerfulness. If he stops to greet a neighbor it is with more than usual warmth. He tells you that he feels "first rate," and presses your hand with ardor. He leaves you so suddenly that you feel puzzled by his change of manner.

Gradually, but surely, the disease develops, and at last come the clear, sharp symptoms of profound mental aberration. The paretic indulges in some sudden freak of violence, and his friends are forced to place him under restraint. Visions of wealth, before which the marvels of Aladdin's lamp appear insignificant, are conjured up by the overwrought imagination of the excited paretic. He is a maker of worlds—not for financial purposes, but merely for the sake of employment. He forgets familiar names—even his own. Occasionally a person in this stage becomes a kleptomaniac, and is unusually sly and cunning.

Then he passed into the chronic stage, which is marked by a steady exaggeration of all the physical indications and a gradual subsidence of the delusions which have been cherished. An unsteadiness of gait is now pronounced; there is tremulousness of lips, tongue, a hesitancy of speech, and the face loses its lines of intelligence and assumes a fat, flabby, expressionless contour, and in manner and speech there is a marked decadence of physical and mental powers. The appetite and thirst at this stage become enormous, and an increase in flesh is noticeable.

The progress of the chronic state is at last interrupted by convulsions, and the paretic loses ground rapidly. The mind fails and the conditions of dementia supervene. The physical strength wanes and the body emaciates. The skin breaks out in eruptions.

"Then," said Dr. Talcott, "the patient takes to his bed, and this is followed by bed sores. The patient often clings to life for weeks after the frail thread that holds him seems eaten away to the last frail fiber. Yet he persists in living. It is one of the remarkable features of this disease that the patient continues to live long after all the forces of life appear to be exhausted. Death comes at last through utter exhaustion. But with the last articulate breath of life the dying man, corrugating his countenance into a ghastly smile, will reply to your inquiry as to how he feels with the stock expression: 'First rate.'"

"And once stricken with paresis, a patient never recovers?" queried the reporter.

"I believe that no well-authenticated case, where it has been fully developed and where no doubt could exist as to the diagnosis, has been placed on record as fully recovered and has continued so for five successive years. The patient often appears to mend, and will, in fact, go for months with very few of the outward signs of the disease, but sooner or later the storm which has experienced a temporary lull will rise again and move on with resistless fury."

After passing through the chronic stage," continued the doctor, "the patient's strength and physical health may be long preserved by abundant outdoor exercise."

"How can this dreadful disease be prevented?"

"By applying the check-rein of prevention rather than trying to engage in the almost hopeless task of seeking to save the shattered fragments of a wreck. People must refrain from those formidable dissipations whose feet take hold on destruction, whose bite is like that of an adder, and whose final result is a hopeless chamber and deathbed within the walls of an insane asylum."

"The cares and afflictions of ordinary life, the afflictions of disease, the hereditary weakness which come down to us from our ancestors, all bring to institutions for the insane their quota of suffering victims; but many of these may be in time returned to renewed health and a life of usefulness. But for him who, through alcoholic stimulants and excesses, progresses to paresis, there are no more cheering words than those engraved upon the portals of Dante's 'Inferno.'—'Who enters here leaves hope behind.'"

How They Make Farmers in Denmark.

Young men are apprenticed to the best farmers all over the kingdom for two or three years under the oversight of the Royal Agricultural Society. They work for good farmers for one year as learners, receiving a small sum besides their board and lodging. At the end of a year the apprentice is removed to a farm in a district where a different kind of agricultural books at the outset which become his property upon the completion of the three years. The apprentices report to the society at intervals, and from these reports and other records where they have worked, the society judges of their progress and grants diplomas accordingly.

The young men thus get thorough knowledge of all practical farming, but they have to work for it, as they are at hard labor from 4 a. m. until 7 p. m., except the meal hours. The society has started the system of apprenticing young men in the best dairies for three months instead of three years. Nearly 1,000 youths have thus been educated and received diplomas. The system has far outgrown the society's control, and now nearly every large farm and dairy has several apprentices accepted and trained by private agreement.—*Farm and Home*.

THE GREAT PANAMA CANAL.

Millions of Dollars Thrown Away and Other Millions Lavishly Squandered.

To the weary and seasick traveller no more enchanting scene can be viewed from the sea than the city of Colon, with its surroundings of tall palm trees waving in the breeze, writes a correspondent to *The New Orleans Times Democrat*. It seems like a glimpse of fairyland; but let the tourist once land, and he is soon disenchanted. The air seems to be full of pestilence, and if Cologne is said to have had "seventy distinct stinks" I am sure Colon has at the least three times as many. In fact, it is a wonder that the inhabitants have not all of them turned-up noses. The front street has a plank-over sidewalk under which the water stands and putrefies after a rainfall. The back streets of the city are mud holes, and a green scum is their principal decoration. The majority of the houses are built upon sticks, with a bed of streaming mud beneath to add to their sanitary advantages. Generally the Panama Railroad Company run two funeral trains daily out to the cemetery at Monkey Hill, and carry lots of "dead-heads."

The funeral ceremonies are conducted on a most economical plan. A poor man dies in the street. A box is brought and he is tumbled into it and whirled away to the place of sepulture. On arrival the body is pitched into a hole. When there are four or five bodies in this hole it is closed up. The boxes are, however, always brought back for further use. There is no hospital aid for the sick and destitute.

For the sick man there is no aid, for the dead no religious services. It is said that all are not dead who are thrown into these pits. This is immaterial, of course, as they soon die after the red mud is shovelled in upon them. There are hospitals, of course, in Colon, both American and French, the latter under the auspices of the canal company, whose head is M. de Lesseps. I have personally given the French hospital a trial of nearly a year and cannot recommend it as a first-class hotel. Poor coffee and tough beef are not, in my estimation, most nourishing food for an invalid. These hospitals are under the control of my distinguished friend, M. de Lesseps, but he never boards at them when he chances to be in Colon. The Sisters of Charity—noble women—and a staff of some educated doctors of French extraction have the management of affairs. The principal medicines used are compound cathartic pills and quinine, varied occasionally by a fly-blower or an enema. This treatment is an eminently successful one, as is evidenced by the coffins going out every day. In the hospitals, as in every thing else connected with the De Lesseps fraud, the French have preference, except in graveyard privileges. They get chicken, &c., when an American or Englishman is given tough beef—the meat cut out between the horns of bullocks whose ancestry dates back beyond the reign of William the Conqueror, who himself is old enough to be his own grandfather. I cannot afford space to mention all of the Count de Lesseps's hospital attractions for sick Americans. He pays his men off in "poco tiempo" silver, the value of which at the best of times is only 60 cents on the dollar American. That he is striving at all times to replace skilled American labor by French help is an open secret. He has promised several times to have the canal opened at various dates, yet what has he accomplished? "O! Yes, just that much and no more. He has built a lot of fancy cottages—"gimcrack" concerns—along the line between Colon and Panama. He has bought so much machinery and never used it, that at least \$1,000,000 worth of unused material lies along the Panama Railroad rusting and decaying.

That he has a "big head," an almost superhuman intellect, Suez Canal shows. Yes, he has a head for spending money—in the case of the Panama Canal—uselessly, and has notoriously imposed on those who have been weak enough to trust in his specious promises.

The Panama Canal, or rather "The Interoceanic," will be, when completed, about fifty-five miles long. So far about eighteen miles have been dredged out on the Chagres, and a portion of the mountain at Culebra has been blasted out. This is all the work of contractors, not of the French. The American Dredging Company have done their work nobly, while the French dredges have lain idle and rusted along the shores of the Chagres. The chief aim of a French employee seems to be to drink absinthe, cognac and claret, and wear a cork hat and top boots. They are extremely clannish, and view Americans as an inferior race of animals. The canal company purpose building a dam across between two mountains near Gamboa. This they calculate will give them a lake of some marvellous capacity, so if the Atlantic and Pacific oceans dry up they can turn on a faucet and fill the canal without soiling their kid gloves. This is all very fine in theory (De Lesseps) but the Chagres River rises sometimes twenty-seven feet in twenty-four hours and should it take a notion to do so, after this mythical lake is completed, it would soon show that Gamboa was not worth a dam. No profanity intended. M. de Lesseps is an imaginative man; he is a man of great ideas, but he did not "look before he leaped." Judging by present prospects the canal may be completed by the year 1976, when the second centennial of this grand republic will be celebrated. Supposing, for example only, that the canal could be completed by the French company in

ten years, an investor in its bonds would be a centarian before he received a decent return on his investment, provided he was twenty-one years of age to-day. By cooking up favorable reports on a gas-stove the French management have bagged millions of dollars, but the game is nearly played out. M. de Lesseps has built a town on a negro graveyard at Colon which he calls Cristoval Colon. He has taken possession of the bronze statue of Christopher Columbus, which was presented by Empress Eugenie, of France, to Colon itself as being one of the first places visited in the new world by the great discoverer. This he has erected in front of his palace, facing seaward, so as to welcome him when he sees fit to cross the waters. Here, at Cristoval Colon, are collected his faithful satellites. Most of them are like the lilies, as they grow "they neither toil, nor do they spin," yet they use up lots of brandy, vermouth and gin. As an old resident on the Isthmus of Panama, and a looker-on at all the doings of the so-called company, I do not hesitate to stigmatize the thing itself, so far, as a deceit and a snare.

Doubtless the company hope to complete the canal at some future day by aid of the "rainy seasons," but that will take some centuries. What is required is cool American brains, American energy, American capital, and the thing will be a success, a thing of today, not as it promises now, to be regarded in years to come as a failure and a fossil enterprise. To conclude, suppose that projected dam at Gamboa gives way, everything between it and the Atlantic waters will be swept into eternity and nothing left excepting De Lesseps himself, who, safe in France, will stand, as Virgil aptly expresses it, "an everlasting monument of brass."

BIRDS THAT KNOW SOMETHING.

Some Wonderful Educated Parrots in Paris.

An exhibition of educated parrots recently held in Paris showed very clearly to what a high state of perfection these birds are capable of being trained. Their stage was a long table, at one end of which were perches, on which were grouped half a dozen parrots. Four of these were cockatoos—white, with yellow crests; the other two were gray parrots, with the neck and under parts rose color.

Among the tricks which they perform at the bidding of their owner, M. Abdy, are the following: Two fixed bars on upright supports are placed on the table; a parrot climbs upon one of them, turns a somersault, keeps his head downward, and, passing on to the second bar, goes through the same exercise. Their owner then calls Tom, a small white parrot, who comes toward him as if about to climb on one of the bars, but runs back again holding down his head and shaking his wings in a grotesque way. Tom is evidently the buffoon of the troupe. A bell is then brought, with a handle which forms a lever; a parrot advances, and, putting one foot on the lever, rings the bell. The trainer asks the audience what number of rings they wish for; some one exclaims, "seven!" and the parrot rings the bell seven times.

The bird is then asked how much does three times three make, and it replies by ringing the bell nine times. A perch is then placed on the table in the form of a see-saw, at each end of which a gray parrot perches, and in the center, just above the pivot jumps a magnificent white parrot named Charley, the principal one in the troupe. This parrot throwing the weight of his body successively to the right and left of the pivot, rocks the see-saw rapidly. To see the animation of this bird during the performance one would suppose that he took real pleasure in rocking his companions.

The same bird then goes through another exercise. Four flagstaffs are set up on the table, and at the foot of each is a flag attached to a cord, which passes over a pulley at the top. The flags are English, French, Belgian and American. One of the audience asks for the French flag. Charley advances, draws himself up erecting his bright yellow crest, and, spreading his wings, suddenly seizes the line with his beak, and, then alternately with beak and foot, hauls up a flag as a sailor would, hand over hand, until it is fast at the top. He then goes through the same performance with the other flags in succession.

Several letters of the alphabet are placed upright on the table, and Charley is again brought forward, pluming himself as before. A spectator calls for a letter. Charley hesitates, inclines head to one side, appears to reflect, then suddenly advances and picks up the letter named, and repeating the performance with other letters called for. Suddenly little Tom jumps off his perch, runs up, seizes the remaining letters one after another, and pitches them away on the floor. Another parrot then appears, and at the word of command throws several somersaults on the table. Two others follow, and waltz slowly round while the music plays.

Of all parrots M. Abdy considers the white cockatoos the most gifted in regard to agility and capability for learning tricks—being, in fact, acrobats by nature. They are very slow in learning to talk, but they are easily tamed, and understand and do what they are told.—*La Nature*.

The Only One of Her Kind.

Visitor (to dime museum freak)—Beyond being a very pretty young woman, I see nothing remarkable about you, miss. What is your specialty?

Freak—I'm the girl who thinks she is homely, sir.—*Harper's Bazar*.

CARDINAL MANNING AT HOME.

His Views Concerning the Country and Ireland.

I spent an hour with Cardinal Manning, says a London letter to *The Baltimore Sun*. We sat in his library, a large room, with shelving running around two sides, filled with rare and antique volumes. The furniture of the room is of the plainest character; and the floors are bare except for two small and worn-out rugs, which appear just like a patch in the center. A more uninviting room and apartments can scarcely be fancied, but it was all forgotten in the charm of the presence of the owner. There is a peculiar attraction in the culture and manners of many of the Catholic priesthood, which is not less appreciated and admired by Protestants than by Catholics. I do not know when I have spent an hour more full of interest, instruction, and intellectual enjoyment than that with this dear, lovely old man. He is within a month or two of four score; but, while his figure is very spare, his face wan, and the wrinkles on it deep indeed, the glorious soul and mind which God gave him beam with an unspeakable luster. "He looked me straight and steadily in the eyes as he talked in earnest, gentle tones, and it was long after I left that the brighter and purer atmosphere which he diffused faded. Naturally our talk ran upon English, Irish, and American politics, and to some extent upon church matters."

The cardinal evinced accurate knowledge of American affairs. He admires our form of government, but thinks its administration could be improved if we had fewer elections and longer terms of office. He takes much interest in the proposition for the assembling of a Catholic congress of English-speaking people, and said he had just received a letter from Bishop Ireland in regard to that matter. I asked the cardinal about the progress of Catholicism in England. He said it was most gratifying; that it was not so much in comparative point of numbers as in material progress and influence. The church now stood on a happy basis in England, and was given as much consideration by government and people as any other denomination. The church of England did not exercise or attempt to exercise any direct influence on legislation or politics, but of course its patronage controlled votes. He showed me from his window, a splendid site, covering four acres, which he secured some time since for the erection of a grand cathedral in London. He said he should not at his advanced time of life, attempt to begin the work of building this cathedral; that was an undertaking for a younger man. Speaking of Ireland, the cardinal said that there exists in that oppressed island no such freedom and liberty as in Great Britain. One never knew there was any law until he ran against it. Scotland and England were completely fused in identity of interest. It was different with Ireland, because of the different treatment.

That unhappy island has been ruled by England for more than three centuries by force alone. It was under Henry VIII that the policy was inaugurated which had made and kept Ireland disaffected. Had it not been for this Ireland would have been as devoted and as loyal to the English crown as Scotland. He was an Englishman to the backbone, but he knew and loved the Irish people. A more true, a more loyal, a more noble race never existed. They could be ruled with an uplifted thumb when kindly and justly dealt with, but they never would bow to force and wrong. He had often been asked about boycotters and moonshiners, and so on. He believed that injustice always developed the worst passions of men, and boycotters and moonshiners were the product of injustice. Proper and just laws he considered to be the essential element for the tranquillizing of Ireland, and one feature must be the requirement of absentee landlords to return or part with their estates. There were several big corporations in London which owned vast tracts of land in Ireland. This was manifestly wrong, and one of the first things to be remedied was that these lands should go into the possession of those whose labor gave them all the value they possess. The cardinal said he had never been more enamored with the name of "Irish Parliament." In his view the legislative body to be created for Ireland should not be one with the prerogatives of a parliament as commonly understood, but a chamber which should have the control of legislation affecting local matters only. I said to him I had found no sentiment worth speaking of in London in favor of Irish home rule, and inquired what he thought about the prospects. He replied that London was intensely aristocratic, intensely wedded to custom, and therefore opposed to change. But it was not so in the provinces. The feeling in favor of home-rule was growing rapidly every day in the country, and he had the strongest belief it would eventually be strong enough to control both houses of Parliament and force justice to be done the Irish. He could not venture to predict when this day would come, but he hoped to see it.

A Taking Young Man.

First Montreal Belle—Have you met Mr. Slick?

Second Montreal Belle—Mr. Slick? Slick? let me see—

"Why, that wealthy young man that has just arrived from New York."

"Oh, yes. No; I haven't met him."

"I was introduced at Mrs. Gush's reception last night. He's a very taking young man."

"Yes; I understood he took several thousand dollars from a New York bank, where he was cashier."

