

# SPIRIT OF KANSAS

## A Journal of Home and Husbandry.

VOL. XX.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, MAY 24, 1889.

NO. 8.

A number of towns in central and southern Minnesota reported a hard frost Wednesday morning, doing some damage to vegetation.

An explosion of gas at Boston injured half a dozen persons. Edward L. Evers, a porter, is not expected to live.

The Indians at Standing Rock, Dak., held a big council Sunday, and all agreed not to sign the treaty unless paid \$11,000,000 for their land.

Ex-Governor Bullock and a committee from Georgia have invited president Diaz to visit the Atlanta exposition in October. The president gives no definite promise to attend.

At the Inman line office, New York, the announcement was made that the City of Paris had broken the record for eastward passages by an hour and thirty-five minutes.

The Paola Gas Company struck the big gas flow of natural gas yet known there. The well also gushes forth large quantities of lubricating oil. It is located seven miles east of the city.

Oberlin has organized a company for equipping and completing the natural gas well located there. Gas is found in large quantities, and it is thought it will furnish sufficient to light the town.

Hutchinson is making an effort to build another railroad, to run from that city south, the ultimate terminus to be the Gulf, and its name the Hutchinson, Oklahoma, and Gulf. The city will vote \$20,000 aid to the road to secure terminal facilities.

The Paola Canning Co has been reorganized, and will continue in operation. It has not been fully decided upon as to the extent of the operation of the factory this season, but it intends to handle at least fifty acres of tomatoes, most of which have been contracted for.

A local company has contracted to drill a prospect hole on land in the vicinity of the Wilmore coal field. It has been demonstrated that coal of excellent quality exists in the vicinity of Wilmore, but in what quantity is yet unknown. It is for purpose of ascertaining the thickness of the vein that the company is having the hole drilled.

Prospects at the salt works at Solomon City are very flattering. Brine, bearing a profitable degree of salt, has come to the surface, without pump or power, except such as nature affords. Whether a regular artesian well exists, sufficient to yield a permanent supply of brine, it is too early to determine, but every indication points to a bonanza.

The Kinsley cheese factory people have declared a dividend for the month of October and November last of \$1.00 per hundred pounds of milk furnished. This is equivalent to thirty cents a pound for butter, had the same milk been worked up into that commodity. The dividends up to March first will not vary much, if any, from the figures of October and November.

It is almost needless to remark that Harrison Kelly was elected to congress on Tuesday from the fourth district, to succeed Thomas Ryan, promoted to minister to Mexico. He had practically no opposition. Only a light vote was cast but he got nearly all of it.

The Rural New Yorker gives a large space to notes on advance sheets of Prof. Sheldon's reports of farm experiments, referring to it as "the exceedingly interesting and instructive report—a report which reflects much credit upon the Station."

It is reported that there is every probability of negotiations being entered into shortly for settlement of the fisheries question and Behring Sea difficulty. It is understood that Sir Julian Panncofote has been instructed to press for an early settlement of Behring Sea claims.

ALL competent authorities, prominent among them being F. F. Roberts, M. D., Professor of Chemical Medicine at University College Hospital, London, Eng., say "Bright's disease has no marked symptoms of his own, but takes the symptoms of other (so called) diseases." If you have headache, flicker appetite, failure of eyesight, tube casts in urine, gradual loss of flesh and dropsical swelling, extreme wakefulness, distressing nervousness, do not neglect such symptoms, or you will eventually have Bright's disease, or some other effect of neglected kidney disease. Take Warner's Safe Cure, the recognized specific for this disease.

The June number of Lippincott's Magazine contains the first of a series of papers of extraordinary interest. These are nothing less than the "Recollections of George W. Childs," written from his own dictation by a personal friend. In the present paper Mr. Childs gives a sketch of his early life. This bit of autobiography cannot fail to excite the widest interest, portraying the early struggles and ambitions of a representative American who has made his name famous throughout the civilized world. To the youth of today it points a shiny example. "I owe my success," says Mr. Childs, "to industry, temperance, and frugality." The sketch is characterized by that modesty which belongs only to the really great. This is especially in Mr. Childs's own story of his wonderful business successes. Many interesting, personal reminiscences of great men, with whom Mr. Childs has enjoyed intimacy, are given such as Longfellow Irving, Motley, Ticknor, Hawthorne, Benton, Bancroft, Lowell, and a host of others. In the next paper Mr. Childs will give his recollections of Gen. Grant; his long and unbroken intimacy with this famous man will impart to the article a peculiar interest.

### Deafness Can't be Cured

by local application, as they can not reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound of imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that we cannot cure by using Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

A most excellent magnesian lime stone is found in various portions of Jackson county. When first taken from the earth it is easily worked, but becomes very hard and durable when exposed to the air. The Cambell University at Holton is built of this beautiful material.

Governor Humphrey appointed D. O. McCray, associate editor of the CAPITAL, to be executive clerk in his office to succeed Capt. S. O. McDowell, who has been appointed chief clerk of the penitentiary. The appointment takes effect June 1.

In the case of Sarah Mondon, administratrix, vs. the Union Pacific Railroad company, which has been occupying the attention of the district court of Lawrence for several days past, the plaintiff was awarded damages for \$9,000.

T. GRANGER STEWART, M. D., F. R. S. E., Ordinary Physician to H. M., the Queen in Scotland, Professor of Practice of Physic in the University of Edinburgh, writes: "Hypertrophy of the heart is almost always present in cases of advanced cirrhotic disease, and also in the advanced stages of the inflammatory affection. One may trace in patients the gradual development of this hypertrophy advancing pari passu (together) with the progress of the renal (kidney) affection." In large number of these cases the kidney disease is entirely overlooked and the trouble ascribed to heart disease as a cause, when in reality the kidney disease is the cause and the heart trouble the effect. This error is made easy on account of the kidney disease having no local manifestations in the majority of cases. The kidney disease can be cured by the timely use of Warner's Safe Cure and the consequence avoided.

### "SELF-RELIANCE" TO THE FRONT.

#### What He Says on an Important Subject.

Several days ago we published a letter from "Experience," upon a subject which is attracting considerable attention, and we have since received a similar communication from another, which we publish in full:

TO THE EDITOR:—A short time ago I noticed in your columns a letter signed "Experience," which attracted my attention since it contained comments upon a subject which is of general importance. At first I was inclined to regard the letter referred to as a clever advertising scheme of Messrs H. H. Warner & Co., to attract notice to their well-known Warner's Safe Cure, which, it must be admitted, of the greatest value and merit, but upon more mature consideration I am inclined to believe that the letter is a genuine expression from a well-informed individual, who is not afraid to grapple with a question which should receive greater attention.

It is daily becoming more apparent that there is something radically wrong in the manner in which disease is being treated by those whose profession it is to heal the sick. A man is taken ill, and a physician is called in. "Only a slight nervous disorder," remarks the physician. The slight nervous disorder, however, refuses to be controlled, and in a short time the physician ominously remarks that the patient is suffering from consumption. Things go on for a while until the patient is afflicted with what the physician calls "a series of complicated disorders." Treated for first one thing and then another—dosed with all sorts of vile concoctions—the patient finally succumbs, and then for the first time it is learned that the real cause of suffering and death was disease of the kidneys, which manifested itself in various other disorders—all of which could have been promptly cured had a timely use been made of Warner's Safe Cure, which is the most important discovery made in connection with scientific progress in recent years. The reference made by "Experience" to the Robinson poisoning cases, where no less than seven members of one family died within five years from the effects of arsenical poisoning without attracting the attention of skilled physicians, who were in attendance, to the real cause, but who issued death certificates for pneumonia, typhoid fever, bowel disease, etc., is a startling disclosure of the ignorance which prevails among those whose duty it is to definitely detect and treat the true cause of disease.

I quite agree with "Experience" in the opinion that, after all, those who take matters of health in their own hands and place their reliance upon a well-known remedy which is time-tested and known to be of benefit, are better off than those who trust themselves in experimental and ignorant hands.

### SELF-RELIANCE.

The governor granted an unconditional pardon to James Sleet of Wabunsee county, who was in June, 1887, convicted of manslaughter in the second degree and sentenced to five years' imprisonment in the penitentiary. It appears that McCarthy, the man killed, and Sleet were both in the employ of the Rock Island railroad; the former had charge of a bridge gang and the latter was dump boss. McCarthy ordered his men to remove certain bridge timbers and Sleet forbade it. McCarthy became enraged, seized a shovel and struck Sleet. Sleet retreated and McCarthy followed him up and when the latter was about to strike again Sleet shot him.

Governor Humphrey appointed Fred W. Willard, business manager of the Leavenworth Times, to be sheriff of Leavenworth county to succeed Levi Churchill.

### "DO YOU SEE THIS MAN?"



"Yes, Pa, who is he? Is it President Harrison?" "No, my son, he is a celebrated manufacturer of Railway Cars, and he is writing a letter to the public, telling them that Wood and Steel and Iron is the best combination for a Car, a Wagon, or a Harvesting Machine. He says an 'All-Steel' Car would not be a success any more than an All-Steel Binder. He agrees exactly with the testimony of Mr. H. H. Sessions, the manager of the Pullman Car Co., who in a recent interview on this subject said: 'Wood cannot be discarded in the manufacture of cars. In 1868-9 I inspected some all-iron cars and found them utterly useless after a few years' service. A wooden truck is longer lived than a metal one. And in a wreck, where the cars are twisted and bent, an all-iron or all-steel truck cannot be as readily repaired. The racking strain of the car will buckle the iron or work the rivets loose. No off an all-metal car. Frost also produces oxidation on all-metal cars.'"

**THE BUCKEYE BINDER AND IRON.** Send for catalogue to AULTMAN, MILLER & CO. AKRON, O., U. S. A.

### WANTED

SALESMEN by the oldest, largest and best known Nurseries in the West. Experience not necessary. Permanent positions. Good pay. Write at once. Get to work NOW, while it is easy to sell and territory unworked.

Stark Nurseries, Louisiana, Mo.

State Superintendent Winans has been notified of eighty normal institutes which are to be held in the state this year. Twenty-eight will begin on June 10, two on June 17, twenty-nine on July 8 and thirty-one on August 5. This is a larger number than usual.

### SEED BUCKWHEAT

Millet and Hungarian at Topeka Seed House, 304 Kansas Ave.

It would be a good thing to put in pamphlet form and circulate widely, the remarks of C. S. Gleed, one of the brilliant regents of the University, recently made to a Capital reporter. Nothing so good, pointed, and appreciative has before this been put before the public.

Our horticultural editor, Mr. B. F. Smith of the South Lawrence nurseries, will next Monday put on his broad brimmed straw hat, roll up his sleeves, and at the head of quite an army will lay siege to an immense strawberry crop.

Dan Collier, a stone contractor at the state house, received a severe injury while unloading stone.

State Superintendent Winans is now engaged in signing diplomas issued by the district schools of the state. These diplomas are granted to all who have passed examinations in all the required common school branches. The diploma admits the holder to the high schools.

R. A. Gunn, M. D., Dean and Professor of Surgery of the United States Medical College; Editor of "Medical Tribune," Author of "Gunn's New and Improved Hand book of Hygiene and Domestic Medicine," referring to Warner's Safe Cure, said: "I find that in Bright's disease it seems to act as a solvent of albumen; to soothe and heal the inflamed membranes, and wash out epithelial debris which blocks up the tubular uriniferous (urine bearing) tubes; and so prevent the destructive 'membranous' of tissue. I am willing to acknowledge and commend this frankly the value of Warner's Safe Cure."

John Neal was instantly killed and Timothy Keardian fatally injured in a stone quarry near Shelbyville, Ind., Tuesday evening. In drilling holes for a blast the men struck an unexploded dynamite cartridge.

The State Historical society received from the Golden club of London a number of its free trade pamphlets.

We have 10,000 licensed rum shops in the city of New York. Ten thousand places where men, women and children go with impunity six days in the week, and where they sneak in with or without the connivance of a paid police the seventh day. No wonder pauperism stalks our streets. No wonder our jails are full and our hospitals crowded. No wonder the poor are growing poorer, and that destitution is stretching out its hand toward anarchy, in the vain hope of something different, even if it isn't something better.—"HOWARD" in the New York Press.

### MRS. LAUBE'S



### DOUBLE STEAM BAKER AND MEAT ROASTER.

(NO BASTING REQUIRED.) Desirable for roasting all kinds of meats, game, fish, fowls, etc., and for baking breads and cakes it has no equal. Saves 30 per cent in baking and 25 per cent in roasting. Agents Wanted. Send for Circular giving full information to

THE LAUBE COOKER CO., Park Ridge, Illinois.

### ESTES

PIANOS & ORGANS are the best and cheapest because they excel and outwear all others. Sold at low prices on time or for cash. Fully warranted. Send for illustrated catalogue.

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**NEWSPAPER LAWS.**  
Any person who takes the paper regularly from the postoffice, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not, is responsible for the pay. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the postoffice, or removing and leaving them uncollected for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

**CHIEF SHOLBERT** of the Reading police measures 6 feet 8½ inches in height.

**DANIEL BAUGH**, who lives at Scottsburg, Ind., celebrated his 100th birthday anniversary by dancing a jig.

**MRS. BELLE JACOBS** of Toledo has sued for a divorce on the ground that her husband is a confirmed base-ball crank.

**BISHOP HOWE** of the Protestant Episcopal church will presently celebrate his 80th birthday anniversary at his home in Reading, Pa.

**QUEEN VICTORIA** has ordered pretty much all England into mourning for the late duchess of Cambridge. The army, the navy, the court, and the civil officials must all put it on.

The estate of the late John Bright is valued at \$3,750,000, which, by the terms of his will, is divided among a large number of persons, even his distant relatives being remembered.

**PROF. ERDMAN EUCK**, the German sculptor, expects to have the sarcophagus of Emperor William I. for the Charlottenburg mausoleum ready in eighteen months. It will represent the emperor lying on his bed, the figure being in white marble.

The 117th birthday of Bridget Doody of Mineral Point, Wis., according to a certified copy of the baptismal record of the old lady obtained from a Catholic church in her native town of Knockmahon-in-Strubally, County Waterford, Ireland, occurred April 5, she having been born in 1772.

**LORD BEAUMONT**, the husband in the latest aristocratic divorce case in London, has a creditable military record. He fought bravely in the Zulu war, and has received several crosses of military merit from foreign rulers. He visited this country in 1882, and on his return to London was reported to be engaged to Miss Jennie Flood.

The San Francisco Bulletin says: "The body of the late Miss M. F. Austin, formerly principal of the Clark school, San Francisco, who had the reputation of being one of the most successful educators in the west, but who has been more recently a raisin-grower and proprietress of the Hedge-row vineyard, Fresno, was cremated at Rosedale cemetery, Los Angeles. According to the provisions of her will the ashes will be shipped to Nantucket, Mass."

The Pittsburg Dispatch says that one rarely hears the name of the great leader of the Irish party in Great Britain, Mr. Parnell, pronounced correctly; it seems much easier to pronounce it in the usual American way, with an emphatic accent on the last syllable, and without any regard to the peculiar demands or methods of English as it is pronounced by Englishmen. The correct pronunciation, however, places the accent on the first syllable, as if the word were written "Parnul."

In a museum in Boston is the sword of Gen. Custer, said to be the one he carried when he died. It is a Toledo blade, and bears in Spanish the inscription: "Do not draw me without cause, do not sheathe me without honor." It is said that in an engagement of cavalry in Virginia Custer and a confederate officer had a hand-to-hand battle, in which Custer's sword blade broke off close to the hilt. He cast away the useless fragment, rode to a rail fence, grabbed one of the top rails, and charging furiously upon the astounded confederate knocked him from his horse. He then replaced his broken sword with the Toledo blade of the southerner and carried this to the day of his death.

The true story of the early struggles of Miss Mary L. Booth, who received the largest salary paid to a woman in America, appears in a recent Woman's Journal. The writer of Dr. Marie Zakrzewska, was Miss Booth's intimate friend and often they shared the same garret. Miss Booth was opposed by her father and mother in her desire to support herself by literary work, and she therefore learned the vestmaker's trade to pay her necessary expenses and devoted her evenings to her loved studies. Although Miss Booth became so celebrated as a translator she never could speak a word of either French or German. Her struggles seem incredible, the amount of work accomplished marvelous, and the pay for years was simply in books. She often walked four miles because she had not enough for an omnibus fare in her pocket.

#### WHAT WE SHOULD EAT.

##### A Physician's Views on the Subject of Proper Foods During the Summer Season.

"The cause of spring sickness," explained a well-known physician of whom the question had been asked by a reporter, "arises from the waste elements which ought to be removed from the blood by the liver in the form of bile. These are left in the blood and accumulate in the tissues. They give a muddy look to the complexion, a dull color to the eyes and an unpleasant taste to the mouth."

"What is the cause of biliousness?" "It arises principally from overeating and the consumption of animal fats that are difficult of digestion. Meats contain a large per cent of albumen, a nitrogenous substance, and only from two and one-half to three ounces of it should be taken into the system daily. An extra allowance must be carried off by the kidneys and if the liver is overworked its work will not be done thoroughly and much waste matter which should be removed will remain in the system and produce biliousness."

"Are other ailments engendered or increased by the presence of bile?"

"Yes; rheumatism, muscular pains, and so forth. Follow nature. She calls for a change of diet. There arises a dislike of rich foods and a craving for vegetables, and if her demands are not complied with it will take a strong constitution to resist biliousness or 'gastric fever.'"

"Then you are an advocate of dieting?" "What are your views on the subject?"

"There is no universal sanitary code and any system must be accepted with the proviso in a great country like the United States that the elements of the human system and the elements of the soil taken anywhere on the surface of the earth are identical."

"What does this prove?"

"That nature provides food suitable to each locality. Geological evidence is conclusive that man was not made till the whole arrangement of creatures was perfected; so that wherever he chooses to live he finds food adapted to his wants."

"Are you a vegetarian?"

"Oh, no. I think man was created to be an omnivorous animal and I don't agree with that eminent English doctor, Sir Morrel MacKenzie, that the longevity of the primeval race was due to the simple food of bread, milk, and fruits. Living on figs might do for Palestine, but a diet containing a larger amount of nitrates is imperative in such a climate as that of Chicago and the northwest."

"Do you think the patriarchs might have lived as long as they did had their lot been cast in Chicago?"

"That is a question which requires a little preliminary explanation. I have always considered that the biblical years in those exceedingly early days meant moons, and if the years of the oldest patriarch, Methuselah, be divided by thirteen lunar months it will be found that he attained to the age of about 90 when he died, and this is an extraordinary old age in a hot country like Palestine, where humanity early matures and early declines."

"Do you think, then, that longevity is not a question of food?"

"No; longevity is not attained by the quality, but by the quantity of food and the regularity with which it is taken, as there have been many centenarians who have been liberal consumers of food all their lives. I am sorry to differ from so eminent an authority as Sir Morrel MacKenzie. Herodotus informs us that the early Egyptians, a primeval race, roasted joints and boiled others, but that their priests made a sanitary code and they themselves set an example in moderation in eating and drinking, and it is a great pity that the example of the Roman Catholic in abstaining from flesh food once a week as a sanitary measure was not adopted. I also think that Lent is beneficial on the same ground. It comes at a season when a change of diet is desirable."

"But why do you want to incorporate a sanitary code into a religion?"

The doctor laughed as he replied: "Because humanity is as prevarice as it can be. Moses worked on the superstition of the Jews to keep them healthy and clean, and made dieting and frequent ablutions religious observances. Mahomet did the same. Tell a child not to go under a ladder because it is unlucky and it will go round; but tell it not to venture under because a tipsy hod-carrier might be wafting bricks about, it will be just prevarice enough to take a risk."

"What do you recommend in the way of food?"

"I recommend just what the climate demands. Now, among the Esquimaux, Sir John Ross informs us, the daily allowance of flesh and blubber amounted to twenty pounds a day, and Capt. Parry records an instance of a young lad eating an enormous quantity, topped off with a glass of grog and three wine-glasses of raw spirits. The colder the climate the greater amount of animal food is required. Men would soon faint by the way if they endeavored to sustain life on berries and beans in the north. Primal man in his arctic life was not inured to hardships."

"What do you propose to do?"

"Make the philosophy of eating a study, not only in regard to the class of food but in its suitability to the season. In summer and spring in the northwest overfeeding with carbonaceous food, such as is taken in large quantities during the winter, excites the system and renders it susceptible to disease."

"Could you give a few suggestions for the benefit of the public in regard to dieting?"

"With pleasure. Food, for instance, containing the largest amount of phosphates, is best adapted for the making of brains and bones, and to those who wish to build up their mentality and frame work I would prescribe the following bill of fare, as every healthy man weighing 154 pounds should have in his system at least one pound and twelve ounces of phosphates."

Breakfast—Oatmeal porridge which contains 3 per cent of phosphates. It is a favorite diet of the Scotch, a bony and brainy people. Fresh herrings, 5 per cent; ham and eggs, 4.4 per cent; southern corn bread, 4.1. This bread is very nutritious, and during the war was a boon to the southern soldier.

Lunch—When you can get it fresh take lobster salad, which contains 6 per cent of phosphates."

Dinner—Chicken soup with barley, 3.5; fish, salmon, 7; this fish contains the largest percentage among the finny tribe; game pigeon or venison, 5; meat, lamb, 6.3; vegetables, beans, 3.5; sweet potatoes, 2.9; artichokes, 1.8; cauliflower, 1.0.

Dessert—Custard pudding, 2.4; figs, 3.4; prunes, 4.5; cheese, 7.4; chocolate, 1.8.

Supper—Never to go to bed hungry. In cold weather take a Welsh rabbit. It contains 7.4 per cent of phosphates."

"An adherence to the bill of fare would keep the system well supplied with phosphates. It should be the daily diet for aggressive editors, as it develops the brain power, and by developing the bones enables them to have the courage of their convictions."

"But they also want muscle, doctor, and this is also the opening of the season for base-ball and other athletic sports?"

"Well, for a man who weighs 154 pounds and wishes to be in good muscular condition there should be in his system about three pounds eight ounces of nitrates, and this bill of fare contains articles having the largest amount of nitrates."

Breakfast—Southern corn mush, 39.6; fresh salmon, 20; mutton chop, 56.

Lunch—Ham sandwich, 58.

Dinner—Soup, mutton broth, 56; fish, salmon, 20; game venison, 20; meat, mutton, 56; vegetables, parsnips, 10; turnips, 12; potatoes, 5.6; vermicelli, the favorite dish of the Italian, contains 47.5.

Dessert—Hominy, 39; fruit contains very little nitrates, and cheese about 20 per cent. For supper take broiled bones which contain 56 per cent.

"Athletes in training would do well to adopt this bill of fare, and if the traveling base-ball clubs would adhere to the rule of taking all meals in their own dining-car I think they would be much benefited."

"Have you any further recommendations, doctor?"

"No, only that meals should be taken at regular hours, giving sufficient time for the digestive organs to accomplish their work. Shakespeare says that 'unquiet meals make ill digestion,' and those who wish to improve their bones, brains, and muscle should not excite themselves at meals by angry discussion. Rather let the conversation be as merry and light as the rattle of the knives and forks. I recommend the tired and jaded professional man to take a generous diet, and when serenely full he can say: 'Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day.'"—Chicago Times.

**Doesn't Like the Change.**

An old negro sought the mayor of Chicago. "What can I do for you?" the mayor asked.

"Wall, sah, I doan know 'bout dat, but I come yere to see ef I kain't git justice somehow."

"What's the matter?"

"Nuff de matter ter make er man pizen, dat's whut. I moved up yere frum de south 'cause I didn't think I wuz enjoyin' all my rights down dar."

"I see. They interfered with your right to vote."

"Oh, no, sah, da let me vote all I wanted ter. Nices' people 'bout dat I ober seed. Jes let me stan' up an' vote right erlong, but den da didn't count my vote."

"And you wanted to come to a place where your vote would be counted?"

"Yas, sah."

"Well, what is the trouble?"

"Leckshun troubles."

"Don't you believe your vote was counted?"

"Oh, yas, I knows it was."

"Then what have you to complain of?"

"W'y, sah, I hadn't mo'n voted 'fo' er blame p'liceman came up, he did, an' lammed me ober de head."

"What were you doing?"

"Nothin' er tell; jes standin' dar."

"Didn't he tell you to move on?"

"Yes, sah, but whut bizness wuz it o' his'n? I want' foolin' wid him."

"What did you say when he told you to move on?"

"Didn't say nothin'. Jis' sorter shuck my head, an' den he come er hittin' me wid dat stick. Dat ain't no way ter ack—no way ter do w'en er man is 'habin' hisself."

"I'm very sorry."

"You ain't haf' ez sorry ez I is, sah. Jis' look at dis yere lump on my head. Big ez er goose alg, now. Whut you gwine do erbout it, sah?"

"I don't know that I can do anything."

"How come?"

"Well, the policeman doubtless thought that he was discharging his duty."

"Is dat whut you calls 'chargin' his duty? Is knockin' daylight outen er man 'chargin' duty? I'm gwine 'way frum yere. I'd rather not hab my vote counted den ter pay so dear fur it. Ef da hatter hit me to make my vote count, w'y, den, I'd rather da would fling it outen de box. Dat's er mackey ouis way ter do bizness. Crack er man's skull ter make his vote count. Doan want no mo' votes counted in dis town."—Arkansas Traveler.

#### FAT AND LEAN.

##### Characteristics of Men with an Excess or a Lack of Flesh.

It may be observed, without intentional offense to any young lady who may be enamored of some skeleton-like young man that, as a rule, fat men, besides being the most jolly and convivial of the male species, are also apt to be the most considerate and charitable to others. Most fat men are ever ready to smile, nay, to laugh heartily. They usually possess happy natures—perhaps because as a class they have good appetites and enjoy what they eat. They are more sociable than their lean brethren—a fact which properly explains why no one ever heard of a lean men's clam-bake. After all is said that can be said against them the fact still remains that seven out of ten fat men make excellent husbands.

Most unmarried ladies cherish as their ideals men who are tall and can not boast of any unusual amount of adipose tissue. They spurn the idea of a fat man for a life-long companion, and yet many marriages with fat men and also with men who grow rapidly or gradually stout after marriage have turned out very well.

A lady who has her home on Fifth avenue, a widow, whose two husbands repose side by side in Greenwood, remarked the other day to the writer: "My first husband was of the brunet order, tall, angular, saw-toothed, saturnine, nervous—even to irritability at times, and more or less of an invalid during the latter part of his life. No couple could have furnished a wider contrast in temperament than ourselves. I am social by nature, fond of attending theaters and of sight-seeing, while he was a morbid recluse, taking no interest whatever in the world's gayeties. I really believe if he had had a little more flesh on his bones he would have been a different, not to say a happier man. Mind you I am casting no stones at his cherished memory. My second husband belonged to another genus. He was 6 feet 2 inches in height and weighed 250 pounds. He was a pronounced blonde and a perfect picture of health. He took an interest in everything, though not to the detriment of his business. I never had to ask him twice to go anywhere with me. He was always eager to participate in anything where mirth and a good time were promised. But the poor man drank too much champagne and ate too many late suppers and apoplexy carried him off."

A lady in Brooklyn on being asked what physical style of a man she preferred replied: "The one I have suits me very well. He is neither fat nor lean. According to my ideas of masculine physique he is just right." Another lady who was present volunteered the information that her husband was too fat for his own comfort and that when he moved he suggested to her a big piece of animated jelly. Going up one flight of stairs made him puff like a fire-engine, and he was always complaining of some pain. She feared that he had fatty degeneration of the heart. It seemed to her that his moral sense had grown blunter as he acquired flesh, and in conclusion she said that she did not have much admiration for flabby fat men.

A popular clergyman, who weighs over 250, on being asked his views respecting fat men thus replied, with a merry twinkle in his eye: "There are different kinds of fat men. There is the little, round, oily, fat man. There is the digastric fat man who owes his extreme avoirdupois to beer and high living. Of course I can not approve of him as a fat man. Then there is the man who gets abnormally fat because he is lazy and indolent. To me such a man is an object of compassion. But for the man who is born and stays fat or the man who gets fat naturally as he matures I have the highest respect, providing the man in other ways is worthy."

A lank, cadaverous-visaged poet, who is often seen walking along Newspaper row, was recently asked if he would not enjoy life more keenly if he were a trifle more corpulent. "No," he swiftly and disdainfully answered, "corpulency befits adlemen, boddlers, and saloon keepers. Though a literary man, I never indulge in malt, which—to paraphrase from Emerson—is 'making our Western wits fat and mean.' You will find that the majority of intellectual people are not gross, though many of them are what might be termed plump. Point me out ten fat men and I will point you out nine stupid men. Was Apollo coarse and uncouth? Was the Greek conception of a perfectly molded body that of one weighing 300 pounds? No. Art and poetry ever have sought to immortalize such lithe and willowy forms as that of Venus, such trim, athletic limbs as those of Diana, such graceful symmetry as that of Hebe. Really, I would rather be a snail than a fat man."

"Assuming," observed the poet's questioner, "that as a rule those not fat are the most intellectual and eminent in the world, how do you account for the fact that of all the people who obtain divorces only about one-fourth are fat people?"

"Oh," returned the poet, "you might as well ask why there are not as many fat people in the world as lean. I am not married, but if I ever do take a wife you may rest assured that she will not be a woman of such dimensions as to attract offers from dime museum managers."

Then the long-haired votary of the muse pursued his fanciful way toward a 15-cent restaurant.—Epoch.

Gubbins says he is no milliner, but he can "ruffle" his wife's temper to perfection. —Danville Breeze.

#### WINGED MISSILES.

Onions are selling for a cent a bushel at Canastota, N. Y.

Out in Doland, Dakota, they have a lawyer whose name is Korus.

A baboon in a circus at Albany, Ga. knocked a boy senseless with a brick.

A 1,000 pound manatee (sea cow) was captured near Jupiter, Fla., last week.

Four "marbled polecats" are recorded among the latest additions to the London Zoo.

A check made payable on resurrection day figured in a law case held in New York last week.

There are 3,500 watches manufactured in the United States daily, at a cost of from \$5 to \$500 each.

The pastor of the Congregational church at Dorchester, Mass., is reported as "very seriously missing."

It is announced that \$110,000 has been subscribed for the Yale gymnasium and \$10,000 more pledged by graduates.

Mrs. Belle Jacobs, of Toledo, has sued for a divorce on the ground that her husband is a confirmed base ball crank.

Mexican greasers object to American grease, and have forbidden the importation of lard from the United States.

Philadelphia is now the only city in the country which gives profitable patronage to a permanent company of minstrels.

The London Lancet vigorously condemns the use of heavy overcoats, and advocates instead the wearing of heavier underclothing.

A French soldier at Oran, Algeria, has just been condemned to death for striking a superior officer with a quid of tobacco.

Cast iron pillars with flat ends uniformly bear about three times as much as those of the same dimensions with rounded ends.

A Norwegian skater named Godager, on February 24, at Stockholm, did the great feat of covering 10 miles in 33 minutes 21 1-5 seconds.

Protracted experiments in France have been made with the potato, with a view toward a more abundant yield of starch producing roots.

Some one commending Philip of Macedon for drinking freely, "That!" said Demosthenes, "is a good quality in a sponge, but not in a king."

A burglar, arrested in Boston, had on his breast an India ink picture of a gravestone, on which was marked: "In memory of my father and mother."

A small leasehold property in Worcester-shire, England, is announced for sale by auction, held "for the residue of a term of 2,000 years created in the year 1600."

The girls' department of the Indiana Reformatory Institution for Women and Girls during the seventeen years of its existence has received 727 girls, of whom 75 per cent are permanently reformed.

A Kentucky woman had been twenty-two years saving up \$35 for her burial in old age, when, a day or two ago, a thief walked off with the cash and left her son, who is worth \$300,000, to put up for her funeral expenses.

New York claims a boy 5 years old who can speak Greek and Latin as well as the professors. It might just as well have claimed a horse which could play the piano and sing like an angel, but the liar didn't have time.

One hundred and twenty-five tons of powder which the French government stored away in magazines five years ago has been found to have lost 33 per cent of its explosive force, and now is the time for Germany to pitch in.

Some of the "cures" at a European resort are mineral water cure, grape cure, wine cure, cold water cure, massage cure, pine-needle baths, Russian, Roman, Irish, mud, steam, and electric baths. All ills are met by "cures."

Since the charge of the 600 at Balaklava over 5000 men have claimed to be survivors of that memorable event, and the claims are still coming in. As a matter of fact not over twenty-five of the number are alive to-day.

One of the most restful things of the past winter was the railroad snow-plow, and the money saved to western lines by the open winter would make a big dividend for stockholders, if not needed for a new carpet in the president's office.

Jumbo, Barnum's great elephant, will go down to the future, as two Jumbos; Tufts college will have the stuffed hide and tusks as one of its treasures, and the bones, in skeleton form, will be one of the wonders of the New York Museum of Natural History.

A bolt of lightning in Texas killed seventy-eight wild geese which were flying high, but they fell into a swamp and were not discovered until their usefulness was passed. Some men never have any luck, even when assisted by thunder and lightning.

A wasp lays her eggs, and an average of a dozen young wasps are hatched. They find a store of food at hand to keep them until three weeks old, at which time they have strength enough to go forth and lift Farmer Johnson twenty-eight inches off the meadow.

Chili owes his country and won't pay because we have no navy to enforce the demand. This isn't any particular reason why we should have a navy, but if you happen to meet a Chilly man, and there is no policeman about, and you feel in good shape—why, well—biff!

Boston Herald: "The decision of the Maryland Court of appeals, making a wife responsible for the debts of her husband, seems to be in line of that noble aspiration which would remove all distinction on account of sex. The women are gradually coming into their rights."

In Atlanta, the other day, a performing bear, while being led through the street, spied one of its kind in front of a fur store, and at once made a dash for the animal. He reared on his hind legs, prepared to make an attack, when he suddenly realized that his brother bear was inanimate, and ambled off, dragging his attendant along.



## FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

### Feeding Cattle for Profit.

The manner in wintering cattle intended for the next season's market depends on the time we intend to market. And now the question arises "Which is the best season of the year to put stock on the market?" Upon this there is a difference of opinion. Many think June, or even the earlier part of the season, the best, as prices rule higher than in the fall. But to close observers it will be manifest that the greatest difference in prices is in the slippery, half-fat stock, while choice stock rules nearly as high in the fall as in the spring. Cattle never weigh, to their appearance, as well during the early part of the season as they do in the fall, and after having wintered them we like to have the benefit of the pasture season. However, each has some advantages and disadvantages. It often suits farmers better to sell part of their cattle early in the season, and keep part of them until fall. When intended for early market, they should come into winter quarters in good condition, and the feeding should begin. It should be moderate at first, say one-half gallon chopped feed per head, with all the good hay they will eat, and during the day they should occupy a yard by themselves, or in fact, should have stabling and yardage as nearly isolated from other cattle as possible. It is folly for any one to attempt to lay down a rule by which we can be governed concerning the amount of grain to be fed from time to time. In all my experience in feeding I never yet have found two seasons which it would be practicable to feed the same amount. The feeder's judgment must be depended on, and the grain ration increased enough to keep them steadily growing and improving until pasture comes. Then don't be in too great a hurry to turn out. It is better to let the grass have a good start and harden some. Then a dry day should be chosen for turning out. It is a good plan to bring them in for two or three evenings and feed them hay at night. They eat more of it than one might suppose. Care must be taken in order to not overfeed with grain until they become accustomed to the grass; then they should be fed very liberally, and be forced right along until they are ready for market.

When intended for the fall market it will be necessary to pursue a different course. During my early experience in cattle feeding, I thought it necessary to feed them all summer to have them ready for market. When the time would arrive when the pasture becomes more dry, I found that they spent too much of their time at the troughs, depending more on the grain than on the pasture. This led me to abandon this plan of feeding, and adopt the three months or one hundred days system. They may be wintered much the same as yearlings, except they should have rather more grain until spring, when they can be turned to pasture with nothing except regular salting. And by September 1 we find them round and plump, and to the inexperienced they will appear to be fat; but when we come to handle or weigh, we find they are soft, but in splendid shape to begin feeding. We mention September 1 because three months from this date brings December 1, and the last of November or first of December is a good time to sell, as this is about the beginning of cold weather, the time that cattle fatten the best. The feeding should be quite moderate at first, and if a steer refuses to eat sprinkle his food with salt or bran, or anything that will tempt the appetite. When it is found that every one will eat, increase the feed steadily until about October 1, when new corn can be had. Here I would note that in my experience I have never found anything equal to new corn for fattening cattle, and they will eat it in preference to anything else. It should be broken or cut into small pieces to enable them to chew it easily. With the corn increase the rations gradually, but as rapidly as possible, and whenever corn can be cribbed after being well sorted, they should be fed of the refuse corn twice a day all they will eat up clean. There is no danger of foundering a steer if his feed has been increased gradually. During this time the feeder's vigilance is in demand, seeing that every steer is receiving his share of feed. It is a good plan to give a food of some different kind every few days, which will sharpen their appetites. If preferred, they may be fed each alternate feed with chopped feed, but I prefer plenty of corn, and if a few pigs are turned in with them once a day, there will be no loss from feeding whole corn.—J. B., in Practical Farmer.

### Buying a Farm.

In buying a farm for a family home two things are so frequently overlooked and are of so much importance that we would impress them upon the reader. The first is the drainage about the dwelling-house. No family can be healthy and happy unless its dwelling is situated on a spot whence the drainage is good. On not a few farms the dwelling has been located where the drainage is very poor and can not be much improved. The person who located the house may not have cared for drainage, or may have thought of greater moment the advantage of a location near a spring or grove of trees or something else. No fertility of the land or "bargain" by reason of low price will justify a man putting himself and family in a dwelling from which the drainage is imperfect. Sickness and death, with the attendant suffering and expense, will make the farm a bad bargain, no matter how low the price or fertile the land.

The other thing is the intellectual and moral character of the neighborhood; for no man can afford that he and his family live among unintelligent, immoral people. To no small extent your neighbors will mold the characters of your children; if you would have bright, intelligent, respectable children you must have neighbors of the same sort. In the country we must look to our neighbors for social intercourse; and, unless they are as they should be, we must live like hermits, or associate with people whose companionship is uninteresting while it is harmful. Land in a good neighborhood may cost somewhat more, but it is nevertheless the cheaper. Land where there are not good people, and the good roads, schools, churches and books that these people will have, is always too dear for a wise man to buy. It is also worth while to take care to get near church and school-house. One-fourth of a mile further from church and school-house means many miles more travel every year for your children, sometimes when the winds are fierce and cold, or the snow is deep; sometimes, also, the children may be kept altogether from school or church for many precious days. These things merit the consideration in buying a new home.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### Farm Notes.

Honey taken out of the comb, or in the comb if exposed to air, will granulate if it is pure. In fact, granulation is one of the best tests of its purity. If glycerine be added the honey will not granulate; but who wants to eat glycerine? It is a form of adulterating food that should be prohibited by law. It is equally injurious to both the seller and the consumer of honey.

A flagstone floor with cemented joints is best for the dairy. Wooden floors are apt to rot out, and brick floors absorb the spilled milk, soon becoming very offensive. If bricks are used, the floor should be kept painted all the time, and even with this extra trouble, it is not so good as flagstone and cement. The flagstone underground is always easily kept cool, as a dairy floor should be.

The first setting of eggs every year should be in the line of improvement. If your fowls are a mongrel breed, send for some pure breeds of the variety you prefer, and they will probably furnish you more eggs next winter than all your present fowls would if kept over. It may seem questionable to pay breeders' prices for early eggs but there is money in it, getting them now rather than waiting until summer, when the eggs can be got at cheaper rates.

A good deal of grain must be grown where farms are entirely devoted to stock husbandry. The keeping of even cattle and horses does not imply only grass for pasture and meadow, as it once did. Some grain must be grown for feeding, for the simple reason that grain grown on the farm is in most cases a cheaper feed than hay or pasture. It is also necessary to grow and feed grain to keep the land from exhaustion. Meadows and pastures run out in time, because manure enough cannot be made by them to maintain fertility.

Prof. Manly Miles says: "The advantages of ground feed may be summarized as follows: 1. It is conveniently fed with cut fodder, and an economical consumption of the feed may be secured. 2. When mixed with cut fodder the demands on the several organs of digestion is equalized, and the digestive apparatus as a whole acts more efficiently. 3. The wastes in the alimentary canal are reduced to a minimum, as the digestive secretions are brought into more intimate relations with all the food to be digested. 4. A greater aggregate return may with greater certainty be obtained for the food consumed."

It will pay to give extra care to cleaning seed oats or barley. These grains rapidly run out in our climate, as they are very apt to head and the grain to fill during hot, dry weather. Like produces like. If light grain is sown the crop harvested will be lighter than it otherwise would be. It is a good plan to get seed grain from more northern climates every few years. Though it costs extra for such seed, the larger crop will more than pay the expense. Much barley is every year imported from Canada, paying a considerable duty, because so much of that grown this side the line is too light for profitable malting—American Cultivator.

### Hints to Housekeepers.

Remove warts by rubbing several times with the half of an onion dipped in salt.

Silverware can be kept bright for months by being placed in an air-tight case with a good-sized piece of camphor.

To whiten yellow piano keys, rub them with sand paper and finish with a piece of chamois.

For a cough, boil one ounce of flaxseed in a pint of water, strain and add a little honey, one ounce of rock candy and the juice of three lemons; mix and boil well. Drink as hot as possible.

By rubbing with a flannel dipped in the best whiting, the brown discoloration may be taken off cups in which custards have been baked.

Much sickness in farmers' families in winter is due to keeping large quantities of potatoes and other vegetables stored under sleeping-rooms.

Never throw away cold potatoes, as there are so many delicious ways in which they may be warmed over and made into new dishes.

## THE CENTENNIAL BALL.

### A Prolific Creator of Hatred, Malice and All Uncharitableness.

The hatred, malice and all uncharitableness over the centennial ball grows apace, says the New York World, and it is feared that by the 30th of April no one in New York society will speak to any one else. Ward McAllister, as the leading figure among those who have the arrangements for the ball in charge, comes in for the larger share of hatred. Just at present the many southerners in New York are deeply disturbed about a story that is current concerning that gentleman's remarks upon certain members proposed for the quadrille. As is well known, there are many families in the south closely connected by descent with the family of the great chief whose memory the ball is intended to honor, and also whose ancestors took a prominent part, as both civil and military leaders, in the great political drama of the birth of this nation. The daughters of some of these were proposed for membership in the quadrille, but it is said Mr. McAllister resolutely vetoed all such propositions, and when other members of the committee expressed some surprise at this action on his part, especially in view of the fact that he himself was a man of southern birth, he explained his action on the ground that he had at heart more than anything else the brilliant appearance of the famous dance, and he was sure that none of the southern women proposed could afford the expense of gowns sufficiently gorgeous to make the dance as splendid as it should be. The New York women whose names were before the committee were all people of large wealth, who were sure of wearing magnificent gowns and jewels, and would therefore add more credit to the ball than less expensively arrayed southern women no matter how long or honorable might be their descent. Which anecdote has caused much unfavorable comment upon Mr. McAllister by the people from that section of the country. This unpleasant feeling is not confined to the southerners, however. A New York woman was heard to remark the other day with ironical bitterness that she hoped Mr. McAllister would permit her to occupy at least a corner in one of the upper galleries of the opera-house, to which she thought she had some claim through descent, since one grandfather had been chairman of the committee to welcome Washington and the other had administered to him the oath of office.

One curious result of the rigorous investigation of ancestral records has been to show that Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and Ward McAllister are related to one another, both having descended from that revolutionary general, Francis Marion, the wild raider who did his country much service but who was a pretty rough specimen of humanity, and would have hardly graced the quadrille himself. It is related of him that on one occasion when he asked several British officers to dine the only refreshments he offered them were fried pork and roasted sweet potatoes set out upon a log. Another one of the curious features of this centennial episode is that many women, rather than take a secondary place in the ceremonies, will leave town and there will be a big exodus of social leaders before the 30th, most of them going abroad.

### A Beautiful Old Age.

She was a plain, wholesome looking, scrupulously clean, middle-aged lady when I first met her, years ago. I was told, by those who knew her in her childhood and girlhood years, that she was then hopelessly homely. I was attracted to her first by hearing her say, "I would like to grow old beautifully," and again, "I would rather be a good looking old lady than a handsome young woman," and later, youth has attractions of its own; it does not need beauty; but old age, we must cultivate good looks and kindly spirits for old age. It needs them."

From year to year I watched her closely curious to note the self-application of her theory. Her hair, Titian's red, did not grow gray early in life as do darker tresses, but was in the latter years of her life literally "silver threads among the gold."

Her complexion, with its warm tints in harmony with her hair, was always guiltless of powder or rouge. It grew clearer and paler as the years passed on.

The wrinkles came not, partly, I thought, from the lack of those beautifiers, and partly because her thin features and slight form grew full and round, as the years went by—except now and then a line that only made her face more expressive of the patient goodness that always characterized her life. Her dear hands were always busy doing for others—their every motion expressed self-reliance, helpful, helpful cheerfulness.

She lived to be almost three score and ten years. I saw her dead face one showery April day, in its coffin, just before they laid her away under the sod and flowers that were disturbed to make room for that face we parted from with sorrow, because of the gentle, loving, beautiful life that departed after enduring itself to so many by its brave, cheerful helpfulness.

I saw her aged face was very beautiful, and as innocent and peaceful looking as that of a sleeping child. Her oft expressed desire was gratified. She grew old beautifully. She died with more admirers and lovers among old and young, of both sexes, than the most beautiful young society belle can number.—John W. Pearson, in Milwaukee Wisconsin.

## Activity in Navy Building.

Now that our government is at work building up a new navy, it will prove interesting to study the progress made by other nations, as well as the steps they are taking to increase the fleets, as the future naval strength of the world depends not so much on the vessels afloat as on those that will be in service within the next few years.

Despite the activity our own government has shown, other powers have displayed even greater enterprise, hence, if we really desire to rise to the position of a first-class naval power, it will be necessary to redouble the efforts that have so far been made. With the great surplus wealth in the public treasury, there can be no difficulty in the way of our possessing as powerful a fleet as any afloat but the shortsightedness of a slow-moving congress.

In order to appreciate what our rivals are doing, we will quote from a British technical journal which is considered an authority on such matters.

According to this journal "the number of war vessels launched last year by the naval powers of the world was 60, while more than 100 were building when it closed. England led with 15 vessels launched and 28 building, France launched 9 and laid down 15, Russia launched 2 and began 10, Germany put 6 vessels into the water and ordered or laid down 4, Italy launched 10 and laid down 18, Austria launched no vessel but laid down or ordered 3, Sweden laid down 1, Denmark launched 1 and laid down another, China added 4 vessels to her navy and ordered or laid down 4 more, Japan ordered 3 and launched 3, the United States launched 6 and laid down 6, Chili ordered a new cruiser in England and the Argentine Republic contracted for a 4,300-ton ironclad, Brazil laid down a cruiser, and even Uruguay has contributed to the navies of the world, launching a small iron gunboat. The minor powers, like Greece and Portugal, have either contracted for or launched small vessels. Turkey has begun the work of building up her navy, laying down one ironclad and several smaller vessels."

According to this showing, this country, although having made commendable progress, is far behind some of the other powers in the activity displayed in building ships of war. While these statistics prove that the world is steadily increasing its naval strength, it does not give a true reflex of the vast strides that are contemplated in the immediate future. The English Government, though possessing the finest fleet in the world, recently started the powers by proposing such vast additions to its force that no other government or combination of governments will be able to cope successfully with the improved force.

A report to the British Parliament states:

It is intended to construct and equip 70 new vessels at a cost of £21,500,000, of which £10,000,000 would be provided from a special fund to be explained by the chancellor of the exchequer, and the remainder would be an addition to the navy estimates for four years. The additions to the navy would comprise 8 first-class battle-ships, each with a displacement of 14,000 tons; 2 second-class battle-ships of 9,000 tons each; 9 first-class cruisers of 7,300 tons; 29 smaller cruisers of 3,400 tons; 4 smaller cruisers of the Pandora class (2,600 tons each) and 13 torpedo gunboats of 735 tons, making a gross tonnage of 318,000 tons. Of the total sum to be expended £11,500,000 would be assigned to the dockyards, and work to the amount of £10,000,000 would be put out to contract. During the present year 20 vessels would be commenced, namely, 4 first-class battle-ships, 1 second-class battle-ship, 3 first-class cruisers, 6 second-class cruisers and 6 torpedo gunboats, and the whole programme would be completed in four and a half years from the commencement of the first vessel.

If it is desired to place this country in a position to cope with such a mighty armada as the fleet that England will possess in a few years something more must be done than congress has yet given an indication of attempting; but as the country possesses the means, and the people are in favor of a powerful navy, the sooner we imitate England's example the better.—New Orleans Picayune.

### It Was Not Appreciated.

It was a mean trick that two young fellows played on a neighbor who had a penchant for flute music.

"What say," said one; "let us hire a hand organ to play for four hours in front of his house."

"Agreed," replied the other.

The hand organ, of a very squeaky tone, was hired and for several hours doled out a mournful tune in front of the residence of the gentleman, who much to the disgust of the two young men, stood it with a great deal of patience.

The job was creditably performed and the organist had received the sum agreed upon for the work. The two young men had watched the proceedings very patiently from a neighboring door-way. The postman passed them at this juncture and was let into the secret.

"The gentleman for whom you are giving this entertainment will not appreciate the joke," said the postman. "And why not?" observed one of the jokers.

"Why because his family and himself left home early this morning for a trip to New Orleans.—Chicago National.

## JOHN BRIGHT IN SOCIETY.

### A Unique Figure, Never a Man of Fashion—His Rebuke of a Princess.

In the society of London Mr. Bright was a unique figure, says a London letter from Gov. Smalley to the New York Tribune. Needless to say he never was a man of fashion. There was a long period during which the world of fashion held aloof from him. It ended before he became a cabinet minister and privy counselor. The Tribune of the People, as some of his friends used to call him, had ceased to be thought dangerous by the classes. He was asked often to all sorts of houses and to all sorts of entertainments. While breakfasts were the fashion he went to breakfasts. I think your friend Joseph Choate of New York will remember meeting him at breakfast and walking home with him across Hyde Park. Mr. Bright, I know, remembered Mr. Choate and asked about him more than once afterward. He was charmed with the American's manner and talk and quite forgave him for being a great lawyer. Lawyers, great or little, were not, as a rule, favorites with him. He was not often, I think, to be seen at parties, but dined out rather frequently. His curiosity about the great world came late in life, but it came. He had a curious exactitude, and when he was asked to dinner—as years ago was the custom—for 7:45, used to arrive at 7:45, while his hostess was putting the last touches to her toilet. His habit had this advantage, that he could hear the names of the guests as they were announced at the door of the drawing-room. If he did not hear or if any one came in whom he did not know he used to interrogate the friend nearest him, eagerly: "Who is that?" And if he failed to recognize the name, "Who is she? Tell me something about her." To mere conventionalities he paid but scant respect. It was his habit to wear a black velvet waistcoat long after other people had ceased to wear them. I can not remember ever to have seen one in London except his. It did not matter what he wore. There was no truer gentleman in the company—a phrase which is detestable, but has a meaning not easy to express briefly otherwise. There was no courtier personage than this Quaker, none whose manners were more perfect.

He preserved his seriousness of thought in the most frivolous society. Nobody had more humor or lightness in hand, but if the subject was serious or interested him deeply he said his say seriously, or, as in the story I am going to tell you, bore his testimony unflinchingly. In the days of Mr. Gladstone's earlier unpopularity—for society had prejudices against him long before he took home rule in hand—Mr. Bright was once dining at the same table with a certain princess. Her royal highness made a remark disparaging to the liberal leader. Mr. Bright turned to her gravely. "May I ask you, ma'am, have you any children?"

"Yes; why do you ask?"

"Let me beg of you ma'am, to take them at the first opportunity where they may see Mr. Gladstone. When they see him say to them that he is the Englishman whom God has permitted to do greater service to his own country than almost any other in his time."

### A Great Scheme.

"Look here," said a bright young traveling man to a friend. "I've got an invention."

"What is it?"

"Something that will prove a boon to mankind and a treasure to society."

"Well, give me an idea of what it is."

"It's a little album, to be carried in a vest pocket or suspended from the wrist by a ribbon. On each page is printed in large illuminated letters a single sentence. When you go into society all you have to do is to take your little book with you, and you can with scarcely any trouble or mental exertion carry on a conversation with the most tiresome people to be met with."

"What are the sentences?"

"I've only got the list partially made up. Here are some samples though:

"Yes; I have read Robert Elsmere. I liked it."

It has been a very pleasant day."

"No; I do not dance the York."

Yes; I admire Kyrie Bellow very much."

I have read all of Rider Haggard's stories."

I agree with you that James Whitcomb Riley writes very pretty verses."

"I don't know whether marriage is a failure or not."

There are more to come; but this will show you what an idea is."

"It's a great scheme," said the listener when the list was run through—"A great scheme."—Merchant Traveler.

### A Desperate Case.

The following letter was received by a physician from a man whom he knew, practicing medicine and desiring counsel: "dear Dock I have a patient whose physical sinews shows that the wind-pipe has ulcerated off and his lungs have dropped down into his stomach I have given him every thin without effect her father is wealthy honorable and influential as he is member of assembly and god none I don't want to lose him what shall I do ans by return mail. Yours frat."—Medical Gazette.



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G. F. KIMBALL, Manager.  
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**SATURDAY, MAY 25.**

Payments always in advance and papers stopped promptly at expiration of time paid for.  
All kinds of Job Printing at low prices.  
Entered at the Postoffice for transmission as second class matter.

Ten Irish members of the house of commons are in prison for offences under the crimes act.

When the price of onions falls below 20 cents per bushel it will pay to feed them to stock, says **THE HUSBAND-MAN.**

Patric Egan, the newly appointed minister to Chili, has gone to New York, and will sail on May 30 for Chili.

The Pottawatomie Indian Reserve is a very fertile and valuable tract of land that should be opened to settlement. It has an area of 121 square miles.

The general surface of Jackson county is undulating; the magnificent, rolling prairies rising and falling in gentle swells.

The first postoffice established in Jefferson county was at Osawkie, March 15, 1855. Hickory Point, the next, was soon after established.

About 87 per cent of Jackson county is upland prairie, 13 per cent bottom land, and 7 per cent timber. Average width of valleys is one-half mile.

Cowboys who preempted claims in Oklahoma are said to be organizing to prevent others from obtaining their homesteads.

Chancellor Lippincott responded to the toast at the State Bankers Association at Topeka, "Our State University the Pride of Kansas."

The federal grand jury in Indiana is again investigating election regularities. Particular attention will be given to the importation of voters from Kentucky.

Alfred Cory and Miss Martha Hoover were the first couple married in Jefferson county. The ceremony was performed at Osawkie, November 25th, 1858, by Elder William Hicks of the Christian church.

Jackson county (formerly Calhoun,) was one of the 23 counties organized by the first Territorial Legislature, at its session at Shawnee, Johnson county, in 1855. It was named in honor of President Jackson.

Bud Franklin, the worthless slayer of Ed. Woods, escaped with a sentence of manslaughter in the second degree, three to five years in the pen. It is not often that so great a scoundrel escapes a Lawrence court so easily.

On Saturday last the Kansas river showed the 8½ feet above the crest of the dam in Lawrence, perhaps the most reliable place for measurement that we have. This is the highest water since May, 1878, when the rise was ten feet. In May, 1877, there was 10½ feet. Between 1878 and 1889 the highest water was eight feet, in June, 1883.

In 1851 a number of Mormon families en route for Salt Lake, from their settlement in Jackson county, Missouri, stopped and located on the land now occupied by our sister village Thompsonville. They remained there nearly two years and cultivated about twenty acres. It is evident they intended to form a permanent settlement here, and only abandoned this plan upon finding that they could not possibly gain possession of the land from the Indians.

The action of the present board of regents of the State University has not been surpassed if it has been equaled in wisdom by any board that has preceded it. It seems to have a comprehensive view of the wants of the institution in relation to the state and its influence upon the future. Street harangues, newspaper diatribes, and partisan and personal prejudice may, or may not receive consideration at the hands of the regents. They meet, consider, investigate, then act judicially, wisely and with dignity. The Kansas State University is a great institution. It is big with promises of future usefulness, though now in its infancy. We doubt if any preceding board has so keenly appreciated its possibilities, or so fully realized its own responsibilities, as the one now in charge. All this is indicated by its action so far, and when the new chancellor is named we may expect further evidence of the same character.

One of the first things essential to rearing substantial milch stock is to place a blooded sire at the head of your herd; but yet this is far from being all. Half of the farmers never probe deeper, but rest their case on the virtue of a bull, and think that he is able, if registered, to build up on a dairy of native cows, animals of prodigious lacteal functions. A good bull can do a great deal to tone up a dairy herd, but he cannot do all, and should not be expected to. Calves that are sired by an animal of the most prolific milk strain, if not crossed on good dams, may have little to recommend them from a dairy point of view. Farmers and dairy-men study this matter up; watch carefully your cow-nursery and see which way the young recruits are physically tending.

Wichita has been built almost entirely since the prohibitory law was enacted.

The Grand Trunk and the Boston and Maine roads have stopped ordinary freight service on the Sabbath.

The young husband who exclaimed, half in jest and half in earnest, "If we only had a few less curtains and a few more comforts!" struck the keynote of unhappiness in many a home.

Peter Herr, the great distiller, testified before the Legislature that he paid the OMAHA BEE \$4,000 to send men through Iowa to publish that prohibition does not prohibit.

Postmaster Wanamaker has issued an order that the Post-office Department be closed on Sunday to the clerks and all employees thereof, except the required watchman, engineers and firemen.

This year, 1889, so far as we can get the separate returns shows a female vote almost if not quite double of that of any of the previous years, which is of course an indication that women are taking an increased interest in the matter.

A strike occurred in A. M. Cox's broom factory last week. He settled it increasing the wages of every married man in his employ, and giving notice to the single men that they would all be discharged June 1 unless married before that time.

The Shawnee County Teachers' Institute will be held in the Topeka High school room, commencing June 10. Prof. J. E. Williamson is the conductor, and the instructors are: Superintendent J. M. Bloss, Miss Emma McClintock, and County Superintendent Jordan.

The June St. Louis MAGAZINE contains a long illustrated poem of especial interest to bicyclers; the Rev. Dr. Chapman discusses "World Discoverers" very ably; the editor, A. N. De Menil, has sarcastic, critical "Literary Chats" and "Light Moods;" there are two exciting complete stories; "Health and Life Papers" is by eminent, practical physicians; there is also "Home and Society," etc. Price only 15 cents.

Too many women give up study and mental culture when married, and dwindle into mere machines. Is it any wonder, when they must fill the position of wife, mother, house-keeper, nurse girl, laundress, cook, and seamstress? When men and women awake to the fact that woman's time is just as valuable as man's then a woman will not be expected to master all branches of so-called woman's work until she has neither strength or time for cultivating her mind.—Educator.

More than 200 immigrants stopped the other day at Newton on their return from Oklahoma, to look at land in Harvey county. Similar reports come from Arkansas City, Wichita, Wellington, Winfield and other towns in South-western Kansas. The back-water has set in from the Indian Territory, and Kansas is realizing in an unsuspected way the benefits of the vast immigration caused by the opening of Oklahoma. The receding wave has come much earlier than there was reason to anticipate, and its volume exceeds all expectation. The prophecy that Kansas would gain rather than lose by the Oklahoma movements is being abundantly verified.—K. C. STAR.

Kansas City STAR: A commercial transaction of great importance to Kansas took place yesterday in the form of a contract between William Parr & Co., of Galveston, Tex., and the Riverside Salt company, of Hutchinson, for 7,000 tons of salt. Parr & Co. are the heaviest importers of salt in America, and they received from England last year 40,000 tons of that commodity for sale in the United States. They have found Kansas salt equal in every respect to the English article, and it is to supercede with these large dealers the British product. The growth of the salt industry in Kansas has been truly wonderful, and it is difficult to estimate its influence on the future of that state.

The proposal to revise the Westminster confession of faith is to come formally before the Presbyterian general assembly, now sitting in New York.

Bolivia will be represented in the conference of South America nations to be held at Washington next summer, and beginning shortly, will be represented at Washington by a minister.

Frank Krebs, cashier of the bank at Horton fell dead in the bank at 10 o'clock last Friday morning. Death was caused by congestion of the heart.

**J. H. FOUCHT.**  
North Topeka, sells all **Hard-ware, Tinware, Listers, Plows Cultivators, Wagons, Buggies, Barbed Wire, &c. Ten to Twenty per cent cheaper** for cash than ever before offered in Topeka. Call and see at 825 Kansas Avenue, North Topeka.

#### Woman's Physical Superiority.

For the sake of those who are not familiar with Burdette's views of the physical superiority of women, we repeat them below:

"True, she cannot sharpen a pencil, and outside of commercial circles, she can't tie a package to make it look like anything save a crooked cross-section of chaos; but, land of miracle! see what she can do with a pin! I believe there are some women who can pin a glass knob to a door. She cannot walk so many miles around a billiard-table with nothing to eat, and nothing (to speak of) to drink, but she can walk the floor all night with a fretful baby, without going sound asleep the first half-hour.

"She can ride five hundred miles without going into the smoking-car to rest—and get away from the children. She can go to town and do a wearisome day's shopping, and have a good time with three or four friends without drinking a keg of beer. She can enjoy an evening visit without smoking half-a-dozen cigars. She can endure the torturing distraction of a house full of children all day, while her husband cuffs them all howling to bed, before he has been home an hour. Every day she endures a dress that would make an athlete swoon.

"She will not, and, possibly, cannot, walk five hundred miles around a tan-bark track in six days for five thousand dollars, but she can walk two hundred miles in ten hours, up and down the crowded aisles of a dry-goods store, when there is a reduction sale on. She hath no skill at fence, and knoweth not how to spar; but when she javeins a man in the ribs in a Christmas crowd, with her elbow, that man's whole family howls. "She is afraid of a mouse, and runs from a cow, but a book-agent can't scare her. She is the salt of the church, the pepper of the choir, and the life of the sewing society, and about all there is of a young ladies' school or a nunnery. A boy with a sister is fortunate, a cousin is to be envied, a young man with a sweetheart is happy, and a man with a wife is thrice blessed more than them all."

A new scheme of transportation is to be introduced between New York and Boston whereby, it is said, large packages of mail and even cars containing passengers can be whisked from one place to another, a distance of 230 miles, in less than an hour. This would be equal to a speed of four miles per minute.

**Kansas.**  
The Fairport creamery is in running order.

The new iron railway bridge at Rossville has just been completed.

There are six artificial lakes in Decatur County, well stocked with fish.

Eggs are being shipped from McPherson to Montana by the car load.

Arkansas City has been chosen as the location for the general offices of the Excelsior Oil Tank Line.

E. W. Lamb of Clyde has a fish-pond the product of which keeps him well supplied with pocket money.

The discovery of marble of a dark blue color is reported near Wilson-ton, Labette County, and another grade of a grayish tint near Edna.

Salt that runs 88 per centum pure was struck in Solomon on April 27th. So great is the pressure that it runs out of the top of the ground.

J. M. Smith of Osborne shipped 4,110 pounds of butter during the first four months of the present year, in addition to what he retailed to city customers.

The City Railway Company has made a loan of \$500,000, and will at once go to work and substitute electricity for horses on its street lines.

Several car loads of heavy horses have been shipped from Northern Kansas to Washington Territory, and the dealers all report having received good prices.

A. N. Eaton of Marion has just received from Minnesota a car load of lumber to be made into 3,000 egg cases and shipped from that county. Since last August he has expended \$24,000 for produce in the county. He has shipped 1,450 cases of eggs, besides poultry.

The Brown County farmers have decided to use hemp twine for binding their crops this year, which will cost them about thirty cents per acre for wheat and only a trifle more for oats. By next year they propose to have a twine factory established, which will be operated and managed by a farmers' stock company.

The late Dr. Dio Lewis said: "The truth is, the medical profession stands dazed and helpless in the presence of more than one kidney malady." He also said: "If I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble I would use Warner's Safe Cure."

#### PRIMITIVE PATRIOTS.

The safety and strength of our nation must ever rest in the homes of its people.

In the log cabins of early days our fathers lived. Simple homes they were, but from within their mud-chinked walls there sprang a hardy race of men, full of love for home and liberty.

Strong in body and mind, they laid the foundation of America's greatness. Well was their work performed, for upon that solid rock has grown, as years have passed, the imposing structure of cherished independence.

Stately and grand, it is worthy of its designers.

Though the heroes of that time have long since passed away, they have left us rich by inheritance.

Whilst our fathers were planning America's future destiny, our sweet mothers were not idle, for in their ever-mindful care for the welfare of their loved ones, they discovered some of the best remedial agents known for the relief of the sick.

Good old-fashioned home-cures, prepared from roots and herbs—they have ever been standards of excellency.

Though lost for a time has been the preparation of these old-time "home-cures" they are again revived, and are known to the public as Warner's Log Cabin Remedies; chief among them being Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla, the best of the old time blood purifiers.

In those times every family was its own doctor and the heroes and heroines of early days were wonderfully healthful and long lived.

America owes its freedom to the rugged bodies and healthful minds of our fathers and so long as the spirit of freedom they instilled prevails and a true appreciation of our grand institutions remains there is no danger of the downfall of the Republic.

What is commonly called farm yard manure is excellent for general purposes; especially is it beneficial in the early stages of cultivating the treeless prairie, where this manure from its nature counteracts the excessive alkaline properties of that soil.

No matter what is done with it, the growing of clover can hardly fail to be beneficial to the farm. Those who sow clover seed liberally can hardly fail to find it profitable. Even when the field is to be plowed next Spring, what growth the plant will make in a single season will pay the cost of the seed and putting it on.

An exchange condemns the practice of taking leaves and leaf-mold for the manure pile from forests designed for permanent wood lots. The lateral roots of trees, it says, are near the surface, and the removal of their natural mulch and nutriment exposes them to the vicissitudes of the weather and decay ensues.

Even in the garden and small fruits it is easily possible to undertake to do too much, and, as with other farm work, it is better to undertake only what can be done thoroughly, rather than to spread out too much and make more or less of a failure all around. Especially in these two places is thorough work demanded.

It was well said at a Wisconsin farmers' institute, that unless the would-be apple grower is wise enough to get varieties best adapted to his location, set the trees on the most favorable site and give them the care they require, the land he proposes to devote to orcharding would better be planted with crops, the money return from which could be used to "pay for fruit raised by those who know how."

W. W. Farnsworth, of Ohio, is secretary of the Ohio State Horticultural Society, and is also a skilled fruit grower whose specialties are currants and strawberries. His advice is to always set strawberry plants in the Spring. He says some dealers in plants will advise setting out plants in the latter part of Summer, because they have them to sell at that time, and then they would sell them more in the Spring to replace them and tell them how Spring was really the only proper time to set.

Colorado alone is said to have more than one thousand women stockgrowers who own their herds in fee and manage their business themselves.

Prof. Riley says: "London Purple is perhaps preferable to white arsenic or Paris green, in that it is not so liable to burn the leaves, while its color enables one to readily distinguish poisoned from non-poisoned trees. Moreover, it is very cheap. From one-quarter to three-quarters of a pound of this substance and three quarts of cheap or damaged flour to render the mixture adhesive and to lessen the tendency of the poison to burn the leaves, should be used to a barrel of water.

#### Health Hints.

When lifting little children by the wrists, the bones of the arm, not being wholly formed, or rather solidified, are very liable to break. The hands should be placed under the armpits.

Beat half a teaspoon of powdered alum to a curd with the white of an egg, for inflamed eyelids; it is very soothing and efficacious.

Drink for an invalid: Beat well the yolk of one egg, place it in a glass, add white sugar and lemon or vanilla to taste; fill up the glass with milk. Take the white of an egg and beat to a stiff froth and add sugar flavoring. Place on the top of the glass. This is excellent.

Drain pipes and all places that are sour and impure may be cleaned with lime-water or carbolic acid.

It is a common occurrence for children to get beans, grains of corn and other foreign substances up their noses. This simple remedy is worth remembering: Get a child to open its mouth, apply your mouth over it and blow hard. The offending substance will be expelled.—*St. Louis Magazine.*

We know of no sweet corn for late planting that excels Stowell's Evergreen, is the verdict of FARM, FIELD AND STOCKMAN.

There is a constant complaint about over production of farm products, yet we are constantly importing eggs.

To stop the bleeding of a horse or other stock from a sag or wound, says a correspondent of THE NATIONAL STOCKMAN, make an application of dry horse manure and it will stop the bleeding every time.

Pass this along, says THE NEW ENGLAND FARMER: One grange recently discussed, "Is the farmer's dollar taxed more than a dollar invested in manufacturing, mining, railroads, banks or mortgages? If so, why? What is the remedy?" It is an excellent subject for general discussion and for contributions to the agricultural press.

Secretary Fitch, as reported in the N. E. FARMER, says that the cost of milk on the farm is not less than three cents, the cost of selling is about two cents, leaving three cents of the amount paid by the Boston consumer to be divided as profit. Of this the contractor takes one cent, the peddler two cents and the farmer gets what is left—nothing.

A Norfolk, England, Farmer was summoned before the justices for cruelty to cattle by deborning them, but he was acquitted. An appeal was taken to the court of Queen's Bench, London, and on Tuesday, April 30, the Lord Chief Justice intimated he would reverse the decision of the justices, and would deliver a written judgment on the case on the first day of next term.

Most men in our day are weaned from the idea that scrub stock is as good as any, and that so-called stock improvement is the outgrowth of good feeding rather than that it comes from any special effort or skill in selection or crossing. Hence, the number is increasing of those who are quite willing and ready to procure animals of high lineage, or, if not this, then at least to "grade up." This comes in many cases from a desire to be even with our neighbors in matters of improvement.

Persons owning bees and not located near streams of water should furnish them fresh water daily, as it will save time which, the bee, means honey, as it means money a person. The way they frequent wells and cisterns show that they prefer fresh water to stale, and they appear to enjoy sipping it from gravel and sand. I have used milk crocks filled with gravel and sand, but, on the whole, prefer wooden kegs with cloth put in them, hanging over the sides, acting as siphons. The bees sip water from the sunny side of the kegs. The kegs should be washed out frequently, and one should be a little brackish, about a teaspoonful to a pail of water.

Raising hops, cider apples and tobacco, are as far removed from good agriculture as selling rum is from honest merchandising. It is gratifying to see in all our towns, even in those that have so recently joined hands with the saloon keepers, that the best, most intelligent and respectable farmers are more and more feeding their apples to stock, and declaring it pays financially to be on the side of good morals.

Over 1,000,000,000 forest trees were planted on the prairies of the Northwest last year. Nebraska planted the largest number, Kansas second, Dakota third and Minnesota fourth. With this rate of tree planting, the blizzard will soon be a thing of the past. Extremes of heat and cold will be modified, and excessive droughts less frequent.

It would be astonishing if we could know the annual loss from imperfect planting; and when seed is purchased it is so easy to throw the blame upon the seed-man, if the seed does not germinate, that many never once look to themselves and their methods for possible cause of failure.



## Western Farm News.

Montana has gone democratic. Topeka is all right. It has got the tin.

The Lawrence Tribune is not by any means a dullpaper.

Kansas farmers will roll in wealth if this weather keeps on.

Every farmer who has forty head of cattle to winter should build a silo.

Gen. J. C. Caldwell will deliver the address at Ellsworth on Memorial day.

The Mormons are threatening to take Mexico, the fairest land in all America.

Kansas farmers will this year raise so much else that they can readily raise their mortgages.

The Parnell commission will not make its report to the house of commons until February next.

The Illinois legislature has appropriated \$50,000 to build a monument to the late General John A. Logan.

The cow is the manufacturer of milk, and if profitable results are expected she must have the benefit of protection.

A fire is a good servant but a poor master. A pen is also a good servant, but to be master of it use Esterbrook's.

"A heavy rain set in here last night." Thus begins the telegram about every morning from all parts of drouthy Kansas.

The state reunion of old soldiers will be held at their state grounds at Ellsworth, October 1st to 5th, inclusive.

Colorado alone is said to have more than one thousand women stockgrowers who own their herds in fee and manage their business themselves.

It is hoped that Farmer Kelly will make a better record in Congress than Farmer Funston, who has become quite a demagogue.

Our highest court decides that all foreigners whose presence may be deemed detrimental to the nation, may be excluded from this country.

Prof. Henry has found that a pound of gain on a calf during its second year, costs in food very nearly one-half more than a pound of gain during the first year.

The Cherokee and other Indians have some rights, but it remains to be seen how far they will be respected when they come in conflict with other interests.

The manufacturers of glass fruit jars at Pittsburg have formed a combination for advancing the price of their wares. This will hit Kansas about as hard as the binding twine trust.

England and Scotland together are smaller than Kansas, while Wales, Ireland, Switzerland, the Netherlands, and Belgium added together will not equal it in size.

Sam'l Jewett & Son, Lawrence, Kan., lately sold their clip of wool from 550 head of registered Merino sheep for seventeen cents per pound. Two hundred of the fleeces were from rams.

Kansas is larger than any Southern State except Texas, and exceeds in size both the Virginias. It is almost as large as the combined areas of North and South Carolina, and is larger than Ohio and Indiana together.

With some varieties of potatoes one strong shoot is better than more, but with kinds inclined to grow coarse and irregular a larger number of plants on the hill may be allowed as a means of making the crops smoother and better.

Sheep grow fat when fed ensilage, and keep remarkably healthy. The cost of putting up ensilage is about \$1.00 per ton. If a cow eats a thousand pounds per month, that makes it cost for ensilage for the four winter months only \$2.00.

The reports for the fiscal year ending June, 1888, show that there are sixteen cities in Kansas where the postal receipts exceed \$10,000. Lawrence stands fifth on the list, the receipts here being \$24,575. The cities having larger receipts than Lawrence are in their order as follows: Topeka, Wichita, Atchison and Leavenworth.

A gentleman recently returned from Europe says that while walking along one of the principal thoroughfares in the city of Glasgow, Scotland, he saw a wagon load of flour being hauled along the street and to his surprise, upon the sacks were the words, "Inter-Ocean Mills, Topeka, Kan., U. S. A." He says that it did him more good than all the rest of his trip.

Following are the expenses of the different state charitable institutions for the month of April:

|  |             |
|--|-------------|
| Asylum for the blind, Wyandotte.....   | \$1,312.57  |
| Deaf and dumb asylum, Olathe.....      | 2,901.32    |
| Insane asylum, Topeka.....             | 6,297.51    |
| Insane asylum, Oswatimie.....          | 6,897.01    |
| Reformatory school, Topeka.....        | 1,386.48    |
| Idiot-imbecile youths, Wingfield.....  | 1,134.62    |
| Soldiers' orphans' home, Atchison..... | 1,912.23    |
| Total.....                             | \$21,669.14 |

Kate Field says that a woman aims to be fashionable must neglect home, husband and children, and put away comfort and convenience, be a first-class hypocrite and a good slanderer, and at the end of ten years break down and become a physical wreck. Kate evidently knows more about this than she does about prohibition.

It is stated that there are more ducks in China than in all the world outside of it. They are kept on every farm, on the private roads and on all the lakes, rivers and streams. There are many boats, on each of which as many as 2,000 are kept, their eggs constitute one of the most important articles of food. They are hatched in establishments fitted up for the purpose. Some of them turn out as many as 60,000 young ducks every year. Stuffed and smoked ducks are sold in all towns, and many of them are exported to countries where Chinamen reside.

## Horticultural Department.

B. F. SMITH, EDITOR.

The Manhattan Horticultural Society held an interesting meeting in Horticultural Hall on Thursday afternoon. The subject of grape-growing was well presented by C. E. Spahr, whose success has long been noted. He thinks farmers should utilize the division fences as trellises for grape vines.

At the Convention of Fruit Growers of the state of California, lately held at National City, Mrs. Flora M. Kimball delivered the address of welcome, being the first woman ever invited by the State Board to fill that important position. When her name was read the applause was loud and continued, and broke into an ovation, the San Diego Union says, when she ascended the platform. Her address is highly praised.

If a man will go through his piece and remove by a sudden jerk all but two or three of the sprouts, he will be surprised at the greater vigor which the-e will show, and the larger number of marketable potatoes produced at the harvest. Too much seed makes a mass of small tubers in the hill, too poor for marketing, and scarcely worth good storeroom and the care required to keep them as food for stock in winter.

Currants can be as easily grown as potatoes. Set them in rows six feet apart and three and one-half feet in rows; this will apply to the gooseberry also. Both are subject to the attack of the currant worm, which can be as easily exterminated as our potato bugs, by using Paris green in a weak solution, applied at their first appearance, which is generally about as the first fruit begins to form. After that white hellebore can be used with less danger.

Plant raspberries in rows not nearer than six feet between the rows and two feet in the row. Give them good cultivation and attend to cutting back the new growth so as to make a low, stocky bush, with fine, strong branches. The red raspberries are, as a class, great to sprout, and you need to keep them in rows, generally in a continuous row; but be sure to keep a right of way between the rows, so you can cultivate.

Grapes are as easily cultivated, and about as sure a crop as most of the other fruits. They need good care in cultivating, and pruning or pinching back during their fruiting season. Check strong growth of wood, and see to it that the vines are not overloaded with fruit—more than the vine can properly carry through and ripen. In the Fall a vigorous use of the knife is necessary for the good of the vine, in cutting away the most of the new growth to within a few buds of the old cane, and the removing of the old cane as fast as we can procure a young shoot from the crown or base of the plant.

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### STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE. Manhattan, Kansas.

Tuition is free, and no general fee for incidental or contingent expenses is charged. In a few special departments of instruction, the following payments are made in advance to the secretary:—

In analytical chemistry, the students pay \$3 a term for the chemicals and apparatus used in their laboratory practices and analyses.

In the printing office, young men, in their first year, pay \$3 a term for office expenses. Advanced students have the use of the office for the work performed during the industrial hours.

In telegraphy, young men pay \$3 a term for office expenses.

Young women are furnished both printing and telegraphy free of expense, these two offices, with the Sewing and Cooking Departments, being provided especially for their industrial training.

Lessons in instrumental music, two a week, are from \$10 to \$14 a term, according to its length; one a week, \$6 to \$8.40. One-half is to be paid to the professor in charge with the first lesson, the other half at the middle of the term.

The cost of text-books at the bookstore is, for the first year, about \$4 a term; for the second year, \$2.75 a term; for the third year, \$7.50 a term; and for the fourth year, \$5.50 a term.

The expenses for apparatus and tools to each student during the course are as follows: Drawing, \$3.50; microscope for Botany and Entomology, \$1.50; case, pink, etc., for Entomology, \$2.25; rules, in carpentry, 25 cents; printing, 30 cents. The total expenses for these articles for the four years is less than ten dollars.

Board and washing are not furnished by the College. Board, with furnished room, can be procured in private families at from \$2.75 to \$4 a week. Some students board themselves at even less cost; and rooms for the purpose can be obtained at a rent of from \$1 to \$2.50 a month. Washing costs from \$0.50 to \$1 a dozen pieces.

Ordinary expenditures, aside from clothing and traveling expenses, range from \$100 to \$200 a year.

### "All Work and No Play."

It is often said that the majority of farmers and their wives, especially the latter, work too hard and thus become prematurely old and infirm. The amount of real work that is performed would not be oppressive and injurious were it properly proportioned. The laws of nature are directly violated by an excess of physical and a lack of mental activity. The conditions and surroundings of farmers oftentimes seemingly make the former a necessity and no opportunities are presented for the latter. Since the advent of the grange, many farmers and their wives have learned to their joy and increased happiness that the highest success in life is not dependent upon continued extreme physical labor. They have learned that to systematize work and calculate intelligently on probabilities is a very important factor in success. They have also learned that a judicious amount of recreation in attending grange meetings, picnics, and social gatherings does not in the end rob the farm and household of work, but it makes the tasks seem lighter and easier by a temporary relief of body and mind from work and care. 'Thousands to-day bless the grange because it has made life less burdensome and more joyous.—NEW ENGLAND FARMER.

Do not cover seed too deeply, especially the small seed. If crops are desired they must be supplied with sufficient food.

The farmers of Sumner, Harper and other southern counties propose to hurry the small grain from the field, list the ground and plant in corn, hoping to reap two crops in one season.

It will not answer to decay bones for the grape vine. Any one who doubts the utility of bones, bury some within reach of the roots and see how quickly they will find them.

The codling moth is one of the worst insects we have to contend with in the apple. They commence work when the apple is very small, and when the calyx of the apple is up, or before it is large enough so that its weight makes it hang down. This is the proper time to spray the trees.

In the case of currant worms the ounce of prevention is worth the pound of cure; as by putting salt, or any old fish, pork or beef brine around the roots of the bushes, in the spring of the year, will entirely ensure you against any trouble with the little pest, during the following season. The same is true of the gooseberry bush.

Of all fruits, none are more easily grown, or yield such generous returns for cultivation, as the currant. In fact, without the least care, it will continue to yield its fruit, year after year, from the second season after taking root. It is readily grown from cuttings, taking the healthy sprouts of last year's growth, sharpening the butt end, and thrusting them into the ground to the depth of from four to six inches. Keep the ground mellow and free from weeds, and destroy the worms as soon as they put in an appearance. If desired the bushes can be trimmed and grown in tree-shape. They make a beautiful appearance when laden with fruit.

The Hutchinson News says that within twelve months the Union Pacific will be running through trains to the gulf.

Along with his declaration of belief in the Trinity and the atonement, the young Methodist candidate must set his seal to a promise that he will never smoke, snuff or chew.

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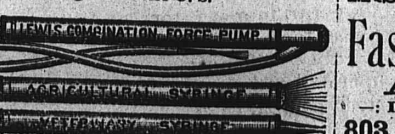
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### FOR SPRAYING FRUIT TREES THE LEWIS PUMP IS THE BEST.

Will Thoroughly spray a 10 acre Orchard Per Day. It is Endorsed by the Leading Entomologists of the U. S.



It makes 5 complete polished brass machines (see cut). To introduce, I will send a sample pump, express paid, for \$5.50, and will also give a valuable illustrated book (just published) containing the latest and best receipts for destroying insects of all kinds, to each purchaser of a pump. The receipts alone are well worth \$5.50. Pump will throw water 50 to 60 feet. My agents are making \$10 to \$30 per day. They sell rapidly. Send for illustrated catalogue, price list and terms. ROOFS GUARANTEED AS REPRESENTED OR MONEY REFUNDED. Address F. C. LEWIS, Lock Box B, CATSKILL, N. Y.

## BONA FIDE!

# Clearance Sale AT THE New York Store!

Finding we have a large lot of odd makes and sizes in

## Ladies' Gents' and Childrens' Shoes.

Of such lines as we do not intend keeping full, we have decided to close them out. To do this, we have marked them all in *PLAIN RED FIGURES* at prices that have no regard for cost.

This is no hackneyed "closing out at cost" sale of which we hear so much. It is just as we tell you; we want to get rid of these odd lots, and if you will come and look over the goods which will be displayed at the front of the store, you will be convinced that you can buy yourself or family shoes *CHEAPER* than you ever bought the same quality of goods before in your life.

This is no cheap lot bought for the occasion; every pair is warranted. We mean what we say when we tell you that the prices will be

## Far Below the Cost of Man'f'g.

Our stock of Hats for men and boys is going the same way; if we can fit you it will be like finding them.

Sale commences Saturday, May 11.

New York Store, North Topeka, Kan.

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# FARM MACHINERY, Buggies, Phaetons, Surreys & Carriages.

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In fact, the best makes of everything that money will buy. Our

"Gold Medal" Delivery and Farmers' Spring Wagons, With Ludlow Springs, are World-Beaters and every farmer and grocer should examine them before buying.

Plenty of Binding Twine on Hand At prices now that we do not think you can get later in the season.

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## THE STONE WAS ROLLED AWAY.

STELLA AIKENS BIDLITZ.  
They came in the dark of the dawning  
When the Sabbath day was past,  
Bringing the precious ointment,  
The fragrant spices—and dim  
Was the rude and massive sepulchre  
Where they had rested Him.  
They spake in their womanly weakness  
Of the stone that barred their way  
And sighed, in their haste, if only  
The stone were rolled away.

We come on these Lenten mornings  
With heavily laden hands  
Bringing all kinds of burdens,  
Neglect, and loss, and care,  
Which we nurse with selfish clamor,  
Vexed that the world should share  
We creep, forgetting the Martyr  
Whom Golgotha crucified,  
We come in the glorious dawning  
With hearts that are petrified.

We have read the old, old story,  
We have learned it too, maybe,  
Our altars are decked with lilies,  
Our earthly bodies clad  
With all the costly raiment  
Which vanity makes glad.  
We kneel and our lips give mutely,  
We sing of this holy day,  
The chant has the same old rhythm.  
The stone was rolled away.

They came in the dark of the dawning  
To the garden where He lay,  
Their arms with their duty laden,  
The tears down their pale cheeks crept.  
They mourned the one who had perished  
Whilst He had only slept.  
So they brought the precious mixtures,  
The sweet spices—in the gray  
Of the reluctant sunrise—and looking,  
The stone was rolled away.

Maybe it is not in that garden  
On the slopes of Olivet,  
All over the earth are others  
Who cry, and their footsteps stay  
For some one stronger and sterner  
To roll the stone away.  
They came in the dark of the dawning,  
Touchingly weak were they,  
Hampered like us with their duty,  
The stone was rolled away.  
—Yenowine's News.

## THE FATAL FLOWER.

"You are a dead man," said the doctor, looking fixedly at Anatole.

Anatole was astounded.

He had come to spend the evening with his old friend, Dr. Bardais, the illustrious savant, whose studies of poisonous plants had made him famous. It was not his fame, however, which attracted Anatole to the doctor, but his nobility of heart and almost paternal kindness. And now suddenly, without any preparation, the young man heard this terrific prognostication from the lips of so great an authority.

"Unhappy boy," continued the doctor, "what have you done?"

"Nothing that I know of," stammered Anatole.

"Think. Tell me what you have drunk, what you have eaten, what you have inhaled?"

This last word was like a ray of light to Anatole. That very morning he had received a letter from a friend who was traveling in India. In this letter he found a flower which the tourist had plucked on the banks of the Ganges, an odd-looking little red flower whose odor, he remembered, seemed to him to be strangely pungent.

Anatole looked in his pocketbook and took therefrom the letter and the flower which he showed to the savant.

"There is not a doubt!" exclaimed the doctor. "It is the Pyramenis indica! the fatal flower of blood!"

"You really think so?"

"Alas! I am certain."

"But it is not possible that it should prove fatal to me. I am only twenty-five years old, am strong and in the best of health."

"At what hour did you open this fatal letter?"

"At 9 o'clock this morning."

"Well, to-morrow morning, at the same hour, at the same minute, in full health, as you say, you will feel a peculiar pain in your heart, and that will end all."

"And you know of no remedy, no means of—"

"None," said the doctor.

Then, clasping his head in his hands, the savant fell into a chair, overcome with grief.

The emotion of his old friend convinced Anatole that he was indeed doomed. He departed at once; he was almost insane.

A cold sweat on his forehead, his ideas confused, walking mechanically, Anatole went forth into the night, unconscious of what was passing about him. For a long time he walked thus, then, coming to a bench, he sat down.

This rest did him good. Up to that moment he had been like a man who has suddenly received a severe blow on the head. At last, however, his mind seemed to clear, and he began to gather his scattered ideas.

"My situation," he thought, "is like that of a man condemned to death. Such a person, however, can still hope for mercy. But how long have I to live?"

He looked at his watch.

"Three o'clock in the morning. It is time to go to bed. What! I go to bed? Give to sleep the last six hours of my life? No. I have certainly something better than that to do. But what? Why, I have my will to make."

Not far away was a restaurant which was open all night. Thither Anatole went.

"Waiter, bring me a bottle of champagne and a bottle of ink," he said as he seated himself at a table.

He drank a glass of champagne and, looking at the paper lying on the table before him, said to himself:

"To whom shall I leave my income of 30,000 francs? I have neither father nor mother. Among the people in whom I am interested there is only one to whom I care to leave my money—Nicette."

Nicette was Anatole's second cousin, a charming girl of eighteen years, having golden hair and large dark eyes. Like him she was an orphan, and this similar bereavement had long

since established a bond of sympathy between them.

His will was quickly drawn up. He left everything to Nicette.

That done, he drank a second glass of champagne.

"Poor Nicette!" he thought, "she was very sad the last time I saw her. Her guardian, who knows nothing beyond the wind instrument which he teaches pupils of the conservatory to play, did not do right in promising her hand to a brute, a bully, whom she detests. She detests him all the more because she loves some one else, if I have been able to understand her reticence and her embarrassment. Who is this happy mortal? I know not, but he is certainly worthy of her since she has chosen him. Good, sweet, beautiful, loving Nicette deserves the best of husbands. Ah! if she might have been my wife! It is outrageous to force her to marry a man she hates, to ruin her life by entrusting such a treasure to the care of a brute. But why may not I be Nicette's champion? I will be. I will undertake the matter to-morrow morning. But to-morrow will be too late; I must act at once. It is an unseasonable hour to see people, but as I shall die in five hours I can not consider their convenience. It is decided! My life for Nicette!"

Anatole left the restaurant and hastened to the house of M. Bouvard, the guardian of Nicette.

It was 4 o'clock in the morning when he rang the bell. Once, twice, three times he rang. At last M. Bouvard himself, astonished, his nightcap on his head, opened the door.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Is there a fire?"

"No, my dear M. Bouvard," replied Anatole. "I have come to call on you."

"At this hour?"

"All hours are good in which one can see you, M. Bouvard. But you are in your nightclothes; you had better return to bed."

"That is what I am going to do." And then, leading Anatole to his chamber, he continued: "But I suppose, since you have aroused me at this hour, that you have something important to say to me."

"Very important! It is necessary, M. Bouvard, that you should give up the idea of marrying my cousin Nicette to M. Capdenac."

"Never! never!"

"You must not say never."

"My resolution is taken; this marriage shall take place."

"It shall not take place."

"Well, we shall see. And now that you have my answer I will not detain you longer."

"You are not very amiable this morning, M. Bouvard. But I am not offended, as I am persevering I remain."

"Stay, if you will. I, however, shall imagine that you have departed, and I shall say no more." Then, turning away, M. Bouvard muttered: "Who ever heard of such a thing? To disturb a peaceable man, rouse him from his sleep to talk about such nonsense!"

Suddenly M. Bouvard jumped into bed.

Anatole got the professor's trombone, in which he blew as if a deaf person were trying to play it. The sounds it emitted were infernal.

"My precious trombone! the gift of my pupils!" exclaimed the professor. "Leave that instrument alone."

"M. Bouvard," replied Anatole, "you have imagined that I have departed. I imagine you are absent, and I amuse myself while awaiting your return." Then, after blowing furiously on the trombone, he exclaimed: "Ah, what a beautiful note!"

"You will give my landlord cause to give me notice to leave the house. He will not let me play on the trombone after midnight."

"Ah, the man has no music in his soul."

Again the trombone thundered.

"For heaven's sake, stop."

"Do you consent?"

"To what?"

"To give up the idea of this marriage."

"But I can not do that."

"Very well, then—"

The trombone finished Anatole's sentence.

"M. Capdenac is a terrible fellow. If I should offer him such an affront he would kill me."

"Does that fear restrain you?"

"Yes."

"Then leave the matter to me. Only promise me that if I obtain M. Capdenac's acquiescence my cousin shall be free."

"Yes, I promise you, your cousin shall be free."

"Bravo! I have your word. Now I will leave you. But, by the way, what is this Capdenac's address?"

"It is 100 rue des Deux-Epees."

"I will go there at once. Good-bye."

"Ah," thought M. Bouvard, "you are going to throw yourself into the lion's den, and you will get what you deserve."

Anatole hastened to the address the professor had given him. It was 6 o'clock when he reached the house. He rang the bell violently.

"Who is there?" cried a deep voice behind the door.

"Let me in. I have an important communication from M. Bouvard."

Anatole heard the rattling of a safety chain which was being removed, and the sound of a key which was turned in three locks successively.

"Well, this man is well guarded!" exclaimed Anatole.

At last the door was opened and Anatole found himself in the presence of a man who had fierce curling mustaches and was arrayed like a buccaneer.

"You see—always prepared," said M. Capdenac. "That is my motto."

The walls of the reception room were covered with panoplies. In the little room to which Capdenac led his visitor one saw nothing but arms—yataghans, poisoned arrows, sabres, pistols and blunderbusses. It was enough to strike terror to the soul of a timid person.

"Bah!" thought Anatole. "What does it matter? I shall die within three hours in any case."

"Monsieur," said Capdenac, "what is the object of—"

"Monsieur," replied Anatole, interrupting him, "you wish to marry Mlle. Nicette?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Monsieur, you shall not marry her."

"Ah, thunder! Ah, blood! and who will prevent me?"

"If—"

Capdenac gazed at Anatole, who was not very large but who looked very determined.

"Ah, young man," he said at last, "you have the good fortune to find me in a good humor. Profit by it. Save yourself while there is yet time. Were I not in an amiable mood I would not answer for your days."

"And I do not answer for yours."

"A defiance! to me! Capdenac! Do you know that I have fought twenty duels, that I have killed five of my adversaries and wounded the other fifteen? Go, young man, go. I have pity for your youth. There is still time; go."

"I see," replied Anatole, "by your manner and your surroundings that you are an adversary worthy of me, and that increases my desire to measure swords with so doubtful a man. Come! Shall we take these battle axes? or cavalry sabers? or do you prefer these yataghans? Are you undecided? What do you say?"

"I am thinking of your mother and of the sorrow that awaits her."

"I have no mother. But perhaps you prefer carbines or revolvers?"

"Young man, do not handle those firearms."

"Are you afraid? You tremble."

"Tremble! If it is the cold."

"Then you must fight, or renounce the hand of Nicette."

"I admire your bravery. The brave understand each other. Shall I tell you something?"

"Speak."

"For some time I myself have thought of breaking this engagement; but I did not know how to go about it. I would, therefore, willingly consent to your request, but you understand that it will not do for me, Capdenac, to seem to yield to your threats, for you know you have made threats."

"I withdraw them."

"Well, then, the matter is settled."

"Will you write and sign a paper, stating that you will relinquish the hand of Nicette?"

"I have so much sympathy with you that I cannot refuse."

Having obtained this precious paper, Anatole hastened to the house of M. Bouvard. He reached the door about 8 o'clock, and rang the bell.

"Who's there?"

"Anatole."

"Go home and go to bed," cried the professor, roughly.

"I have Capdenac's relinquishment of Nicette's hand. Open the door, or I'll break it in."

M. Bouvard opened the door. Anatole gave him the paper and then went to the door of Nicette's chamber and cried:

"Cousin, get up; dress your self and come here."

A few moments afterward Nicette, fresh as a rose, entered the little reception room.

"What's the matter?" she said.

"The matter is," cried M. Bouvard, "that your cousin is mad."

"Mad be it," said Anatole, "but Nicette will see that there is method in my madness. This night, my dear little cousin, I have accomplished two things: M. Capdenac renounces your hand, and your guardian consents that you shall marry the man you love."

"My guardian, are you indeed willing that I should marry Anatole?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Anatole.

"It is you, my cousin, whom I love."

At that moment Anatole felt his heart beat violently. What caused it? Was it the pleasure which Nicette's unhopd-for avowal gave him? Was it the pain foretold by the doctor? Was it death?

"Unfortunate man that I am!" cried poor Anatole. "She loves me. I see my happiness before me, and I am going to die without attaining it."

Then, grasping the hand of Nicette, he told her all; he told her about the letter he had received, the flower whose odor he had inhaled, the warning of his old friend, his will, the subsequent events and his success in obtaining her freedom.

"And now," he added, "I am going to die!"

"That is impossible!" exclaimed Nicette. "The doctor is deceived. Who is he?"

"A man who is never deceived, Nicette; he is Dr. Bardais."

"Bardais! Bardais!" cried Bouvard, laughing. "Listen to this paragraph in the morning newspaper: 'The savant, Dr. Bardais, has become suddenly insane. His insanity has taken a scientific turn. It is well known that the doctor has devoted himself specially to the study of poisonous plants. He now believes that all persons whom he meets have been poisoned, and he persuades them of the fact. He was taken at midnight to an insane asylum.'"

"Nicette!"

"Anatole!"

The lovers were clasped in each other's arms.—Epoch.

## "Fighting Bob."

The man who has never had anything to do with game chickens can't give a rooster credit for what there is in him. One of the right blood likes a battle, and the right sort of a trainer can teach him tactics which you would think only human beings could learn.

Down in L— thirty years ago we had the champion fighting cock of the state. He was picked up in the country by a chicken buyer, and no one knew his breed. He was big and solid, and after he had been taught to save his wind and to use his spurs he cleaned out everything which was put down before him. His longest battle lasted only seven minutes, and the number of cocks he knocked out in two or three would fill a moving van. He was in his zenith, and the half dozen of us who owned him were in financial clover when a tin peddler drove into the village one night and began to banter us to sell. He offered us \$5, \$10, \$30 for "Fighting Bob," but we would not have taken \$200.

"I've made a big offer for a second-class bird," he said as we laughed at him.

"Second-class! Where is the one to whip him?"

"Right in this yere wagon. He can lick the stuffin' outter that rooster in five minutes."

"Bet you two to one."

"Go a leetle slow, boys, a leetle slow. I've got a fightin' bird in there, and don't you forget it, but he's got a peccoliarly. He won't fight with the lights on. If he would I'd bet you ten to one. If your bird could only fight in the dark we might make a match."

"How in the dark?"

"Wall, s'posed we put 'em in a box-stall in the barn? The lamp will throw some light, but it'll be dark enuff for January, as I call him, to feel his oats. We'll shet 'em up together fur half an hour, and if your untirified terror an't licked by that time you kin take my \$100. If your bird licks mine—wall, I'll bet two to one he don't."

We were wild for a fight, and we scraped up \$50 and bet it against \$100 that our "Bob" would lick the stranger. He had good eyesight, and as we had the privilege of putting gaffs on him we felt that he could take care of himself against anything. The peddler got his bird out of his wagon, keeping him covered with a piece of cloth, and by and by the pair were placed in a stall near the back end of the barn. All of us withdrew to the lantern hanging in front. In a couple of minutes we heard a sort of "Who-who!" followed by a cackle of alarm and a flapping of wings, and we nudged the peddler in the ribs and expressed our sympathies.

"That's all right, boys—all right," he replied. "Give 'em three minutes more and then see which is on top."

At the end of five minutes we carried the lantern down and opened the door. Our Bob lay there, dead as a herring, and standing over him was an owl almost as big as a goose. That was the "bird" the peddler had rung in on us, and as we looked from one to the other in our amazement he said:

"Kinder sorry for you gents, but you orter sold me that ere rooster when I offered you \$30 for him."—New York Sun.

## Secretary Blaine's Fortune.

Secretary Blaine is a much richer man than he is generally credited with being. He is more than a millionaire. Probably the luckiest investment Mr. Blaine ever made was in the Little Hope mine at Leadville, Col., which has alone made the Secretary rich.

That mine has paid \$4,500,000 dividends in the last five years, of which large sum Mr. Blaine's share has been about one-seventh. "That mine appears to be misnamed," said a friend to him, recently, "it should be called Great Hope instead of Little Hope."

"Yes," replied the Secretary, "Great Hope would be better. I have already got from that mine \$1,300 for every one invested, and have the stock left."

Mr. Blaine is also a large stockholder in the Pride of Erin mine at Leadville, which is paying dividends of \$25,000 a month.—Washington Special, Philadelphia News.

## Suspicious Submission.

A small boy had been having a day of unmitigated outrageousness, such as all children who do not die young are likely to have at times, and when he was ready for bed his mother said to him:

"When you say your prayers, George, ask God to make you a better boy. You have been very naughty today."

The youngster accordingly put up his petitions in the usual form, and then before closing with "Amen," he added:

"And, please, God, make me a good boy."

He paused a second and then, to the utter consternation of his mother, concluded with unabated gravity: "Nevertheless, not my will, O Lord, but thine be done!"—Providence Journal.

## Literary Remuneration.

We see a great deal in the papers these days about the poverty of literary men in this age. Nonsense! There never was another age that offered to the literary man so many opportunities to acquire wealth as this one does.

Where else, for instance, is the age in which literary man could make \$10,000 a year writing poems to advertise soap or baking powders?—Washington Post.

Nobody has ever seen a wagon inside the White House, but some have seen a cabinet.—New York World.

## A GREAT NEWSPAPER.

Scenes in "The World" Office on a Busy Saturday Night.

It was my good fortune to spend a portion of last Saturday night in The World Building, and under intelligent guidance I was permitted to witness the process whereby tons of white paper are, almost by magic, transformed into huge volumes of reading matter. The composing-room is, on the fourth floor, where 132 compositors were busy setting type and sending the forms to the press-room below as fast as completed. For their use on the Sunday edition over ten tons of type are required. The editorial staff, proof-readers, artists, engravers, reporters, &c., occupy various rooms throughout the building, and were all intensely busy and seemingly uncomfortably crowded. But the most interesting place to a novice like myself, as well as the noisiest one, is the press-room in the basement.

The World has twelve large printing presses in operation every night.

The greatest of these is the new quadruple press which is regarded as a mechanical wonder, and is said to be the largest, fastest, costliest and most perfect newspaper machine ever constructed. It will print, fold and count out in fifties 48,000 eight-page papers an hour. In addition to this it will print four, six, ten, twelve or sixteen page newspapers when desired. It is a model piece of mechanism, has fully met the expectations it awakened and would seem to be the crowning glory of inventive genius in its line.

The World has on its pay-roll about 1,200 names—among them 30 editors and sub-editors, 104 reporters and contributors, 468 correspondents in other cities, 275 in the composing and proof rooms, 71 in the press-room, &c.

The World's Sunday edition is a wonderful thing, and taxes the utmost resources of the vast establishment to bring it out promptly on time—a task that no other newspaper plant in the county is equal to. It may, perhaps, aid the reader to understand its dimensions when I state that it uses up over 75 tons of paper, from 800 to 1,000 pounds of ink, and when printed each Sunday edition is of such magnitude as to make a library, if printed in book manner and bound in books of the average size, that would be twice as large as the largest library in the world! That is, it is the equivalent of 4,000,000 volumes, while the largest library in the world is the national library at Paris and contains only 2,000,000 volumes, while the next in size is at London and contains 1,800,000 volumes. And yet, notwithstanding the huge proportions of these Sunday editions, the time allotted for their construction is the almost incredulous brief period of a little over ten hours.—Chatham (N. Y.) Courier.

## The Oklahoma Craze.

What is the reason of this crazy rivalry? The land in Oklahoma is no better adapted to farming purposes than much of the other government land still unpreempted. A correspondent who has been over it says it is, as a whole, "a fair farming country—scarcely a good one." It is no doubt virginally rich in spots, but it has neither roads, bridges, abundant timber nor good water. What chance has any one except an experienced pioneer to make headway in such a place as this?

The probability is that a main cause of the invasion is the fact that Oklahoma has been a forbidden land to the whites. The natural "earth-hunger" of this race is intensified by an inhibition. Human nature, beginning in Eden, has had a strong craving for forbidden fruit. The mystery of the country adds to its attractiveness. Everybody wants what everybody else is after.

There will be a sad awakening for many of these eager "boomers." Wheat, even at 80 cents a bushel, does not follow claim-staking without labor. Squatters who have failed in Kansas or elsewhere on the plains may succeed in the "beautiful land," but the chances are that they will not. It will probably be the old story of one success to ten failures. And it is a good place for "tenderfeet" to stay away from for awhile yet.—New York World.

## Geological Ages.

Geology teaches us that in the successive ages of the earth—ages covering, perhaps, most incredible time-spaces, each distinctive geological condition has developed distinct characteristics of organization in matter.

Thus, one geologic age developed gigantic ferns; another, quadrupeds of monstrous size; and the latest of all, man, the intelligent being. But, regardless of time and circumstance, wherein and under which the several distinctive genera of vegetable and animal existence have been developed, we must deduce from the geological lesson the constant inference: that the creative principle attends on matter; awaits the necessary conditions, and inevitably develops organized forms.—St. Louis Magazine.

## Grammar and Business.

Not long ago a merchant in Cincinnati discharged his—what is the botanical term for typewriter girl?—because she said "I have saw," and "I would of done so," etc



## YOUNG LITERARY WOMEN.

### Miss Ethel Ingalls Chats About Four of the Scribbling Sisters' hood.

The daughter of Senator Ingalls writes as follows to the New York World: Among other interesting visitors Washington entertained during the last fortnight was Mrs. Amelie Rives-Chanler, who stopped here on her way home to Albermarle, Va. At an informal reception given to her by her cousin, Mrs. William Cabell, I among others had the pleasure of meeting the new star in the literary firmament. I could not see her from where I sat as she entered, but while waiting my turn for a presentation I thought of a tall, statuesque woman with a head crowned with the rare auburn locks so loved by Titian, for this was the impression I had received of her from what I had read of this far-famed Virginia beauty. I have scarcely recovered from the surprise I experienced when I saw her, and I was in doubt some time as to whether I was not being imposed upon. Nearly everything I have read about her seems to be a complete contradiction, or else she impressed me differently. In the first place, she is short, with a pretty figure, and her hair is yellow. Her eyes are her most noticeable feature, and she alone possesses the power to describe them. They are dreamy, unfathomable eyes, and shaded by such long, curly, dark lashes that their color is lost. Beneath her brows they shine out fireflies, yet betraying a nature tender and sympathetic. Every feature is expressive. Her mouth is as sensitive as a child's waiting to cry or smile. Whether speaking or listening every emotion lights her face. It is said that she is dramatic and self-conscious. I saw no trace of either during the moments I watched her and talked with her. For every one who was presented to her she had a pleasant greeting, and in her speech she was not at all affected. Could you have heard as I did her conversation with two young girls, you would not have recognized in her anything theatrical. Her horse, "with its great knowing eyes," her much-loved collie, the long, dreamy rides through the old Virginia hills, and her girl friends were the subjects which she talked about as simply as any child. I asked her when she worked, and she said: "In the silent night hours when everything is still. I can not work in the daytime; a want to be out in the fresh air." Her next book will be called "White Slaves," the plot being taken from every-day life. This will not be completed for two years, as she is going abroad soon to be gone a long time. She and her husband propose to ride horseback through England, for which purpose her favorite horse will be sent over the ocean.

Another southern girl and writer spent a few weeks in Washington during the gay season—Miss Virginia Stuart Mosby, daughter of the famous ex-confederate colonel. She is a pretty girl, with unusually perfect features and a complexion that is simply marvelous. Sunny, wavy hair falls around her artistic head and her winning manners and bright conversation won her many friends and admirers. I asked her about her work and in reply to my question as to what she was doing she said: "I am doing nothing. Luncheon, teas, and dances have chased all literary thoughts away and I have forgotten what a pen looks like." "Are you never going to resume your work?" I then asked. "Oh, yes. Once this dazzling world of society is over I'll seek some quiet spot, gather up my scattered thoughts, and commence weaving war romances again." Miss Mosby has gone home and it will not be long before the public will have some bright stories from her pen.

Gen. John B. Clark, the clerk of the house, has a young daughter who is a genius in the literary line. She bears the quaint name of Mayne, and it suits her perfectly. She is a tall, willowy girl and particularly pretty. Her face is oval, and her mouth is the fac simile of Cupid's bow. Grayish-blue eyes, bright and fiery, light up her intellectual face. I was told recently that an anonymous novel from her pen would be published soon. Judging from her short stories the novel will be pathetic, and will abound with charming pen pictures of humanity and nature, to the study of which she is truly devoted. Several of her poems have been published in Baltimore and Boston journals; also short stories. Miss Clark was a pupil of the Georgetown convent, the oldest Catholic institution of its kind in the United States, and was the valedictorian of the class of '87, receiving the handsome gold medal for prose and poetry.

I have heard it said that Miss Margaret Blaine is literary in her tastes and her friends would not be surprised should she write for publication. She is remarkably clever, and her conversation is brightened by pungent bits of wit entirely good-natured. Her voice and accent are agreeable. A certain belle asked me if I had ever heard Miss Blaine say "don't you know." Replying in the negative the belle said: "Now, you listen to her when you hear her talk, for she says it as only few girls born out of England can. Oh, I wish I could say it that way!" and she began practicing "don't you know" with a determination to say it in the true English style.

### Shall We Work Ourselves?

If servants are idle, incompetent, aggressive, exorbitant, in their demands—why, let the mistress discharge them all, and herself take their

place in the kitchen, dining-room and chamber. If Bridget decamps at a critical period and leaves her mistress in the lurch, why let that mistress prove herself equal to the emergency by turning from the manipulation of the piano keys to the manipulation of pots and kettles; and then, when Bridget comes back repentant and suppliant to the door, let her repel her in scorn and reign henceforth and forever in domestic regions from choice rather than from necessity.

Is a woman feeble, nervous and ailing?—there is nothing (say those who never tried it) like a course over a wash-tub to bring strength to her muscles, —nothing like bending over a hot cooking stove for bringing roses to her cheeks. (Deny that proposition who dare!)

If a man's income hardly meets his outgo, the suggested remedy is not that he shall curtail his own personal expenses,—wear a little less fine broadcloth, forego cigars altogether, omit expensive meals at the restaurant, stop 15-cent whisky drinks, build his own fires, and put his own coal in the cellar,—but that his wife and daughters shall be required to take upon themselves the roles of cook, chamber-maid, and laundress, and presto! what a change, —not only in economy but also in health!

When men wish to be particularly exasperating, they remind us of what our grandmothers did in the good old times. These wonderful ladies brewed and baked, and spun and wove, performed prodigies in housekeeping, at the same time having few or none of the conveniences that we now have. True, every word of it, but only a half truth, after all. With modern conveniences have come increased demands; our grandmother sat in her spacious kitchen, and never dreamed of opening her best room except on state occasions. The lady of to-day is reminded that she must be a handsome parlor ornament, must dress attractively, keep herself posted in literature, practice her music, and all that sort of thing, in addition to her domestic duties, if she would entertain her husband and preserve his affections.

Believe me, it is not the women, but the houses and the times that are in fault. So long as houses are built as they now are, and so long as men expect upon their private tables, the results of the labors of a professional cook, just so long will servants be found necessary, or mistresses will literally "die in the attempt" to do housework themselves. A "model" residence, be it large or small, planned by any architect under the sun—that same being a man—is, in nine cases out of ten, of such a character as to render it impossible for any woman to perform the multifarious duties of mistress and maid-of-all work, without serious risks to health and temper, if not to life itself.

I do not believe that the women of to-day are the helpless, fragile, good-for-nothing beings some would make them out to be, and I do think a woman might be equally happy and useful, who never bent over a wash-tub or clear starched a collar. But if you really wish her to enter the domains of the kitchen, either for health, comfort, or usefulness, then clear the way for this exodus from the parlor by making the change possible in the first place, and desirable in the second. Cease for awhile preaching to and abusing women, and turn your attention to a thorough reformation in house-building as an important and indeed necessary, preliminary to so desirable a reform.

Mrs. E. B. Duffy in St. Louis Magazine.

### When Thou Art Near.

When thou art near, my life to cheer,  
There lurk no dreary phantoms near,  
But all the world is fair and bright,  
And hope, like morning out of night,  
Springs into being, fresh and clear.

With subtle charm, thy presence dear,  
Calls to mine eyes affection's tear,  
And thrills my soul with fond delight,  
When thou art near.

When thou art gone, a sadness drear  
My bosom holds—a sense of fear  
That thou'lt not always thus requite  
The love that holds me by its might;  
But all misgivings disappear  
When thou art near.  
—Walter S. Peaslee.

### He Was Admitted.

St. Peter—I'm afraid I can't let you in.

Applicant—What have you got against me? I've been a good living man.

St. P.—In a general way you have; but I see by the record here that you have a dreadful character for profanity.

A.—But you must take into consideration the fact that I have been a photographer.

St. P.—What has that to do with it? Why should a photographer be profane any more than anybody else?

A.—There is no reason why an ordinary photographer should be profane; but you see I was in the baby department. I've photographed at least 500 babies in my time, and—

St. P. (commiseratingly)—That's enough, that's enough, my poor man. Come right in. What a life you must have led.—Buffalo Courier.

### A Base Note.

First Pittsburg—"Look here, Smith, one of those ten-dollar pieces you gave me this morning was counterfeit."

Second Pittsburg—"That's very remarkable."

"Not so very; there are a good many counterfeits about."

"I didn't mean that. I mean it is remarkable than a tenner should be base.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

## HEARD IN THE GALLERY.

### How a Newspaper Man Took His Best Girl to Witness a Session of Congress.

They sat in the diplomatic gallery of the house of representatives. He was ruddy and strong. She was young, winsome and tall. She chatted gayly, and looked down upon the boisterous scene. Presently she said:

"Who is that funny little man with the bald place on his crown like a china saucer?"

That little man is Sunset Cox. He is the wit of the house. Listen to what he says."

"I can't hear a word for that big fellow over there who is interrupting him. Who is that?"

"That is big Tom Reed, of Maine. He is the leader of the republican side of the house. Listen!"

"What does he interrupt the little man for?"

"He is merely asking him questions. Listen to them."

"I can't hear a word on account of that smooth-faced man in that high chair who is hammering on that big desk. Who is he, and why don't they arrest him for disturbing the peace?"

"That is Speaker Carlisle. He is trying to preserve order, so that the speakers can be heard. Listen to them."

"I am listening. If Mr. Carlisle is speaker, why don't he speak? Why does he sit there and hammer? It's too awful for anything. Why does he sit so high? Is he proud? Does he want them all to look at him? He isn't half so pretty as that little man in the back row with blonde hair. Who is he?"

"Mr. Carlisle does not speak, for it is not right for the speaker to speak. He is obliged to sit high, so that he can keep order. The pretty blonde man is Dick Guenther, of Wisconsin. Please listen, Mabel, I want to write a report of this scene."

"Then what did you bring me here for? Do you think more of those howling, screeching fellows, and the man who hammers the desk than you do of me? I'm going right now, so there."

"Don't, Mabel. Don't go. Please sit still just for a few minutes. I must watch and write this up. Don't you understand, you silly thing, that this is the way I earn my oyster money? This is the way I get my theater tickets."

"Oh, you poor thing. Is that the way you earn the buggies, and things? I am so sorry for you. I shall be very quiet, Major Stofah. I shall be very still. Do we go to the play to-night and to Losekam's afterwards?"

"There, now Mr. Cox has the floor. Listen."

"What will he do with the floor? Is he building a new house? Why don't he get new boards?"

That settled it. Major Stofah gathered his hat and gold-headed cane, tucked her tiny pink finger tips under his brawny arm, and sallied forth to the Congressional hall with her. The managing editor telegraphed in vain that night for a "special" from Washington. Mabel will never sit beside her dear Major again in the house. All is over between them. Stofah gave her a square meal, introduced her to Fred Handy, and sought a love with a fuller pate. Poor Mabel. Poor Major. The course of true love never did run rougher.

### Children's Sayings.

Little Freddy was often sent across the street on errands to a grocery store kept by a Hollander. One day his mamma wished to send him to another store around the corner, kept by an American. Freddie demurred; he feared they could not understand his crooked baby talk, and he had a morbid dread of ridicule.

"Oh," said mamma, "they can surely understand you, Freddie. You know when you go across the street, they understand you easily enough."

"Yes," said Freddie, quickly; "but they're Dutch!"

One day a half-grown chicken got its foot caught some way, and made a dreadful fuss about it. Mamma was away, but Ava remembered to tell her the story when she came home.

"It hollered and hollered," said she, "and pretty soon gramma pulled its foot out. It sounded just like Aunt Ella's canaries, mamma."

"Oh, no," laughed mamma, "I guess not!"

"Well, anyhow," protested Ava, "it made the same shaped noise, only lots bigger, of course!"

Little Helen, three years old, restless and chattering, heard her aunt one day singing the old Sunday-school hymn, "Let us walk in the Light," etc., and said, "If you walk in the light, auntie, you'll burn your feet!—Youth's Companion.

### The Beautiful.

The principles on which aesthetics and just conceptions of the beautiful rest, are not, as some have supposed, the mere inventions of artificial society. They exist in nature, and their origin is divine. An advanced civilization develops refinements in taste; but it does not create them. On the contrary, it is itself created through their development. There is ever present and ever apparent throughout all the operations of Nature, a constant element or principle which shapes all her handiwork, molds all her forms. In its force and intelligence are blended in transcendent union. It is the main spring of all motion, the archetype of all order, and the explication of all power.—St. Louis Magazine.

## Our Boys.

Why do so many of the boys from 10 to 16 years of age, or even younger, spend so much of their leisure time about the streets, and in saloons and other places where their mothers and sisters would blush to be seen? Scarce an evening passes but what numbers of them may be found in the billiard-room, or, quite as bad, congregated in places listening to profanity and vulgar conversation, vile enough to forever taint their youthful minds. Evidently there must be some reason why these boys are found frequenting such places, instead of pleasantly spending the evening at home, or seeking profitable amusements, plenty of which can be easily provided with little expense and trouble at this day and age of the world. Can it be possible these places are made more attractive than their homes?

Methinks, to a great extent parents are not watchful enough, failing so many times in their duty by not making home sufficiently attractive; not providing, perhaps through thoughtlessness or carelessness, pastimes and pleasures suited to their boyish tastes; not entering into any of their sports and games with zeal and enthusiasm; and possibly not granting them as many pleasures and privileges as the girls of the household, which latter they are very quick to perceive; their proud and sensitive feelings are wounded, and at once the impression becomes firmly fixed in their minds that because they are boys they are in the way, nobody really caring for their presence.

I have now in mind an example which fully illustrates the fact, that came, years ago, under my observation. A widowed mother, of comfortable circumstances, had to be responsible for the bringing up, training and education of two bright, beautiful children—a boy and girl—both of whom have great promise of future usefulness. As is far too often the case, the little girl was petted, humored, and indulged in every want and fancy, beside being taught to think, on account of her naturally frail and feeble constitution, she must not engage in any hard labor; in fact, she was brought up an accomplished lady, only fitted to lead a life of ease and luxury. On the other hand, the boy received little or no attention, but was taught from the first, that the sister must have the preference in every want and wish; in fact, he soon felt there was too marked a difference in the treatment of the two, which truly was very noticeable. There seemed to be no place at home for this boy, naturally so loving, noble-hearted and generous, hence he was driven to seeking pleasures elsewhere, just as so many other dear boys are doing. Years rolled on in their rapid course, and this boy reached manhood; not that noble type he should have been, but a victim of bad habits with little or no education, almost a curse to humanity.

What a sad fate! A brighter, nobler, kinder, more generous-hearted boy never lived, who with proper home surroundings and influences without doubt would have been a blessing to the world; but for lack of these he readily fell a victim to the many snares laid by the outside world to entrap the unwary.

Only one boy, to be sure, but there are many just such cases, and what will the future of this nation be without our dear, noble boys becoming fitted to fill offices of trust and honor. Years of my life have been spent among the boys, yet I have never found any who were unsympathetic to kindly influences, in whose hearts there was not something akin to affection and appreciation of the pure, good, noble and beautiful. Then why not treat the boys with the kindness and affection their natures crave, above all making home the place where happiest hours are spent.

Remember, mothers, you have a place in their affections and an influence over them that no one else can have. Win their confidence and keep it; always manifest interest in their pleasure and trials, and in doing this sow many good seeds; teach many beautiful and lasting lessons.

In fact, be kind to the boys, giving them a pleasant word and look wherever you meet them; furnish them with suitable reading, so far as your means will admit; let them enjoy the companionship of their mates in some pleasing games around your own fireside, thus winning their love and confidence, and, at the same time, inspiring them with a desire for the pure, good and beautiful in life. Full soon the time will come when they must go out into the world to battle with the right and wrong, and think you they will forget the pleasant associations of home, a mother and father's noble teachings, or a sister's love and influence?—H. W., in Milwaukee Wisconsin.

### A Sorry Boy.

Johnnie, aged 6, has been banished to the bedroom for using bad words to his younger brother, Sam, and told that he must remain there until he was sorry for his misconduct. After a few minutes of kicking and screaming, and then of quiet, he called Sam to the door to receive the following communication:

"Sam, if I'm ever sorry for calling you names—and I'll have to stay here an awful while before I am—the first thing I'll do when I get out will be to lick you for telling on me."

Another long pause and he continued: "You'd better be getting ready, Sam; I'm beginning to feel pretty sorry."—Philadelphia Press.

## ABOUT PARALYSIS.

### in the Treatment of All Its Varieties Rest Is Absolutely Essential.

A correspondent asks us about paresis—its symptoms, treatment and curability, and whether it might come to a young man of twenty-one who had been very greatly taxed with study, business and anxieties?

Paresis is an incomplete form of paralysis. It may be quite slight, or may rise in a degree almost up to completeness. The cause, symptoms and treatment of both diseases are essentially the same, and even paralysis may be surable. We shall, therefore, speak of paresis in general.

This affliction may have its existing cause in the brain, in the spinal cord, or in the nerves themselves, away from both the nervous centers, in which case it is called peripheral paresis.

Peripheral paresis may result from destructive injury to a nerve, or a pressure upon it, or from some disease affecting it. The connection in these cases is cut off between the muscles and their cerebral, or spinal, center.

Spinal paresis may be caused by an injury of the spinal cord. In this case, the paralysis is below the injury. There may also be a degenerative disease of more or less of the cord, which interferes with the free flow of the nervous currents to the muscles from the centers of volition in the brain. The strange gesticulations of "locomotor ataxia" are due to this cause.

Among the causes of cerebral paresis are obstructions to arterial circulation in the brain by emboli (bits of coagulum) carried into the smaller blood-vessels, most often from the heart; blood clots from minute hemorrhages; pressure from over-distended cerebral arteries, and from tumors.

Generally the paresis is on one side of the body—the side opposite to that of the cerebral lesion, or injury. If the face is affected, it is drawn toward the sound side by the strength of the unaffected muscles. In paresis the muscles may be simply more or less weakened.

There are various forms of paresis due to poisons, as lead, for instance, or to diseases, as diphtheria. These are generally curable. Sometimes cold will give rise to a temporary paresis of the part exposed to it. There is a form called "acute ascending paresis," which begins in the feet and extends rapidly to the trunk, involving the muscles of respiration, and thence upward to the muscles of speech, mastication and swallowing.

Paralysis is not confined to any particular period of life. Infantile paresis is somewhat common.

There is a form called functional paresis, due to conditions not well understood, but sometimes connected with exhaustion from over-exertion of body or mind.

In the treatment of these cases, rest is absolutely essential. In all cases, the best available medical skill should be sought for the patient.—Youth's Companion.

### Literature's Enemies.

[Scene, the composing-room of a morning newspaper. Compositors setting up the Sunday installment of the "great serial story."

Slug 1—"He's preaching a sermon, now."

Slug 2—"Don't care what he does so he keeps out of real life."

Slug 3—"What has become of the girl with mouse-colored locks?"

Slug 4—"Guess she must have run away with the fellow who had the key to the situation."

[The other compositors knock on their cases.]

Slug 5—"Has the literary character starved to death yet?"

Slug 1—"No, but he's writing poetry on an empty stomach."

Slug 3—"Why doesn't he use a desk?"

[Groans.]

Slug 1—"We'll with an empty stomach if it will suit your doorknobs any better."

Slug 3—"Why doesn't he use a pen?"

[Groans indicative of great pain.]

Slug 4—"If I had my way I'd give this writer about ten years at hard labor."

Slug 5—"I'd sentence him to the solitary reading of his own stuff."

Slug 6—"Wait a minute, something is going to happen."

Slug 1—"What is the matter?"

Slug 6—"They are at the piano and he has put his arm around her."

Slug 1—"They must be going to sing the cat duet."

Slug 6—"No, she springs away suddenly and tells him to stand back."

Slug 5—"Does he stand back?"

Slug 6—"No."

Slug 8—"He's real cruel, ain't he?"

Slug 1—"Ha, now we have it!"

Slug 2—"What's up?"

Slug 1—"Josephine's chaperone tells her that she shall not go to the masked ball."

Slug 5—"Oh, how could her heart be so cold, so callous, so free from gentle swelling. Methinks those tender pleadings were quite enough to melt a heart of stone, to make a cork leg squeak, or to make a paper nose snuff the very air with."

Slug 3—"Oh, drive the cow home, love, or we'll assassinate the calf."

Slug 1—"Hah, I've struck the only decent thing in the story."

Slug 5—"What, oh, pray, what is it?"

Slug 1—"The end."—Arkansas Traveler.

Customer—"Say, waiter, this shad tastes very fishy." Waiter—"Yes, sah; shads is fish, sah."—Philadelphia Record.



