THE SPIRIT OF KARSAS.

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Farm News, of Lambaco, weekiles.

Advertising for the whole list received at lower rates. Breeders and manufacturer's cards, o four lines, or less, [25 words] with Spirit of Kan sas one year, \$5.00. No order taken for less that hree months.

Growing weather.

Primary voting is a farce.

Topeka will have a dam.

Wheat harvest will begin next week

Corn, wheat, and oats looking well.

About thirty fellows run the entire politics of Kansas

In two years more Congressional districts will be remodeled

The Alliance Advocate will repent its attack upon Prof. Canfield.

Both political parties equally play into the hands of the money power

Raspberries and cherries follow close upon the heels of strawberries.

Radical changes have been made in the management of Bethany College.

Let us get through with the Chautauquas before getting very deep into

politics. The new census will not show favorably for Topeka,—not so favorable as the city directory.

Work on Topeka's new mammoth rolling mill is progressing rapidly. When completed it will give employment to 500 men.

Fort Scott is preparing for the coming campaign by erecting a speakers' stand and amphitheater.

Rev. E P Chittenden of Salina, has written a dramatic poementitled "The Pleroma." It is said to be the most pretentious work of its kind ever written in the west.

# TOPEKA.

The social on Tuesday evening at the residence of Thos. Page was a flattering success, both financially and socially. The large grounds were softly lighted by numerous fancy lanterns, and the wnole scene was a brilliant one. Few socials have drawn a larger crowd.

Mr. W. T. Ham, of Grantville, has left with the News a fine sample lot of his Windsor Chief strawberries. They are certainly the finest we have seen this season. He is selling these berries at \$1.75 a crate, when others are selling inferior fruit at 75 cents. It does not pay to raise inferior fruit. any more than it does to raise inferior stock, and still this is a truth that many are slow to learn.

# SILVER LAKE.

Jno West left Wednesday for Chieago to visit the old home and aged

W V Parmeter has been busily engaged, during the past week, on the census rolls.

Don't forget to notice Uncle Jo Seltzer's new side walk in front of his boot and shoe emporium. Tomorrow will be children's day

and the exercises in the M E Church in the evening will be very interesting.
Wednesday the wheat on the Holden ranch was cut and it is as fine in

quality and quantity as any grain we Sunday to remain for some time. ver saw.

Mr. Harding of Twin Mound, was
Dign.—Monday night June 9, after in town last Friday visiting his broth-

a protracted illness of three months,
Alexander Denton, aged about 36
vears. Services were held in the M called Wednesday to see an old acE Church by Rev. B. W. Stevenson. quaintance, J W Alberts.

#### PERRY.

Lillie Eakin returned home from Bethany college last week.

James Burke has quit the Alliance store at Thompsonville and will en-

gage elsewhere. C R Hoffman's Implement store is

headquarters for Binder Twine. Dan Kieffer fitted up a wagon and

pulled out for Oklahoma. C L Thompson and W I Walters of Thompsonville, were in Perry Wed-

T R Bayne and John Morin of Williamstown, were in Perry Wed-

Hoffman is figuring on a hay shed for TR Bayne, 20x80 feet in size Mesdames Whitley and McGill

have returned home from Colorado The corn is growing finely since the late showers W P McClure of Oskaloosa, form-

erly of Thompsonville, took in the commencement exercises at Lawrence this week.

Last week we met Wm Gushard at Excelsior Springs, Mo. He has been there nearly ever since he left Perry. He speaks of returning to Perry.

Shade Michael received a cut on one of his legs from a corn "monitor" last Friday. It will lay him up for some time.

The Presbyterian and M E churches each gave excellent Children's Day exercises at their churches Sunday The strawberry and ice cream social

at the M E church Saturday evening was a very enjoyable affair.

J C Grinter is having his side walk extended to the north-west corner of

his property. T C Kirby went to Pleasant Valley

last Saturday and sold Andy Matties wheat on the Calkins farm, on a chattel mortgage. Mrs Foster Buffington died Friday

after a long spell of sickness brought on by grip. She was buried Saturday in Oak Ridge semetery. Miss Susie Grinter came home last

Saturday from Lexington, Mo. where she has been attending college.

Some vandals have been carrying away flowers from the graves in the cemetery. The guilty parties are known and if it does not stop they will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Any one who is villain enough to steal flowers from a grave is many enough to commit the grave. is mean enough to commit the meanest of crimes.

Some of the boys, some of them with gray heads, to have some fun, initiated John Sweeney in the farmers alliance at Oak Grove school house last Monday week, with a mock ceremony., Sweeney is about to turn the joke with a prosecution in the district csurt, and so have the laugh on his side in the wind up. We are told that already one of the parties has taken to the bush.

# LECOMPTON.

Lane university had catalogues printed last week for '90. Emma Butler returned home Wed-

F C Jacoby spent the week at his home in Allen county.

Essie Stage, who has been visiting t Mr. Morris's for some time, left for Lawrence Wednesday.

Miss Bert left this week to attend the county normal at Oskaloosa. Bev Herr will lecture next Thursday evening in the College Chapel.

Hattie Connell attended the Bible reading of the YMCA and YWCA at Emporia this week. Harry Reeder and wife of Topeka were in town Sunday

Dola Hanson returned home last

### Ilis Day of Trouble.

A traveler in the central part of Kentucky, while riding through a woods, saw an old fellow standing with his back against a tree, striking matches and holding his finger in the blaze.

"What on earth are you doing there?" the astonished traveler exclaimed. "Go on an' mind your own business,"

the old fellow replied. "Yes, but I want to know why you want to destroy yourself that way."

"Jest as well destroy myself this way as any other way." "But why destroy yourself any way?" He struck another match, and as he held his finger in the blaze, replied: "A great trouble has come on me, an' I ain't

fitten to live no longer." "What is your trouble?" "It is so great that I am holdin' my finger in this blaze to take my mind off it."

"Then you are burning yourself to take your mind off the trouble?" "Yes, that's about it." "Tell me what the trouble is, and per-

haps I can help you." "No, don't think you can. Am beyond earthly help now.",.

"May I ask if it is a family affair?" "Oh, no, it's much worse than that."

'I don't see what it can-be." "No, I reckon not, for mebbe you never was in such a fix."

He struck another match and held his finger in the blaze The traveler, amused in spite of himself, could not help smiling. "Oh, it's nothing to laugh at," said the native. "It may look funny, but if you was in my fix you would grin on the other side of yo' mouth."

"I am not smiling at your trouble, but at your peculiar method of taking your mind off it. Come, tell me what it is."

"I don't like to be paradin' my 'flictions round, but I will tell you as you 'pear to be a putty sympathatic sort of a feller. Some time ago I seed a colt that I wanted mightly-wanted him so bad that I couldn't sleep none at night for thinkin' about him. Wall, I didn't have much money an' was in debt anyhow, an' couldn't see no way to git the objeck of my great desire till my old uncle he ups an' dies an' leaves me three hundred dollars, an' they hadn't more than got the dear old soul buried till that colt was mine. I rid him at a race down at Winchester the next day after I got him an' won the race as smooth as a ribbon, an' thar I stood the pride of the community an' the joy of the wife of my bosom. I come home an' the neighors crowded around an' almost smothered me with their congratulations, an' I 'lowed to myself that the day of our stren'th an' pride had come. But what tuck place the next day?" He struck another match, and as he applied the blaze to his finger, continued: "What tuck place next day? That colt that I had been kep' awake over-that colt that had brought me so much joy an' pride-that cold that -" He broke down and had to strike another match. After awhile, and when he had struggled with himself, he continued: "That colt run agin a barbed wire fence and-and killed himself. Go on, stranger. Thar ain't no human sympathy nor words of wisdom that kin comfort me. My light has dun went out."

# OAKLAND.

There was a dance at the park this evening. Ben Williams visited Burlington

this week Mr Criel's father and daughter has been visiting him.

Company C has leased Williams hall for an armory. Lincoln shoool had a picnic at the park Thursday afternoon. The stone and brick work of the

Wm Williams has returnd from Colorada much improved in health. Company C drill regularly twice a week. They were in command of Lt. Peake Monday night.

Williams block is finished.

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# MERIDEN.

The Meriden tool factory is enslosed and it is quite an imposing

Mr. Keeler has gone east on busi-

Mrs. Crull has returned from her visit east, and Mr. Crull is happy. The Methodist Sunday School obrved Childrens' Day in an unusual-

ly happy manner.
The Presbyterian ladies had a quiltng bee at Mrs. Aults's Thursday. It was a ladies' picnic.

D. Hollingsworth and wife, accompanied by the boys, attended the June Testival at Oakland last week.

Addie Dawson returned from Missouri this week, and now one of our ading young men is himself again Last Tuesday evening the ladies of

the UB church gave a strawberry festival which was largely attended Mr Wood and wife, D Hollingsworth and wife, Rev Otto and wife, Mr Morse and wife, Miss Peter, and others will attend Chautauqua at

There is some talk of forming a company to build a canning factory; this would save many bushels of berries in the coming year that have heretofore been wasted.

Applicants who desire to solve the mythical triangle of the blue, yellow, and red are advancing slow but sure, and Linwood Lodge K of P are giving extra feed to the "goat" to get him in good trim.

The Methodist church gave a vege table dinner Saturday, which was well patronized. A nice little sum was cleared.

Mrs D F Peter, who has been vis iting her daughter, Mrs Morse, left for Nebraska to spend the summer. Effic Peter will remain here during summer, and will attend Chantauqua with Mrs Morse.

Mrs. Vina Grader, who has been visiting in Missouri, has returned, and Meriden welcomes her with open arms. Gran Ima Grader could not be spared from Meriden, where her kind ways carries blessings wherever she

. Rev. Cofdeatz narrowly escaped being the victim of a severe accident. A lamp was left burning in the night and expleded. Mr. Coblentz carried it out doors, inhaling the flames and smoke, becoming unconscious for some minutes.

The Alliance met here Saturday and after a secret session were addressed by Mrs. Diggs, who is a fluent talker



### TANK HEALTH. A GREAT SAVING TO ALL CATTLE FEEDERS.

TO ALL CATTLE FEEDERS.

Stockmen who have used this Heater say they would not do without them at any price.

Sectional view aclow shows how the fiame and smoke is carried around under the bottom, giving great heating surface. No sparks leave the heater. One firing will last from 5 to 7 days. Any boy can operate. No progressive farmer can afford to be without one. Investigate and you will surely buy one.



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# -YOUR-

FRAMED IN BRONZE OR GILT. Plush Border. Size, 24 x 28 inches

For \$3.00 As fine as any Artist will sell for \$10.00. (ALMOST ANY DEALER CAN SHOW YOU ONE.)

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Considerable corn has been brought

and impresses people that she is in to market this week, principally by earnest. The alliance members were out in full force, and Meriden was full of people, and a most notable feature of the gathering was the earnest, gentlemanly bearing of the typical to market this week, principally by Mr Senne and J B Quintard. With the good stand of corn planted and present indications point to another abundant yield and a prime necession and the season advances.

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

Any person who takes the paper regularly from the hostoffice, whether directed to his name or whether is a subcriber or not, is responsible for the pay. The cours have declided that refusing to take sewspapers and periodicals from the postoffice, or emoving and leaving them uncalled for, is prime. oving and leaving them uncalled evidence of intentional Fraud.

As an agent of capital punishment electricity is more successful in killing time than in killing murderers.

A very large horse costs a great deal before it is mature and the demand is comparatively limited. Raising running horses is not profitable except to a few experts.

THE American traveler in France ridicules the hot-water foot warmers and the whistle of the locomotive, and he bewails the absence of ice water and the peripatetic newsboy.

A WRITER in Forest and Stream claims that fishes are insensible to pain. It is probably incontrollable pleasures that causes them to dart, jump and flutter about with a hook in the mouth.

By a new process, cow's milk can be reduced to a dry powder and sold in packages. When it first comes into general use in that form old milkmen will be somewhat embarrassed by the necessity of keeping their powder dry.

WE sometimes forget that there were more men killed on the Union side alone at the battle of Gettysburg than were killed, wounded and captured in both the British and the Amer ican armsie, exclusive of Yorktown, in the whole Revolutionary war.

ONE of the queerest things about human nature is the passion some people have for organizing societies. With them organization is not a means but an end. They enjoy organizing societies, whether there is anything for them to do or not, and whether they are a help or a hinder-

AMERICA is rapidly becoming a nation of knights. Even now you couldn't throw a stone without hitting a Knight of Labor, or a Knight of Pythias, or a Knight of Honor, or a Knight of the Golden Eagle, or a Knight Templar, or a Knight of the Silver Horn, or a dozen or so of other varieties of knights.

THE old weights and measures of ounces and pounds and inches and yards ought to be made to join the antique pounds, shillings and pence tables, so many years ago driven out of American reckoning. In South America the metric system is universal and it is quite general in Europe. It ought to be the only system of measurement known in this country.

WHENEVER the people cannot secure men of patriotism and ability in their legislatures without paying salaries that suggest monarchical tdeas of living and gentility, the republican idea can no longer be said to be in the have to be put out again. The in ascendant. Greater salaries for state witness, that's what's lacking. legislators are not needed so much as can no longer be said to be in the legislators are not needed so much as greater care and interest on the part of the people in selecting their law-

Most great new productions, discoveries and inventions in art commerce and industry have been rejected at first by the experts. Experts must be guided by well established rules. They must in the course of their avocation reject thousands of crude and worthless innovations and must hold back their patronage from ideas which have already been carried out by men with standard reputations. As much genius is required to analyze, weigh and make a place for a new work of any kind as to construct it.

LABOR organizations should beware of the Socialist. He watches carefully for any measure the adoption of which would make the working man better off and therefore more contented with his lot in life. His object is to make the working man discontented. To make the wage-earner's life almost unbearable is his aim. A workingman, earning good wages, living in his own house adding weekly to the savings bank account and rearing a family so that its members will have a fairer start in life than he had, is a sight that fills the Socialist with contempt

ALL men engaged in a business or profession are dependent in greater or less degress upon advertisment, no matter what form it takes. . The public is able to discern whether or not the advertisement is meretricious. The doctor who throws out his sign advertises to that extent. So does the lawyer. Each is glad of mention in the the press calculated to advance his employment or to conduce hitherto. One must make a stir in the world or go to the wall. If he has pots or kettles or professional service to sell the fact must be made known in some way The means ought to be a matter of individual judgement or preference.

# THE LIEUTENANT.

"It took a lot of saving. It's given me

aith for these fellows."

He waved his hand toward the row He waved his hand toward the row of sleeping men; and the lieutenant followed his glance. They were standing in the "dossing-room" of one of the Salvation Army shelters, where supper, bed, and breakfast could be obtained at the reasonable charge of 4d, and it was not so much the faces before him haggard and unkempt dd, and it was not so much the faces before him, haggard and unkempt often, but clean, and softened by sleep, that impressed on the captain the need of salvation for "these fellows," as his recollection of them two hours before hungry, clamorous, and unwashed. Slumbering in the long, narrow, enshiened boxes, with the uniform brown hides thrown over them, they looked picturesque, and even oddly peaceful, now.

"I daresay there's not one of them," said the captain, always in an undertone, "that the Lord would have as much difficulty with as he had with me. Why, when I was a tiny lad and my brother and I had apples given us I used always to take the little apple purely for the sake of making them thick I was unsolfish. They pointed

purely for the sake of making them think I was unselfish. They pointed think I was unselfish. They pointed me out as an example, and there I was swelling with pride. Always pondering on how to cut a good moral figure I was. Just give me a character for self-sacrifice and wild horses wouldn't drag it from me. That's the worst kind of a fellow to save, and he was twelve years about it; and sometimes I doubt if it is finished yet. I've hung on to acts of self-denial till I've compelled others to act selfishly. 'Tis a en to acts of seif-denial till I've com-pelled others to act selfishly. 'Tis a terrible temptation that. Why, it's better to do wrong and have done with it than be always hankering after your own salvation. Brother Judd was in the right—you remember Brother Judd —when he said in compressions. It —when he said in camp-meeting: 'If
I've lost my soul I'll go and save some
other fellow's.' And maybe some of
these chaps are capable of a fine act,
without so much as thinking about it,
without so much as thinking about it. that I would go and do with, any of them; but then, all the way there and back I'd have a voice on one side of me saying, 'Now, Brooke, give God all the glory,' and another voice the other, 'Yes, yes, Brooke, but save yourself a little bit out.' The complexity of my motives is a great stumbling-block to me at times. I've had to give up and say: 'Lord, here's the act, and why I've done it I don't know; but thou knowest, and, whatever becomes of my that I would go and do with, any of knowest, and, whatever becomes of my motives, I'd like thee to use it for thy

peace, brother." "Aye," said the lieutenant, nodding soberly. He was a man of fewer and slower words than the captain, with a peculiarly gentle and kind face.
"I don't believe you were ever tempted in that way, brother," said the cap-tain, looking at him admiringly. You

service.' That's the only source of

"Too near the Lord," he was going to say; but something in the other's un-

conscious face arrested him.
"Why, yes," said the lieutenant, slowly. I've been tempted to take the slowly. I've been tempted to take the glory—frequently. But I'd sooner the Lord had it, arter all, for the world knoweth him not.

"There's some of these," tinued after a pause, "as I believe literally knows their bibles by 'art, and ret they'll come in reeling drunk and The inward

The captain nodded.
"He's a barrister," said the lieutenant, very low. Said he was making his fortune at the bar, when the temptation to drink overcame him. Said was too late to begin afresh. I said it was never too late to begin afresh in the strength of God; but I think maybe he's a bit of the pride of intellect. The plan of salvation, that's too sim-

"So 'twas for me," said the captain

crisply. It took me twelve years. I sympathize with that fellow." A sudden laugh in the room, that was stifled quickly, started them both. Could it have come from the barrister? They glanced at him sharply; but to all appearance the barrister, with his uncut, rumpled hair falling about his forehead, was as fast asleep as the rest. Nevertheless they had their suspicions. "It's time to turn in," said the cap-tain gravely. "Good night, lieuten-

The next morning, while the barrister was eating his bread and drinking his coffee with a leisurely air, the lieutenant observed him, and came to lieutenant observed nin, and they they the conclusion that most likely they their conjecture. The the conclusion that most likely they were right in their conjecture. The barrister would have been handsome, with his curly fair hair and good-natured gray eyes, if he had not looked so dissipated. Certainly he had the manners of a gentleman, and, ragged and unkempt, he left the shelter that morning with a nod and careless greeting to the lieutenant that seemed appropriate to some fashionable hotel. The lieutenant looked after him, laying mental snares for the saving of his soul.

"Looks a regular West end swell.
don't he?" he said, turning to the captain with his gentle laugh. The captain was not in charge of the shelter, but his room was close by, and, as of late his brother officers had been somewhat anxious about the lieutenant's physical as distinct from his spiritual welfare, the captain found time to run in and look after him morning, noon, and night, in the midst of his own crowded days.

"There's many," said the captain, "in silks and satius who are in far worse case. This poor chap's sin has taken the only form they understand—that of losing his money; and they all turn their backs upon him. That's the

way of the world, but not the way of the army, praise the Lord! Have you spoken to him about his soul again, brother?"

brother?"

"Well, no," said the lieutenant apologetically. "It struck me he was one of those we must catch with guile. Maybe you'll have a word with him tonight if he comes again."

"I will," said the captain.

But it was many nights before Alymer—it was the barrister's true name—came again; and when he came he was distinctly more ragged and disreputable. But he came early, and captain and lieutenant had the opportunity they wished for.
"Brother," said the captain mildly,

but firmly; 'you don't look as if your present plan of life suited you. Hadn't you better try the Lord's plan?" "Really," said Amyler courteously,

sitting down on one of the boxes not yet turned into a bed, "I haven't the remotest idea." "Will you hear it?" said the captain,

"Will you near it" said the captain, taking out his little bible.
"If you'll enguse me," said Alymer hastily, "I would much rather not."
"Brother," said the captain, "you've "Brother," said the captain, "you've sought happiness in worldly pleasures and not found it, and you think the search is hopeless. I'm not going to preach to you against your will, but you may find true happiness yet; for I've found it, and it took me twelve years."

"Thanks," said Aylmer. "But daresay it isn't of much consequence." he added lightly, "whether I find it or not.

returned the captain decidedly and promptly; and the lieutenant's slow, gentle voice echoed: "Brother, there's a great hereafter."

Aylmer looked at them both and sud-

"There's a great hereafter, brother,"

denly broke into a laugh.
"I hope there is," he said. "The present doesn't amount to much." "Are you prepared to meet it brother?" persisted the captain.

"Yes," returned Aylmer, with sudden sharpness. "I'm prepared to meet anything but life. Now are you satis-"No," said the captain. "Far from

it. But I've said my say, brother, and I'll leave you in peace, if peace you call

He turned to a new-comer, but the lieutenant lingered. "Maybe," he said, deprecatingly "you'd like a smoke. We've smoking

in a downstairs room I'll show you And I'm no smoker myself, but got a bit of bacca handy, if you'll make free with it."

You keep tobacco for the benefit of the dossers," said Aylmer, curiously. That is very good-natured of you." The lieutenant looked half-embar rassed, and Aylmer felt that he had

used a wrong adjective.
"It isn't in the fourpence," he said,

"Why, no," said the lieutenant, with an answering smile, "maybe not."
"Then I'll have a smoke gladly,"
said Aylmer, "and many thanks. You
look as if you knew what it is to be

hard up. "Bless you?" said the lieutenant 'ard up all my life. 'Comes

more natural to me than it does to you You don't deserve it, however," said

Aylmer involuntarily, "as I do."
"I think, maybe, replied the lieutenant mildly, "there's not much difference between men's deservings if it isn't for the grace of God. But that's the forbidden subject, isn't it. And now if you'll allow me I'll show you the

smoking-room." What was it in Aylmer that won on the lieutenant, till he said in a puzzled way, and disregarding all circum-stantial evidence, that Aylmer was not far from the kingdom? He did not know, any more than Aylmer knew, why the lieutenant won on him; yet in their sentences the same thought passed through the mind of each:

"He's such a gentleman."
"Does it matter," said Aylmer the
next morning, "if I come again to-

night?"
"You'll be very welcome," said the lieutenant, with quite sincerity. "Good

morning, brother. God bless you!"
With which unusual benediction ringing in his ears Aylmer went into the city, a very briefless barrister. But at night, having somehow amazond fourpence and no more, he returned, and was received by the lieutenant with a cordial grasp of the hand and look of welcome, and wondered how long since it was any one had shaken hands with him like that. For several nights more ha came, always reading nights more he came, always reading nights more he came, always reading his own especial greeting in the lieutenant's face. Then again there was a break, and the lieutenant looked for him vainly, and somehow missed him. He was different from the rest.

At last one night, later than usual, the well-known figure entered. Aylmer had ascended the stairs quietly and steadily; nevertheless the lieutenant, who was accustomed to this maneuver

who was accustomed to this maneuver on the part of drunken men, gave him a doubtful glance before his cordial "Good-night, brother."

"I'm not your brother!" said Aylmer, thickly, and with a savage oath.

A tunult arose among the dossers, who many of them had known the lieutenant long, and in their wild way

loved him.

"He's half-seas over. Turn him out, lieutenant; we'll give you a hand."

Half a dozen strong fellows rose at once, but the lieutenant waved them

back.

"You're not yourself to-night," he said to Aylmer, soothingly. "Sit down a bit."

What Aylmer's disordered brain made of the kindly invitation there is no knowing; but what he did was this: Without a second's warning he knocked

the lieutenant down. Then, partially the lieutenant down. Then, partially sobered already he turned on his heel.

He had the advantage of the other dossers in being close to the door, and he passed through swiftly. But a savage howl rose, and a dozen of them were after him. There was only one voice that could possibly stop them, and that voice they heard. The lieutenant was staggering to his feet and stood between them and the door.

"Wait a bit, boys," he said, in his gentle, deprecating voice. "You've some of you heen the worse for drink.

gentle, deprecating voice. "You've some of you been the worse for drink,

as he was. 'Tis my quarrel.'

"Take my place, brother," he added
anxiously to a sub-officer who entered
just then, bewildered at Aylmer's sudden exit, and he was gone. Quite oblivious to the fact that his face was cut and bleeding, he ran down the dusky stairs and into the street. There, just turning a corner, was Alymer's re-treating figure. What direction was he going in with such quick and steady steps? The lieutenant breathed a prayer and hurried after him. Par-tially sobered by seeing the lieutenant, one of the best fellows he had ever known, lying at his feet, the cool night air did the rest for Aylmer, who, in one of the moments of vivid awakening men have, suddenly knew or thought he knew, what he really wanted. A sense of freedom, almost joy, woke in him at the thought that he could fling away a life so utterly worthless, us he would have flung away some, baneful thing. It seemed no wrong he was about to do; the thought that it was cowardly to die was obliterated for him by the thought that it was cowardly to live—like this. Words were surging in his mind over and over: "And in the great flood wash away

my sin."
He was aware that he meant to do

He was aware that he meant to do something that would change all, and only feared the failure of his courage.

'O God! let me go through with it," he prayed. And so he came to the bridge moderating his pace for fear of attracting suppliers and contained. attracting suspicion, and, entering one of the lonely recesses, paused an instant, looking over, and heard the water plashing underneath. But he dared not stay to listen. He sprang upon the stone bench, was springing on it—was over—no, some one caught him back. Two arms had grasped him, and presently he was standing on the ground again confronting his de-liverer, and hearing the tide, to which all this mattered nothing, plashing quietly

A spectral-looking figure it was that stood before him, with streaks of blood on its face, which otherwise was a queer ashy-white to the very lips. Then Aylmer realized that it was the lieu-tenant come to look after him. And he also realized, as perhaps no one hither-to had done sufficiently, that it was time for some one to look after the lieu-

tenant. He sprang up.
One apprehensive hand the lieutenone apprenensive and the fleutenant held out, but Aylmer stopped him.
"I'm not going to do it again," he said decidedly. "you're ill; take my arm. I'll get you—oh, hang it! you won't take braudy."
"I've been like it before," grasped

the lieutenant feebly, but Aymler led him, by very slow steps, into the near-est shop, whose owner, fortunately. was a good, buxom woman, who, like every one else, knew the lieutenant.
"Bless us," she said, "he do look

ille "Tell me where the nearest doctor is," said Aylmer, impatiently.
"Just a street off—why Polly! Polly!
show him, child—Dr. Morris; never

They were back in ten minutes—Polly, Aylmer, and the doctor, a man with a shrewd, pleasant face, who with a shrewd, pleasant acc, which is stepped up quietly to the lieutenant's sofa, as if, without seeing him, he knew all about it. The lieutenant looked up and, seeing Aylmer, smiled

faintly. "Well, my man," said the doctor, scribbling something on a piece of paper as he spoke. "You army fel-lows overdo it you know. Here, my

He handed the paper to Polly. "Take it to the nearest chemist," said, "and come straight back with

what he gives you.
"You overdo it," he repeated, turning to the lieutenant again. "How do you feel now?

"I'm at peace," said the lieutenant. "Bless his name!" "Bless his name!"
"At peace? Oh!" said the doctor.
"Well, I dare say you are—but
physicially, you know—that's my
matter. You haven't felt quite strong.

matter. You haven't felt quite strong.
have you, for some time?"
"Tve thought—" said the licutenant, with that queer gasp that Aylmer had noted before.
"Don't go on when you feel like that." said the doctor hastily. "Take your time, man; I've plenty. We'll wait a bit."
The licutenant smiled gratefully

The lieutenant smiled gratefully and paused. When he next spoke his voice was very faint, nor did he trouble to reiterate his former words, but went "As there might be suthing wrong

"As there might be standy was about my 'art."

"Ah," said the doctor quietly. "How long have you felt like that? No hurry, man, no hurry,—here's the medicine."

He undid a small tin that Polly had the mith doft hands, and gave a

brought, with deft hands, and gave a spoonful of the contents to the lieu-

spoonful of the contents to the field tenant.

"Nothing intoxicating," he said cheerily; "I saw your blue ribbon. How long did you say?"

"I can't tell exactly," replied the lieutenant. "May be three years—may be four."

"Ah," said the doctor. "Let's feel your pulse."

"He sat down by the couch and took the patient's hand in his. The lieu-

tenant's pulse was throbbing very quickly, very faintly, and had a way of missing beats without giving notice. and flickering, like a lamp that is going

"I think," said the doctor presently,

"That he shall," said the buxom thop-keeper. "He's welcome as daylight to all I have, and I wish it was as

"They'll be wondering what's become of me," said the lieutenant grate-

fully. "Your friends here will take them word," replied the doctor. "I really think you'd better not try."

"You mean I'm dying, sir, don't you?" said the lleutenant simply. There was such a complete absence of fear in his face that the doctor only said

gravely: There was a pause, and then Aylmer, looking down, saw the lieutenant's eyes fixed on him with a look of passionate entreaty. He stooped and whispered something in his ear. No one heard what it was but the dwing man's face. what it was, but the dying man's face grew peaceful. He lay silent for a time and then the doctor, bending down, saw that the lieutenant was pro--May Kendall in Longman's moted.

Magazine. DOMINIE WAS FORGETFUL.

Ludicrous Scene at a Marriage Ceremony Where the Ring Was Lost.

A South Boston pastor narrated the following incident which came under his observation in St. John, N. B., to a reporter of the Boston Herald. Two people in middle life sought out an aged and well-known clergyman to tie the connubial knot. His advanced years had brought him a teacherous memory, and, with this uncertain quantity to deal with, he began the ceremony. There were luckily no witnesses to the amusing scene but the deal with the series and deals to the amusing scene but the deals to the amusing scene but the deals to the amusing scene but the series and deals to the amusing scene but the series and the series are the series are the series and the series are the clergyman's daughter-in-law

grandson. The preliminaries over, the ring was asked for. The groom was exceedingly nervous and could not find it. He searched in all his pockets, shook his sleeve, ran his hand down the side of his right leg in fear of a hole in his next looks pocket, felt of his sock, and pantaloons pocket, felt of his sock, and repeated the process, increasing in nervousness as he certainly did in blushes and awkwardness. Finally, hervousness as he certainly did in blushes and awkwardness. Finally, the old gentleman sat down, while both witnesses assisted the partially married couple to find the missing symbol of their union. Down on their knees they got, and turned up the corner of the rug, and peered under the sofa, and altogother made a most ludicrous sight.

ludicrous sight.

Meantime the clergyman's mnemonic faculty failed him. He forgot where he was, and could not be made to understand the mission of the strange lady and gentleman. It ought to be added that he was also very deaf. Fearadded that he was also very dear. Fearing complications, his daughter-in-law sent the grandson for the regular minister of the parish. At last the ring was found in an obscure corner, whether it had rolled, and the parties to the suspended contract tried to look re-

the suspended contract tried to look resigned under the aggravating circumstances. The ministerial gentleman waked out of his reverie and said to the lady of the house:
"Who is this couple?"

The answer was almost a shout, after which he, subsided a moment and then

"How long have you been married?" They really didn't know how much they were married, but stammered out a reply that was completely lost on him, for in a minute or so more he capped the conversation by saying:

"How many children have you got?"
That was too much, and would have convulsed the suffering victims had not the regular minister arrived and completed the service.

Owls Are Better than Cats. The barn owl, when she has young, brings to her nest a mouse about every twelve minutes, and, as she is actively employed both at evening and at dawn, and as male and female hunt, forty and as male and female hunt, forty mice a day is the lowest computation we can make. How soft is the plumage of the owl, and how noiseless her flight! Watch her as she floats past the ivy tod, down by the ricks, and silently over the old wood; then away over the meadows, through the open door, and out of the loophole of the barn, round the lichened tower, and along the course of the brook. Presently she returns to her four downy young with a mouse in one claw and a vole in the other, soon to be ripped up, torn, and eaten by the greedy, snapping imps. The young and eggs are found in the same nest, If you would see the midday siesta of these birds, climb up some haymow. There in an angle of the beam you will see their owlships snoring and blinking wide their great round eyes, there duet is the most unearthly, ridiculous, grave noise conceivable, like nothing else you ever heard. Here they will stay all day, digesting the mice with which they have gorged themselves, until twilight, when they again issue forth upon their madeap revels. This clever mouser, then, has a strong claim to our protection; so let not idle superstition mice a day is the lowest computation mouser, then, has a strong claim to our protection; so let not idle superstition further its destruction.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Blood Manure for Roses.

English rose-growers are using blood manure for their vines with much success, it is said. They take sixteen pounds of blood and as soon as it begins to putrify pour into it four ounces of muriatic acid and four ounces of proto-sulphate of iron, previously mixed, which turns the blood into a dark dry powder that will keep for length of time. A half pound of this mixed with the soil over the roots of each rose-bush.

An Old-Time Romance.

that here in this venerable oak tree's shade by grandmother's mother sat one day a solemn state and in stiff brocade, Awatting her lover, a knight they say, lown yonder billside with fiashing spur He came like a vision o'er field and fen, an his satin breeches and gold-laced coat, And a queer old dresser he must have been.

I do not think I could have fancied him so,
In his wedding plumes and his bonnet gay—
And Mistress Lucy, if she could know,
Would smile in disdain at my choice to-day.
By his side, o'er the stairway her picture hangs,
A dainty lady, so proud and prim,
That more than half my wayward blood
It is very plain must have come from him.

Here is a letter a century old;
For true knightly sentiment very well,
And a dashing hand, but it must be told
That my charming great grandpapa could not
spell:
"Honored madam and deer, though mine eyes
bereft
May not dwell on thy form and face so fair,
Still the promise of hope to my poor heart is
left. "And at dawning of eye I aspire to be there."

I should like to know if at eve he came—
Why, of course he did, for am I not here?
Proudly bearing his ancient name
With a wicked laugh at his spell of "dear."
And if on that sofa they sat asunder
Fully two feet, as was proper and right,
Could he ever manage to give her, I wonder,
Half such a kiss as I had last night?

Ah, Lucy, though minuet and spinet,
And courtly manners in grand array,
Tell on, old story, there's something in it
That reaches the heart just the same to-day.
And I wonder when my little day is over,
And my grandchildren flit 'neath this old
tree's shade.
If they il say; "She had just such a noble
lover.

lover,
And as true and tender a wife she made."
—Indianapolis Journal.

### MISUNDERSTOOD.

At the breakfast-table that morning Frank Hatfield's wife, one of the dear-est and most winning of women in the world, had said to him:

world, had said to him:

"Have you heard from brother Walter yet?"

"No, Mabel; not time yet. You know he only left the day before yesterday. We will get a letter to-morrow, maybe."

"Do you know, Frank, I am almost wild with curiosity to see his wife? Such an odd notion of theirs, to put off their wedding-trip for three months after they were married!"

"Wanted to make it in pleasant watter Leypness" said Frank

weather, I suppose," said Frank.
"Anyhow, they'll be here in ten days;

as soon as his business is arranged," and Mabel Hatfield's almost girlish face beamed with delight at the thought for she almost idolised her "brother

Such had been in part, the talk of the breakfast-table, and there had not been in all the city a sunnier face than that with which Frank Hatfield had said good-bye to his dear little wife and rosy-faced baby boy; but now, half an hour later, he sat in his downtown office scowling at a bit of crum-pled paper on the table before him with an expression of countenance which might fairly be thought to in-

which might tarry be thought to include doubts of his own sanity.

"Oak Street House!" he exclaimed.

"What, in — Well, I might as well go there."

And so he did, with barely enough

presence of mind to put his hat on be-fore he started. A brief parley with the officials in blue, and Frank Hatfield was admitted to a dingy and dimlylighted cell. "Frank—

"Good Heavens! You here." "Hush! Not a word. I gave my name as Harry Taylor, and it's gone into the reports that way,"

"But how did it happen?"
"I can't tell, Frank. I only know
they found the pocket-book in my
pocket, and I was ac downton. pocket, and I was so dumbfounded I could not say a word."

'The pocket-book!" "Yes, it was at the railway-station. I had just checked my trunks when they began to make an outcry, and that's about all I know about it until I

was nabbed and searched."
"But Florence?" said Frank. "I wrote to her that I was detained in town on important business. Then I gave your name as my counsel, and sent for you."

"I didn't get your note till this morn "Some mistake or other. But here I am, trapped, and what to do I do

not know "Oh, I can get you off easy enough;

"Oh, I can get you off easy enough; it's an old game of the pickpockets. All I have got to do is to prove who you are," said Frank.
"But I don't want to prove who I am; it would half kill Mabel, and just

about murder Florence. You don't know how sensitive she is. No; I must be got off and acquitted as Harry Taylor or I'll never get over it. Now, Frank, old fellow, promise not to let my name out to anybody, least of all to Mabel. Florence's letters will come in your care as usual; and I can send a letter to Mabel dated from home, you know, as if it were enclosed to you."

"You must take the responsibility of

all this deception then," said Frank; and after a great deal of hesitation the young lawyer allowed himself to be overpowered into giving the required promise, but left the station-house and returned to his office a troubled and anxious-hearted man.

anxious-hearted man.

And so it was when Frank Hatfield went home that evening and silently handed Mabel an unposted missive, over which her blue eyes glintened and which made her kiss the baby twice, he did so with a flush on his cheek and a cloud on his brow which never left him the whole evening.

a cloud on his brow which never left him the whole evening.

Of course Frank kept his promise of secrecy, but at the expense of a red face and a flustered manner. He was not half sure that his conscience had not caught him in several pretty equivocations or well-defined fibs. More than that, Mabel was quite well aware that she had not penetrated her hus-

hand's secret, and she was not only a band's secret, and she was not only a true daughter of Eve as to curiosity, but as self-willed and imperious a little body as she was loving, with a good deal of that peculiar element of char-acter out of which jealousy is manu-factured under favorable circumstances; factured under favorable circumstances; and so, though at first she tried not to show it, Mabel was more than a little offended, and Frank, poor fellow! could not help seeing and feeling it.

And thus the next day passed and the next, and affairs down town looked

worse and worse, and affairs at home grew cloudier at a rate Frank Hatfield would hardly have thought possible. So much for keeping a secret from his

her irritated mood, Mabel's thoughts naturally turned to her brother, and so one day she sat down and wrote to him a letter in which she said a great many things that were only intended for his own eyes. Perhaps no harm would have come from it if Mabel had not posted the letter with her own hands without saying a word to her husband, and that, more by accident than anything else, it was opened and read by a young married lady in one of the large towns on the following day. thoughts naturally turned to her broth-

day. \* \* \* It was not the same cell that Frank Hatfield had looked into before, and it was nearly a week later. The prisoner was hearry a week later. The prisoner was the same, however, and with all his confinement he was hardly as pale as his worried-looking visitor.

"It's all up, Harry. Florence is

Florence! How do you know?" "Read the telegram. Got to meet her at the station this afternoon." "Oh, Frank, my boy, what is to be done?"

"She must know." "And Mabel?"

·We'll see about that. Don't see what I can do but invite her to the

And Frank Hatfield looked more

And Frank Hatheld looked more like a baited wild animal than ever as he flung himself out of the cell.

Frank did not 'go home to dinner that day, or he might have discovered that nurse had been left alone with the baby, and his wife had "gone out," no proclam whither Sain uncomfartable one knew whither. So, in uncomfortable ignorance of the dangers that beset him, he went to the railway-station that afternoon and waited for a lady who should resemble as nearly as possible the miniature likeness which had been shown him, and he found her very readily. There was no chance of mistaking the striking, nervous-looking beauty, and, in fact, as he advanced to meet her the trembling lips parted slightly, just enough to say:

"Frank Hatfield?"

"Trank Hatfield?"

"And you are Florence?"

"Oh, Frank, where is my husband?

Why is he not here?"

"He is safe and well, I assure you, and you shall soon see him."

and you shall soon see him."
"But I don't understand. Why is all this mystery and deception?"
"I can't explain here," said Frank, "but if you will get into a carriage I will tell you as we go."
And Frank was determined to keep

his word, though he had almost as soon have been convicted of burglary. He was not aware of all his trouble, however. He had not noticed the veiled form that had followed him into the station, nor had his excited and confused faculties taken any note of the fact that the same form sprang lightly into a cab which drove off rap idly after the carriage which contained him and Florence. When the latter was pulled up in front of an hotel the cab also stopped at a little distance, but the veiled lady did not get out. She leaned forward to the window, mutter-

ing:
"I knew there was something of the sort. Oh, Frank, Frank! How could

And then the driver of the cab re-ceived fresh orders, and drove rapidly

away.

Florence had only gone into the ho reference had only gone me due to the tel to gather her somewhat scattered senses after listening to the news imparted by Frank, and on the whole she had sustained the shock much better than he had expected. In a few moments—for, with all her nervousness, she was a brave and devoted wife—Florence declared herself ready.

"I must stop at my office for a mo-ment," said Frank. "Oh, but I am in such a hurry!" said

Florence But it is only to leave a law paper with my partner. He has been at court all day and I have not seen him."

Frank's office was in a very busy part of the city, and both he and Florence had their heads too full of exciting thoughts to notice any particular member of the hurrying throngs upon the pavement. Still, as the carriage pulled up at the curb, Frank remarked: 'Good! I won't have to go upstairs; there's my partner now. Brown! Eh,

The gentleman thus addressed had been standing on the edge of the pave-ment as if waiting for someone, and now came forward with a remarkable

beaming expression of countenance.

"Frank, my boy, it's all right."

"What's all right?"

"Why, that Harry Taylor case."

Frank Hatfield had to catch his breath for a moment, but stammered: "H—h—how?"

"Why, there was a whole batch sent

"Why, there was a whole back some potential the pocket of them confessed to putting the pocket-book in Harry's pocket."

"Well, what did you do?"

"Oh, the magistrate let him right out at once, and I've got him upstairs in

A gloved hand was on Frank's shoulder, and a trembling voice was trying to ask him:

'Frank. Frank, isn't that Walter."

"Yes, it's Walter," said Frank Hat-

"Yes, it's Waiter," said Frank Hat-field; but he was sorry enough the next minute as he sat in the corner of the carriage trying to recall the color to the white and beautiful face of Flor-ence, for she had fainted.

As for Brown, he had comprehended the situation well enough to dash up-stairs, and by the time Florence had recovered her senses she was in more tender hands than those of half-fright-

ened Frank Hatfield.

And now the carriage was being whirled away up town, for Frank was urged by something even stronger than hospitality in his eagerness to reach his clouded home. He could have no patience with either horse or driver, especially as Florence and Walter ened Frank Hatfield. looked so provokingly loving and hap-

Home was reached at last, however and the somewhat irate driver reined in his smoking horse in front of the house. Frank sprang to the ground, and never dreamed of aiding Walter; but Florence by this time was well able to help herself.

It was not very late when they en-tered the house, and Frank's latchkey dispensed with bell-ringing and serv-

ants.

"Wait a moment in the parlor," said Frank, "while I call Mabel."

And so saying, but with a big weight upon his heart, Frank pushed onward toward the sitting-room. As he threw open the door before him, however, he was suddenly confronted by a lady in was suddenly confronted by a lady in full traveling costume, and a glance beyond showed him a marvelous dis-

beyond showed him a marvelous disarray of trunks and traveling-bags.

"Mabel, my dear—"

A gloved hand held out to him a small white envelope, while a husky and trembling voice said

"Good-bye, Frank."

"Mabel—"

'Isn't that Walter's voice? Walter, are you here?"
"Yes, Mabel; here I am safe and sound."

"Oh, Walter take me away-take me home to mother's."
"But Mabel, what is the matter?

Frank has been just the best old fel-"Walter, there she is; I saw her at the railway-station-the very same wo-

man; and now he's brought her here! Walter, what does it mean?" "Mean! Why, Mabel—come, Florence—Mabel, this is my wife, your sister, Florence. I've been in trouble, and Frank has helped me through, like a trump that he is; and you are mad, when you have got the best fellow in

the world for a hus Mabel gave one look at her brother, another into the wistful face of her new sister; but she caught a glance of the keen suffering in the trembling lips of her husband, and with, "Oh, Frank, forgive me; I have been so foolish!"

#### Frank Hatfield's worry was over. A Christian Bandit.

The bandits of Greece who furnished Edmond About with the romantic ma-terial for "The King of the Mountains," terial for "The King of the Mountains," thirty years ago, still hold almost undisputed sway in certain parts of the peninsula. In the Peloponnesus the family of Lyngos has had a virtual monopoly in robbery for decades. The original leader, who lost his life in 1870, was one of the most popular men of his day. His name still lives in numerous foll-soons which praise him of his day. Als halve still lives in the mumerous folk-song which praise him as a genuine hero, and recount his deeds in the most extravagant and flattering language. Chief Lyngos preferred to capture his victims on Sundays in the neighborhood of the village through the property of the churches. Being a good and pious "Christian," he was thus enabled to "kiss the cross before making his ar-rests and thus hallow his actions." His brothers, who lived in Epirus, remained true to the family traditions. They were finally captured, however, and to-gether with forty accomplices behead-ed. Chief Lyngos himself was killed finally by his nephew, who gained a reputation for daring bravery in the Peloponnesus almost equal to that of his far-famed uncle. He was captured, however, a few days ago, and now awaits his fate behind the prison bars of one of the villages which he had often pillaged in days gone by.-London

# How to Sow Flower Seeds.

This is one way to sow seeds success fully: Boxes two or three inches deep are filled with garden loam, a little sand passed through a coarse sieve (a bit of wire netting will answer) to take out stones and all coarse pieces of soil. It should be fine and soft. Fill the boxes should be fine and soft. Fill the boxes within half an inch, take a smooth piece of board and press the soil down hard and smooth. If dry, water and allow it to soak away before sowing. Sprinkle the seeds on evenly. Seeds the size of aster, verbena, stocks, cover by sprinkling on the fine soil, just to cover them out of sight. Seeds like petunia do not cover, but lay a pane of glass over to keep in the moisture. Place the boxes in the kitchen window, or where they will be kept warm. If the soil gets dry it should be watered with a fine sprinkler. After the seeds are up they need watching. If they dry up once they are gone. If the sun shines on them too hot they wither away. After they put out three pairs away. After they put out three pairs of leaves they should be separated and put into other boxes about an inch apart. After transplanting they must be shaded from the hot sun until they take hold of the soil.—Good Housekeep-

The latest figures set down the population of Berlin at 1,178,853, and of Vienna at 1,110,764, a steady advance being made by both capitals through additions from small towns throughout the two empires.

ONE OF SOTHERN'S SELLS.

Inviting an Englishman Into America Bohemian Life.

In a memoir recently published in London of the late E. A. Sothern, sev-eral instances of the actor's fondness for practical jokes are given. The fol-lowing, though current some years age, is good enough to stand repeti-

It was with Miss Neilson's husband, Mr. Philip Lee, for a victim that he perpetrated that which was probably the most extensive (and expensive) of all his extravagantly conceived and carefully carried out "sells." Unfor-tunately for Mr. Lee he expressed, on the occasion of his first visit to New York, and in Sothern's presence, doubts as to the existence of that wild and delightful American Bohemian life of which he had heard. Sothern told him that his letters of introduction were all to the wrong people, but that if he liked he could introduce him to the right set and Mr. Lee, having expressed his gratitude, a supper party was arrang-ed. Covers were laid for twelve, Sothern ed. Covers were tail for twelve, sometime presiding and Mr. Lee, as the guest of the evening, sitting on his right hand. Previously, it should be stated, he had been introduced by his host and Mr. W. J. Florence (also an inveterate joker, and, of course, in the secret) to the other (coursed) notabilities, who gathered around the sumptuously spread board. For a time all went well, but while the soup was being served one well-known man was seen to take from under his coat a battle-ax, and another celebrity drew from be-neath his collar a dirk knife with a blade over a foot long, which he grave-ly unclasped and placed beside his plate. Then another took a "six-shooter" from his pocket, while his neighbor drew a scythe and a police-man's staff from under the table, and laid them in the middle of the board.

"For heaven's sake," whispered the astonished Mr. Lee into Sothern's ear,

"what does this mean?"

"Keep quiet," replied Sothern, "it is just what I most feared. These gentlemen have been drinking and they have quarreled about afriend of theirs.

"Memory Lobson, quite an emily a second of theirs." have quarreled about a friend of theirs, a Mr. Weymyss Jobson, quite an eminent scholar and a very estimable gen tleman, but I hope, for our sakes, they will not attempt to settle their quarrel here. It is dreadful, but I hope, dear boy, that they will go away quietly and have no row. It is a fashion they have here to settle their disputes at a table, or wherever they meet. All we can do now is to await events."

"But there will be murder here!" exclaimed Mr. Lee. "Can we not give warning to the police?"

warning to the police?"

"Impossible, my dear fellow," said Sothern, regretfully. "Were you even to be suspected by these men of any desire to leave the room you would be shot like a dog, and no satisfaction would ever be given your relatives in a court of justice. Such is the coun-

try."
"It is an infernal country, then,"

mutter the guest.
For a few moments all went well when suddenly a quarrel broke out at the end of the table and one of the party, springing to his feet, fiercely exclaimed:

"Whoever says that the 'History of the French Revolution,' written by my friend, David Weymyss Jobson, is not as good a book in every respect as that written by Tom Carlyle on the same subject is a liar and a thief, and if there is any fool present who desires to take it up I am his man."

every man grasped his weapon; shots were fired and the room was filled with smoke and uproar, several of the guests closed and struggled with each other, and one of the conspirators, thrusting a long knife in the amazed victim's now trembling hand, said:
"Defend yourself! This is butchery

-sheer butchery!" "Mr. Sothern sat quietly by and gave a his advice:

"Keep cool and don't get shot."

By this time the whole hotel was roused, and I fancy that the "joke" went further than Sothern in his wildest mood intended. His guests of evening were a troupe of knock-about negro minstrels who had been instruct-

# The Great Forests of Africa.

In Stanley's report to the British Government in regard to his expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha he speaks as follows of the discovery of an immense forest: "We can prove that east and north and northeast of the Congo there exists an immense area of about 250,000 square miles which is covered by one unbroken, compact, and veritable forest.

Through the core of this forest we traveled for thirteen months, and in its gloomy shades many scores of our dark followers perished. Our progress through the dense undergrowth of bush and ambitious young trees which grew beneath the impervious shades of the forest glants, and which was matted by arums, phrynia, and amoma, meshed by endless lines of calamus, and complicated by great cable-like convolvuli, was often only at the rate of 400 yards an hour. Through such obstructions as these we had to tunnel a way for the column to pass. The Amazon Yalley column to pass. The Amazon Valley cannot boast a more impervious or a cannot boast a more impervious of a more umbrageous forest, nor one which has more truly a tropical char-acter, than this vast Upper Congo for-est, nourished as it is by eleven months of tropical showers of tropical showers.

Tennyson still occasionally smokes the pipe, which has always been his favorite style of using the weed.

THE STORY OF A BELL-

The Origin and Vicissitudes of a Relie of a Bygone Period.

On top of the little hotel at Elmore. a small village north of Findlay, Ohio, is a bell with a peculiar and interesting history. It is the property of D. B. Day, the proprietor of the house, who takes pride in reciting the origin and subsequent tribulations of this relic of a brown resided La 1822 Lawrie 2015. a bygone period. In 1832, Jarvis Spafford built a tavern in Perrysburg, once the site of old Fort Meigs, of the war of 1812 fame. In those days a hotel was not complete without a bell swung on the top to call the guests to their meals. Bell foundries were not plenti-ful in those times, but after considerable inquiry Mr. Spafford heard of a man in Detroit who cast bells.

Detroit, then in the Territory of Michigan, was quite a remote point, as distance was then calculated, but Spafford had to have a bell, and he finally made his way thither to have it, cast. The bell man was found and the job undertaken, but when the foundry endeavored to make the cast, it was discovered that there was not enough metal for the purpose. Here was a dilemma, but Spafford was equal to the emergency. He threw thirty-six Span-ish dollars into the molten mass, and

the bell was cast. With his treasure, almost worth its weight in gold, Spafford returned to Perrysburg, and hung the bell up in a tree in his yard, so that it might be investigated by the curious. The Indians, who were then quite plentiful in and about Perrysburg, were caught by the novel attraction. They went crazy the novel attraction. They went crazy over the bell, and climbed the tree to

keep it ringing all the time.

At all hours of the day and night the bell was ringing until it became an intolerable nuisance, and Spafford had about concluded to take it down, when the Indians relieved him by stealing it

and carrying it away.

The act made Spafford furious, and he determined to recover the bell if it cost him his life. Securing the services of Sam Brady, an old scout who had killed a score or more of Indians, and Frank McCallister, the first white man who had settled at Perrysburg, they started toward Upper Sandusky. traveled three days and night, and on the morning of the fourth day, while they were eating their breakfast, they heard the bell in the distance. Hastily finishing their meal, they hurried in the direction whence the sound came, and soon beheld a sight that was laughable. The Indians had tied the bell around the neck of a pony, and the whole tribe, bucks, squaws, and youngsters, armed with hickory switches, were running the poor animal around an open space at the very top of its speed and yelling like demons, as an accompaniment to the furious ringing of the

Spafford and his companions made a charge on the crowd, and succeeded in driving the pony away from the village where they could secure the bell without trouble, which they did, and got safely home without being pursued or molested. The bell was taken back to Perrysburg, where it remained for many years, performing the mission for which it was cast. When Mr. Spaf-ford died, his daughter, now Mrs. Day, claimed the treasure, and it is still doing duty as a hotel bell on her husband's house in Elmore.—St. Louis

# The Star of Bethlehem.

Astronomical calculations show that ake it up I am his man."

We shall witness a most interesting phenomenon in the course of 1890. A sixth star will be added to the five fixed stars forming the constellation of Cassiopeia. If this star appears in 1890 it siopeia. If this star appears in 1890 it will have been seen seven times since the beginning of the Christian era. It has time by Tycho de was discovered last time by Tycho de Brahe in 1572, who described it as a star of extraordinary brightness, which outshone the stars of first magnitude, and could be seen in the light of day. But after three weeks the brightness faded, and, after baving been visible for seventeen months, it disappeared for seventeen months, it disappeared as suddenly as it had come. The star is on record in the annals of 1264 A. D., and of 945 A. D., during the Emperor Otto's reign. It has been supposed that this heavenly body is the identical Star of Bethlehem, and it seems to appear once in about 315 years. Now, if it be calculated backward from 945 that would make its appearance coincident with the date of the birth of Christ; and when the calculation is made from 945 forward, the star was due in 1260, 1575 and 1890. Dr. Palisa, of the Vienna Observatory, who has been questioned on the subject, says there are no proofs that the Tychonian star and the star of 945 are identical. There are many stars which return after a lapse of several years; but there is no authority for the certain return of a star not seen since 1572.

Signs of Approaching Death.

The eminent Dr. Chiappoli states that he has frequently noticed in patients, apparently very far from death, an extraordinary opening of the eyelids, so much so as to give the eyes an appearance of protruding from their orbits, which he considers an invariable sign that death will occur within ble sign that death will occur within twenty-four hours. In some cases, when only one eye is wide open while the other remains normal, death will not follow quite so rapidly, but will take place inside of seventy-two hours, there not being the slightest chance for recovery after these symptoms set in, however remote final dissolution may seem to be. Chiappoli says he is atterly at a loss for an explanation of this death symptom, but ascribes it to a disceased state of the sympathetic nerve.

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#### SATURDAY, JUNE!14

The Saswnee county delegation to Emporia expect to add Vance to the next congress.

Gov. Humphrey is fully and freely endorsed by the Farmers' alliance for having snubbed the resubmissionists.

Sixteen states now have school suf-frage for women. Kansas has munic-ipal suffrage. Wyoming is the first state whose daughters are politically

The Topeka Capital Company has been organized, Maj. Hudson taking in several of his employees. It is said that an evening edition is to be

Miss Lens Wilhelm of Winchester, who weighs only 52 lbs. is the smallest woman in Kansas. However the state has an abundance of well known politicians who are smaller.

District Judge Benson has decided that a Lawrence ordinance prehibit-ing the sale of cider by the glass is legal and valid. This is a severe blow at a highly moral people.

The Wichita News-Beacon annunces that George W. Glick is not a candidate for congress in the First district. But then the News-Beacon has nominated Glick for governor.

Alliance papers are starting up all over the state. The cause is found in the fact that the members of the farmers' alliance have generally with-drawn their support from country pa-pers that do not favor the alliance.

The Atchison Champion opposes Ingalls and does it with vigor. Jim Legate is also attacked by the Leavenworth Times, while Farmer Funs-ton has the cordial opposition of about half the republican press of the sec-

Several members of the democratic state central committee have express-ed themselves in favor of ex-Governor Charles Robinson for governor, claiming that he would prove acceptable to the resubmission republicans, the alliancers and the old greenbackers, as well as to the democrats.

There is no room for doubt that the course of the liquor-sellers in Iowa, Kansas and other states since the Supreme Court rendered its "orig inal package" decision has tended to help the cause of prohibition. As a matter of fact, the characteristic insolence of the saloon element always and everywhere tends to promote drastic temperance legislation.—
St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

According to the Atchison Cham pion's own explanation of the difficulty between itself and Senator Ingalls, one is compelled to decide that In-galls has the best of it. It is admitwas asked for Mrs. John A. Martin and that she did net get it. Now the Champion opposes Ingalls. About the only point of difference is whether the office was simply asked or demanded.

If Prof. Canfield is not fit to repre sent the farmers in Congress, as the Alliance Advocate seems to think, it would be interesting to know if the farmers think the Advocate folks their iarmers think the Advocate folks their fit representatives as publishers of their organ. Not one has given agricultural and economic questions anything like the study that Prof. Canfield has given to them. Not one is particularly interested in farm matters, and what is of more agreement. ters, and what is of more practical importance, not one is any more a newspaper man than he is a farmer. What such representation is really worth can probably better be told in a year than now.

If the Farmers' alliance endorses the Advocate's attack upon Prof. Canfield, it makes a very serious mistake. It is put forth that Canfield is the politicians' candidate. Now if there is anything that Prof. Canfield is not, he is not a pet of the politicians. The people wanted him to be chancellor of the University. The politicians opposed him, bitterly and meanly. The politicians won. If there is a man in Kansas in sympathy with the people it is Prof. Canfield. If it shall appear true that the alliance has no use for such men it cannot be long before it is demonstrated that the people have no use for the Alli-ance. It they do not want his sup-port they must not expect that of Chancellor Snow, not that of any independent thinker who is not an act-ual, practical farmer. If they expect to carry on the reform work without the aid of all except farmers, there can be nothing before them more certain than defeat, not even death. But such is not the purpose of the Alliance. The Advocate has simply made one of those blunders not uncommon with callow enthusiasm.

The last number of the Alliance Advocate has a very foolish article, with as much sarcasm as the writer was able to work in, against Prof. Cannield. The occasion that called it forth was a published statement that a certain alliance had resolved in favor of Prof. Canfield for Congress. Over this suggestion, however, the marginant. It or of Prof. Canfield for Congress.
Over this suggestion, however, the
Advocate makes sly merriment. It
thinks Canfield hardly farmer enough
to answer. He is a farmer of the
Rusk school. He might talk agriculture. He might tell something of
science in agriculture,—something of
political economy in its relation to
agriculture,—something of the history
of agriculture and its close alliance
with the growth of civilization. But
Canfield is not a farmer, so he is a fit agriculture,—something of the history of agriculture and its close alliance with the growth of civilization. But Canfield is not a farmer, so he is a fit subject for the Advocate's very weak and nonsensical sarcasm. He does not hold a plow nor ride a harvester, nor feed a threshing machine, Ergo he is a proper butt of ridicule for those who do. The editors of the Advocate are real farmers. One of Canfield is not a farmer, so he is a fit subject for the Advocate's very weak and nonsensical sarcasm. He does not hold a plow nor ride a harvester, Advocate are real farmers. One of them digs drains, shears sheep, plants potatoes, doses his sick hogs, wears blue jeans, and sweats under a straw hat as he rustles about the fields: Another one makes butter and cheese tends the hogs and chickens, sweats over the work in the garden and looks anxiously after the welfare of the hired men. So, too, the business men of the Advocate are horny handed men of toil. The summer sun beats down on their heads as they dig and delve in the dust and in the mire. They have a right to complain that Prof. Canfield is not so fit a represen-Prof. Canfield is not so fit a representative farmer as they are, each and every one. Of course they have; and the real farmers of Kansas, who do not want to be duped by politicians and schemers who are anxious to get positions and make a living without work,—the genuine farmers of Kansas we say, should allow for all the agricultural difference there is between Prof. Canfield and the weather better managers of the Adventer beaten managers of the Advocate.

Fourth of July Celebration. There will be a basket picnic held under the auspices of the Farmers' Alliance at Markam's Grove, 11-2 miles north-west of the Reform school
July 4. Lemonade and ice cream
furnished by the ladies. The Reform
School Brass Band will provide the
music. Speeches will be delivered
by Professor Larimer, County-Attorney Welch, and Mrs. Diggs of the
Advocate, and a speech from every
alliance north of the river in Shawnee
county will make this occasion one to county will make this occasion one to be long remembered. Come, one and

Leavenworth is to have a \$150,000 hotel

The democratic state convention will be held at Wichita, September 9. Fire destroyed the elevator at the Leavenworth coal mine, entailing a loss of \$10,000.

Frank Tucker of Coyville, committed suicide by taking laudanum. Financial trouble was the cause.

The books of the tressurer of Sumner county fail to balance in the sum of \$1,832.21 on the wrong side.

Prof. W A Quayle has been elected esident o Baldwin univ

to succeed Dr. Gobin, resigned. Chapman has closed its creamery A quarrel among the stockholders is

prime cause. A large block of Iola marble is being prepared for the Boston encamp-

Kansas was not lacking for memorial day poets. Nearly every place had its original poem.

Jim Hallowell has denounced Gov. Humphrey in his candidacy for congress. Humphrey now stands an excellent chance

Sidney A Wanseer, charged with embezzling funds while postmaster at Hoxie, has been arrested at East Fairfield, Vt.

The grand medical prize has been awarded by the university at Goettingen to Dr. D R Phillips, a medical student from Leavenworth.

It now turns out that Atchison county is not the only one in the state with a lady census enumerator, as Jackson and Dickinson counties have two each.

Atchison now presents a pair of anomalies in the shape of two girls who sing deliciously and play the banjo stunningly, yet cannot be induced to appear in any of the numerous amateur concerts.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surface of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

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

# Books and Magazines.

Captain W. T. Sampson, Superintendent of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, will contribute an article on that institution to the forth-coming number of Harper's Young People.

The June Domestic Monthly makes us realize that summer is here. All sorts of toilettes are described. The departments are full of hints. There are excellent stories and the publishers announce a trial subscription offer,—25c for 3 months and a coupon for 25c worth of Domestic paper patterns. 853 Broadway, New York

Garfield university is said to have had over 1,200 students this year.

The total assessed valuation of Kansas railroads this year is \$57,863,557

Noble Prentis declines to become the editor of the Atchison Champion. The Junction City Tribune nominates ex-Governor Harvey to succeed

Ingalls.
The Salina Republican regrets that the sunflower was not chosen as the national emblem.

The next republican congressional convention in Kansas will be held at

Emporia June 24.

The Emporia Republican asserts that Kansas has no beer glasses

Probably too slow a method.

The cornerstone of the new Catho lic college at Belleville was laid Sun-

day with much ceremony.

Franklin county boasts that it has
\$80,000 less of mortgage indebtedness
than it had two months ago.

The democrats of the Third congressional district will hold their con-

vention at Chanute September 27. The report comes that congress will not adjourn until October. A Kan-san does hate to give up a good situ-

There are 11,000,000 children in the

public schools of this country, the largesst proportion of which, according to the population, is furnished by the state of Kansas.

It was a happy thought on the part of the authorities to label the Lawrence marshal "Chief of Police." He might have been mistaken for a

Salvation Army soldier.

At a meeting of the county alliance at Medicine Lodge it was decided to support none but a farmer for the po-

sition of judge.

A syndicate of eastern capitalists has perfected arrangements to purchase the street car lines of Salina and Garfield Beach on Great Salt Lake, transform them into electric motor and rapid transit lines. Much property was also bought.

Roy Steck, of good family was ar-rested at Olathe, charged with having stolen a fine mare recently. Other arrests are promised.

A project is on foot to organize the children under the auspices of the Farmers' alliance. President Clover has appointed a committee for that

George Pette of Leavenworth, who was bitten by a rattle-snake recently, will recover

The Atchison Globe says that when Judge Foster wrs in Atchison he was a great fighter. This announcement will probably not have its intended effect on Major Hudson.

The Atchison Globe shows up the condition of society in that city by remarking that the clown will draw five times as many people as the evangelist.

The Salina Herald favors the idea of taxing "original package" house the same as was formerly done with

Judge Burris of Olathe was recently called upon to sentence an old friend to the penitentiary for forgery. The scene was very affecting.

The Fredonia cannery, having a capacity of 25,000 cans of tomatoes, 12,000 cans of peas, and 10,000 cans of corn, has commenced operations. Leavenworth is to have a pottery,

as a superior quality of clay has been found near the city.

The prohibitionists of Pittsburg have raised \$1,000 to prosecute the original package house and the joints of the town.

On application for writ of habeas corpus in the district court the bond of S W Miles, the slayer of Dr. Prichard at Coldwater, was reduced from

\$20,000 to \$7,000. At a Farmers' alliance picnic in Ellis county, petitions were circulated asking President Harrison to remove Webb McNall from the Kirwin land

office, as it was deemed unjust to be paying him \$10 a day to stump the district for congress.

# CENTRAL MILL

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Garfield Beach, on Great Salt Lake, Utah 18 miles from Salt Lake City, and reached only via the Union Pacific "The Over-

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This is the only real sand beach on
Great Sait Lake, and is one of the finest
bathing and pleasure resorts in the West.
Great Sait Lake is not a sullen, listless, Great Sait Lake is not a sulien. listless, sheet of water, beating idly on the shore, but on the contrary is as beautiful a sheet of water as can be found anywhere. It is 21 per cent sait, while the ocean is only 3 per cent, and the water is so bouyant that a person is sustained on its surface indefinitely without the least effort as her representations. face indefinitely without the least effort on his part. Experience has proven its great hygenic effects. Owing to the stimulating effect of the brine on the skin, or the saline air upon the lungs the appetite is stimulated, and after a bath, the bathers are ready for a hearty meal, and feel greatly invigorated.

Fine bath-houses, accommodating 400 people, have been erected at Garfield Beach, in connection with which there is a first-class restaurant and a large dance.

a first-class restaurant and a large danc-ing pavilion built out over the lake, all of these are run by the Union Pacific, who guarantee a first-class resort in every

The Union Pacific has made low rates of fare for those desiring to visit Salt Lake City and Garfield Beach.

For complete discription of Garfield Beach and Great Salt Lake, send to E L Lomax, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Omaha, for copies of "Sights and Scenes in Utah," or "A Glimpse of Great Salt Lake," or call on nearest agent.

nearest agent.

T J Overman of Oklahoma City, was knocked from a train on a curve in Wichita, and fell on some railroad iron. He is expected to die.

A voucher for \$15,974.90 has been issued to ex Gov Samuel J Crawford, state agent at Washington, as com-mission on extra school lands he had claimed from the government. In the United States circuit court

at Leavenworth Sergeant George Calnbrook, troop B, Seventh cavalry, was acquitted of the murder of Pri-vate Patten of his troop last April.

At the last term of the district court of Ford county Theodore Pfeiffer was convicted of arson and sentenced to twelve years. He subsequently escaped from jail and the governor offered \$250 for his capture.

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We, who are always grateful to our benefactors, honor the inventor of the art of silk culture with a real perpetual cult. Beside the temples which we have erected in all the corners of the empire, her majesty the empress goes every year at the hatching season, in person, with all her suite, and in great pomp, to the field of the mulberry, to sacrifice to the goddess who was the queen of the Emperor Hoang-Ti. After the ceremo the temple, her majesty, followed by her ladies, goes into the field, and, surrounded by the farmers' wives, cooks some mulberry leaves and lays them on a basket containing the newly hatched worms. The festival is closed with her winding a cocoon by way of setting an example, in the presence of the people, and distributing gifts to those persons who have been reported by the authorities of their villages as most worthy by reason of their fidelity in attention to the care of the silk

worms. This ceremony, which is one of the most important of those her majesty has to perform during the year, is a great incentive to the silk raising population, who cannot neglect their own work when they see their sovereign occupied in the same way. An old proverb says that "an idle farmer causes two persons to die of hunger, and a woman who will not weave will see ten dying of cold." The proverb llustrates the value of encouragement and shows that silk worm raising and weaving are duties of the women.

### A New London Tower.

London is to have an Eiffel tower that will out-Eiffel Eiffel. It is to be 1,200 feet high, overtopping the wonder of Paris by 200 feet. The company has been formed, the stock subscribed, and the contracts are being let. Chicago will have an interest in the enterprise, as she did in the Eiffel tower, for the same elevator company is also to build the elevators for the new tower at London.

Estimates are now being prepared for that purpose. The fabulous profits from the Eiffel Tower are a matter of notoriety. English capital, which is seeking investment throughout the world at present, was attracted by the golden opportunity of doing as well, if not better. London, with her own five millions and her hundreds of thousand visitors, could support a tower as well as Paris.

The president of the elevator company "The new tower in London will undoubtedly be built. We are now preparing estimates for the elevators. The tower will be 1,200 feet high, and will cost more, probably, than the Eiffel."

"How much will the elevators for the London tower cost?"

"The two we put in the Eiffel Tower cost about \$100,000 each. More than that I am unable to say."

A Lesson to Lovers.

William P. Talbott, of Quincy, has been sentenced to one year in the penitentiary, and his case is a terrible example to the young men who swee what their sweethearts tell them. Talbott fell in love with a young woman in Quincy, and asked her to marry him. She was willing, and neither of the lovers thought it worth while to ask her mother. They went to the county clerk to secure a marriage license.

The girl said she was eighteen, and of course Talbott swore to that as a fact. They were married, and had three happy days of honeymoon before his mother-inlaw learned of her new dignity. She did not like it, and she swore out a warrant for the arrest of the young man because the girl was only sixteen years old, and he must have perjured himself to secure a license. When he was arrested the young wife said he was not to blame. She had told him she was eighteen, and what lover would doubt the word of the woman about to become his wife! He may change his mind afterward, but at that moment he would swear that the moon was made of green cheese if she but said so.

The law of the State does not permit a wife to testify in behalf of her husband, nor does it permit the husband to put in evidence anything his wife may have said to him. Therefore, Mr. Talbott was compelled to sacrifice himself. .

It was proven that the girl was not eighteen, and therefore Mr. Talbott had perjured himself in making oath that she was of legal age. Had the marriage ceremony not been performed the woman might have been able to demonstrate her love and also the man's by taking the witness stand to relieve him of the burden of the responsibility. But she is his wife and must sit quiet in the court-room and see him convicted, for no other reason than that of believing implicitly what she told him.

Kansas Chautauqua Assembly.
The above Assembly meets at Topeka,
Kansas, June 24th and continues until

Kansas, June 24th and continues until July 5th, 1890.

For this meeting a rate of one fare for the round trip has been made by the Un-ion Pacific System from points on its lines within 150 miles of Topeka. Tick-ets will be on sale from June 24th to Ju-ly 4th inclusive, return limit July 6th, they will also be on sale from all points in Kansas, at the rate of one fare for the round trip on June 24th, 25th and July

The Upper Berth.

A Pullman sleeper conductor says: Ev. erybody who wants a berth in a sleeper wants the lower berth. I have been in the employ of the company for fourteen years, and I have never yet had an application for an upper berth. Of course the upper berth is not so easy of access as the lower, but if you don't mind climbing to the upper berth you will at once admit, after the night is over, that it is the more comfortable of the two. The ventilation is better and you are not so close to the rumbling noise. You are more private than you are in a lower berth, and in case of accident you have chance of coming out on top. In hot weather the upper berth is cooler than the lower. The lower berth, as you know, is made up from the cushioned seats, which are of warm material.

I have never known a man to fall out of an upper berth. I think if the company would make a difference of a half dollar in favor of the upper berth it would soon be in demand. But I believe the Pullman Company never makes my difference in the charges.

### She Served as a Soldier.

Application was made to the adjutant general at Columbus. Ohio, a short time since, for the discharge papers of "John R. Sumner," 123d Ohio infantry. The application is made in behalf of Mrs. J. C. Bailey, of No. 81 Gordon street, Cleveland, who claims that she served through the war as a man under the nane of Sumner. Before the war Mrs. Bailey lived in Richmond, Va. Her two brothers, named St. Clair, enlisted in a Virginia regiment. She came to Washington, donned male attire and joined the Ohio regiment. She was in many skirmishes, and finally became a member of one of Sheridan's scouting parties. She was wounded and taken to a hospital, where her identity was discovered. Upon getting out of the hospital she went back to her company, and was wounded twice afterward. That is the woman's story. Mrs. Bailey is trying to get a pension, and the Grand Army men have taken an interest in her

An Elephant's Venerable Age. The journals of Ceylon have recently mentioned the death of an elephant that was well known on the island and had been seen by several generations of Englishmen. He was called Sello, and had belonged to the last of the kings of Kandy. He was one of the hundred elephants that was taken by the English Gevernment in 1815, when the Kandyan dynasty were overthrown. At this epoch the elephant was said to be fifteen years old. If this is correct, he died a natural death at the age of eighty-nine

Some Popular Songs.

"Nancy Lee," one of the most stirring of songs, was written by Frederick E. Weatherley, at Oxford, because a pupil failed to keep an appointment. "I wrote the song in an hour," says the author. "The idea of the piece came suddenly to me while I was wondering why my pupil did not come, and the whole thing wa written there and then." Mr. Weatherley who is one of the most successful writers of verse set to music, says that the ideas of his songs come at the most unexpected moments. It is while walking or in some crowded thoroughfare that most ideas come; but he adds that scarcely any of his songs indicate the circumstances under which they were written. Mr. Fitzball, the author of "My Pretty Jane," when a lad, was in the habit of walking up one of the pretty walled lanes of Burwell, a picturesque village near Newmarket, to look after his father's land. Near one of these lanes resided a farmer whose only daughter, Jane, was occasionally to be seen by Fitzball peering over a very clean and pretty white blind, only her nose, eyes, forehead, ears and hair visible, all of which were of surpassing loveliness. Sometimes she would nod to him with artless simplicity as he passed, and so inflamed his heart that the result was "My Pretty Jane," written in one of his father's fields just "when the bloom was on the rye." The heroine of the song, it is melancholy to add, died of consumption while still quite young. "Some Day," one of Milton Wellings most successful songs, was written under very painful circumstances. His wife was yachting with friends, and it was rumored that the vessel had met with an accident. He telegraphed several times to Cowes, Isle of Wight, whither he knew his wife had gone, but received no reply. During this time of suspense he by chance picked up the words of "Some Day," and he was so struck by these words: "Or are you dead, or do you live?" that the melody flashed through his mind at once. The same writer's well-known song "It was Many a Year Ago," was composed when he had lost his only child but one week. "Soets wha Hae" was conceived by Burns while riding on horseback over a lonely moor in the midst of a thunderstorm. America's second national anthem, "The Star Spangled Banner" was composed by Francis Scott Key while watching the bombardment of Fort Mo-Henry in the early days of the war of 1812.

Annual Rings on Trees.

In a recent work by Professor Hartig It is stated that a count of the annual rings of a tree when cut three or four feet from the ground may not give the accurate age of the tree. Where trees are crowded in a forest and have developed feeble crowns the greatest annual increment is just below the crown, and it diminishes regularly downward. When the leaf area is not sufficient to afford food material to provide for a sheet of cambium all over the tree the growth stops before reaching the bottom, and the ring which is found twenty feet up the trunk may fail altogether before it reaches the ground. In such trees there may be rings lacking at three feet high for certain years, and the total number of rings would be less than the number of years in the tree's life.

An Indian's Memory.

"How long is it?" I once asked one of those Northern Crees, who as guide was directing our steps as we were struggling along, in the bitter cold, in the wild Nelson River country northwest of Hudson's Bay, "since you travelled through this land? You seem to know every portage and crossing, and you strike the points you say you will, although for days I have not seen the least vestige of a trail or pathway, or the slightest evidence that human beings have ever penetrated these wilds before."

"Missionary," he replied, "I never made this trip but once before, and that was many winters ago, when I came this way with my father."

Great indeed was my astonishment, as for days I had admired his skill and judgment, as with never failing accuracy he had cheerily led us on through that unmarked wilderness—a trip of over three hundred miles.

The Azorean Peasant.

The home life of the Azorean peasant, if not always a radiant one, never lacks cheeriness, affection and simple content. He knows no other life better than his own and is satisfied with what he has and gets to the end of his days. The cottage or cabin or hut is simply a square structure built of lava rock thatched with furze or tiles. The windows and doors are never closed, for there are neither cold blasts nor robbers to enter. The bare earth is the floor. He requires no stove. His fire-place for cooking is simply a slab, waist high in the wall, and the smoke kindly takes care of itself. His staple food is meal-bread fast day, feast day and five times a day. Eggs, chickens and goat's milk are almost without value, and salt fish and wine are his luxuries. His wife is dutiful, his children beautiful. As the lowly go they are all cleanly, if the chickens do perch in the loft, the pig insist on domestic companionship, and his goats choose the

inside of the house at night. He lives gloriously in his way without severe effort. His wife and children are loyal and never gadabouts. He is true to his religion, his home, his friends; and he is never too old to love the guitar or mandolin, or to join with his wife in the innocent dances to the numbers of his beloved island music. If he is ailing unto death the church comes to him, scarlet-robed and all-sufficient, with its, to him, saving sanctissimo, and he passes to his simple heaven from a heaven of every-day content. To my dying day I shall remember him and his sea-girt lands, their fruits and flowers, their scents and songs, lovely valley homes, their shepherds' lark-like pipings upon the heights, not as something truly of this work-a-day world, but as those things that poets' fancies know and place in the dreamful isles of peace.

A Cleanly Race. Although, as the small boy observed, clean don't show" on the dusky African, yet some savage tribes are far superior in habits of cleanliness to many people who live in civilized lands. The daily bath is regarded as a necessity of life in scores of African tribes, and many of them have soap as well as water. The soap is made by placing ashes in plantain leaves folded in the shape of a funnel, then pouring water over them, which runs off as lye into another vessel, and then adding fat to the lye and boiling down the mixture. This process makes a rather dirty-looking soft-soap, but it answers its purposes pretty well. The manufacture of this soap was doubtless introduced into equatorial Africa from Egypt and the Soudan.

The Czar a Morphine Fiend. The Czar of Russia has become such a confirmed slave to the habit of injecting morphia that he is now said to inject daily from twelve to fifteen grains of this seductive drug. When it is remembered the dose of morphia usually administered by a doctor to a patient is from a half to one grain, it will be seen how the craving has increased in the case of the Emperor Alexander. The Czar has made many efforts to break himself of a habit which must end disastrously if persevered in, but the result of total abstention from the use of the injection even for fortyeight hours has been such a terrible state of nervous debility and depression that he has not been able to persist in his vow.

A Pretty Custom.

One of the prettiest of the customs now bserved at English weddings is the inroduction of tiny pages to hold the train of the bride. They add greatly to the pleturesque effect of the occasion in their pretty costumes. At a recent wedding two little pages were attired in "reseds" velvet, fastened with silver buttons, and slashed with cream silk, with broad white silk sashes tied on one side, deep Spanish lace collars and cuffs, "reseda! stockings, and tan leather shoes with paste buckles. At another wedding, the pages were cream serge Fauntlercy suits braided with gold, and white silk collars They also wore silver and sashes. They also were silver watches and chains, the gift of the bride. On another occasion the pages were dress. on another occasion the pages were dress-ed in Charles I. costumes of pale blue satin, with puried sleeves, cloaks lined with white satin, collars and cuffs of Vandyke Irish crochet ace, blue lace caps with white ostrich plumes, and blue satin shoes with buckles.

Restored Through Faith. Miss Ida Benedict of Lansingburgh, N Y., says she had been blind for a long time, and that her sight was restored through faith and prayer while she was at a meeting of the Christian Workers, at the Gospel Tabernacle, at Eighth avenue and Forty-fourth street, N. Y. city. She regained her sight a week ago, and then for the first time in many years saw objects, at first indistinctly, but later on clearly.

The lady is thirty-three years old. Cataracts which formed over her eyes when she was twelve years old were removed by the late Dr. Robinson of Albany. Ulcers and other complications followed, which necessitated six more operations, and finally left her totally blind. Mrs. Sarah E. Gaston took the blind girl to her home and spent several years in educating her in the faith cure doctrines. The two ladies went together to the convention, and Miss Benedict, while praying there, suddenly found that her sight was restored.

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THE OLDEST IN AGE, AND LONGEST LOCATED

### TERRIBLE BLANKET.

We were on the continent when I met with my terrible blanket. We were going up one of the passes on foot, and somehow I lagged behind. I had an alpenstock in my hand; and as I went swinging it away, it struck against a lump of rock that hung over a precipice, so deep, that sailor as I am I trembled as I looked down. The stick bounded from the rock against my shin, and so I resolved that the granite should take a run.

But it was tough work; for the stone was big, and was well set in the rock but, after a deal of straining and pushing, down it went.

The job must have taken me longer than I thought, for when I looked before me I could see no one, and as I looked I began to see that twilight was coming on, and since among mountains night follows almost immediately upon twilight, I hastened onward.

I do not think I had gone twenty yards whon I saw that a storm was brewing and it was on me in no time, and as the snow came down it grew so dark that a great curtain see med to be drawn over the sky.

Well, I groped on, but I didn't like it If it had been a storm at sea, I should not have cared much; if the mountains about me had only been of water, I should not have cared at all; but when I knew that a false step might send me toppling down, as the rock had toppled before me, I don't mind owning that I grew to like it less and less.

I stooped down to look at the path, as well as I could in the little remaining light; and I found that I was in no path at all.

As the last rays of light died out, and as the snow whirled about me, I turned cautiously toward a slope of rock, feeling with my stick before I took a step (for the snow will fill up a crevice in no time, and you may sink twenty feet before you know where you are), and at last I touched the rock.

There was still a glimmer of light left, and by it I just saw a black part of the rock, which I took to be a cave. So I crept into it and crouched down on the ground.

Well, I hadn't lain there three minutes when it became pitch dark. I don't know whether any of you have ever been in the dark when full of fear and anxiety; but if you have, you know how every minute seems like an hour.

Suddenly I thought of my match box; and I believe I shouted as I thought of it, for a second idea came into my head. Suppose I struck the matches about one a minute, they would not help me through the darkness, but they might guide those who were searching for me to my place of shelter.

So out came the match box, and the next moment I had struck a light. Why I looked 'round the cave I can't tell; but I did, and I caught my breath, as you may suppose, when away in the dark I saw two great yellowish-green balls of fire.

I don't think I moved for a moment and then I began to ask myself whether it was not all fancy.

So I thought I would strike another light; but the box had fallen among the snow, and when I felt for the matches they were all mixed up with the snow.

Now, what was I to do? If I went out of the cavern I should be frozen to death; while to remain in the cave, and near those dreadful balls of fire, was enough to drive me mad; so I curled myself up as small as possible, and lay shivering. I had only lair for what I now know to be a very short time, but which I took to be hours, when something soft came against my knees and elbows.

I dashed out my fist, and felt it sink a foot deep in the snow, which I found had drifted against the opposite side of the cavern till it fell over upon me.

So I found that I was being snowed up, and that I must either go nearer those dreadful balls, which by this time I was sure was no fancy, and which I felt certain were looking toward me through the darkness, or I must stay where I was to be buried alive.

I don't know how I came to the decision; but I did at last decide to go further into the cavern, and so I shuffled out of the way of the snow. And then I lay still again, waiting. In a moment or so, surrounded by danger as I was, I began to find myself actnally going quiet to sleep. I had no notion then that that sleep would have been the sleep of death.

In another minute or so I felt a warm air on my face; but I was too sleepy to move, and so I lay still.

And then I felt four weights press, one after the other, upon my body, and then a soft heavy weight sunk down upon me. I guessed it was an animal of some kind. I felt sure of this, when muzzle was placed close to my

I dare say you will hardly believe it, but in a few moments all my feahad gone, and I found myself growing grateful to this creature, for he made me so good a blanket that the hear came back into my body, and I felt no

longer the strange sleepiness. I do not at all know how long I had thus lain, when I heard a distant bark which disturbed the regular breath ings of my hairy friend, and I felt his big heart beat quicker above me. Again there was a bark, and it sounded much nearer than the first. As my blanket heard it, he uttered a half growl and leaped off me.

The barking and the start of the animal roused me; so that I plunged through the snow, which was above my head, to the entrance to the cave. found the whole mountains were light again, with the stars and the rising moon, for the storm was over.

But, more blessed sight than all was that of a brave, big dog, who leaped upon me, and placed a forepaw upon each of my shoulders, while not far off I saw one of the monks coming toward

afterward learned that when my friends missed me, and told the guide, he saw the storm coming, and said it would be impossible to turn back; that they might think themselves fortunate if they reached the monastery of St. ed the convent just as the storm began; little hope of saving my life.

I shall pass over my arrival at the monastery. I was welcomed so kindly that you might have thought that my friends had not seen me for a year.

They were very willing to hear my adventures, but when I came to the two balls of fire, and the heavy animal who had made himself my blanket, they laughed, and said I was giving them a traveler's tale.

They were still laughing, when my eyes fell on my greatcoat, which was hanging on a chair, and I at once pointed to some yellowish hair sticking to it. This was proof positive, and was more of a hero than ever.

The next morning, when all of us travelers assembled for our simple breakfast, the young monk who had discovered me had a tale to tell. Our of curiosity he had gone down to the cave, which was a very little way from the convent, and in it he had found an immense wolf, frozen and stark dead, for the cold of the night had been in-

I went down myself to see the poor old fellow, and I declare he looked as large as a calf, and as for his fangs, I think they would have gone through a deal board.

I begged his body of the monks, brought the skin home and had it often find myself giving a start as if he were still alive, and as if I were still lying under my terrible blanket.

Little Things. A cup of water timely brought, An offered easy-chair, A turning of the window blind,

That all may feel the air; An early flower bestowed unasked, A light and cautious tread. voice to softest whispers hushed To spare an aching head—
Oh, things like these, though little things, The purest love disclose, As fragrant atoms in the air Reveal the hidden rose.

# Natural Curiosity.

"I should think, sir," said a Mormon with that girl so openly."

"Flirting, my dear," he returned in astonished tones. "I wasn't flirting.

Queenstown." "Oh," said his wife, calmly, "I beg her I presume it is all right. When does the interesting event take place?" -New York Truth.

# Hearing Light.

prism, so as to produce the solar spectrum. This is turned upon a disk conupon it sounds are given by different parts of the spectrum, and there is silence in other parts. For instance, if the green light flashes upon the rel worsted, loud sounds will be given. Only feeble sounds are heard when the red and blue parts of the rainbow fall upon the worsteds, and that it has been bewitched. This is a other colors evoke no sound at all. Green silks give sounds best in red light. Every kind of material gives more or less sound in different colors, and no sound in others.

### WITCHES IN THE SOUTH

Strange to Say Witchcraft Still has Followers in This Land of Ours.

The Witch Doctors at Work-Dire Havor Among the Coon Dogs-Received Methods of Killing a Witch by Charms of Unfailing Efficacy.

boro, N. C., many of the inhabitants believe in witchcraft as firmly as they ever believed in state rights and are the willing to sacrifice their lives on altar of their superstition.

The Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama and other southern states abound in so-called "witch doctors," who will cure your ails and kill the witch that is troubling you. Some of these doctors actually believe in the personal existence of witches and in their supernatural power, but many of them are frauds who make a living by imposing on the credulity of their neigh-

The negro race is naturally superstitious, but the poor white "crackers" are also ignorant, and for believing in spooks sperits, hobgoblins and other and other unnatural phenomena, they can give the negro cards, spades and aces and then beat him. The cracker Bermard safely themselves, and if they is worse than the negro; because he did, the monks and their dogs would fondly imagines that he is much do their best to save me. They reach- shrewder, and so he does not use what brains he has, nor does he try to and the monks sent out their noble learn anything. He has thousands of dogs to seek me, though they had but signs, cures and beliefs that are a contipual source of annoyance to him and perpetually keep him in a state of unrest and dread. The simplest incident is one of sinster and occult meaning to him, and he is ever in a tremor lest ill-luck and misfortune overtake him.

The evil influences manifest themselves in various ways and each one seems worse than the other. His gun occasionally hangs fire and refuses to 'go off" and at times is so badly deranged that it cannot be discharged at all. At other times his favorite coon dog is bewitched by some evil-minded and envious person, and then the woe of the cracker is something painful to witness. If his gun were not be witched, why could he not kill a squirrel with it? And why should his dog refuse to hunt coons when to hunt coons was his business? These are questions that he can answer only by assuming that a witch has been influencing him

and his property. He employs a witch doctor, to whom he pours out his tale of woe and yields up his hard-earned cash. The doctor cares little for the woe, but the cash is grateful and exhilarating. The doctor is sanguine and declares that he has a method of killing that is strictly original, copyrighted and warranted to be effectual. In one case that I came across the doctor learned come into the room where he lies and that an old woman, living several come into the room where he lies and that an old woman, living several come into the room where he lies and miles away, was the suspected party, often find myself giving a start as if her. He told the victim to go to her ward of Rio Jeneiro a half day's journey. This is a charming place, cotton string around the building, and which reminds me of Saratoga, or Ems tie the two ends together with a "weaver's knot." Then he was to walk around the house seven times each way, recite a given sentence in each way, recite a given sentence in front of each door while making mysterious marks on it, and the cure would be completed. The directions were followed, and I am happy to say that they proved effectual, as the next hunt resulted in the death of three

Another time a small powder was given, which must be swallowed by the witch without her knowing it. wife severely to her husband at Castle The old lady was invited to dinner, Garden the other morning, "that you the powder placed in a cup of coffee would be ashamed to be seen flirting and the cure was as complete as could

be desired. But the common and old reliable method of killing a witch is as follows: We were engaged before the vessel left | The doctor must catch a glimpse of her and from memory draw her picture. This need not be a good likness your pardon. If you have proposed to of the witch, but it must bear the same general form, and it is still better if some of the features are exaggerated. Then this picture must be hung up and shot with a silver bullet. If the bullet hits the picture it kills the witch Light, we now learn, not only has and she can never trouble you again. sound, but can be heard. A beam of The silver bullet is usually made by sunlight is made to pass through a melting a silver coin. This whole ceremony, which is comically absurd, will be performed with owi-like gravtaining colored silk or wool, and as ity and breathless, interest that leave the colored lights of the spectrum fall no room for doubting that it is regarded as effectual and is a serious and important matter indeed.

There are some advantages in witch craft, as the true believer in sorcery has a ready excuse to fall back on in an emergency. Should his corn refuse to grow it is an easy matter to claim simple and satisfying statement, and it is therefore, common for a shiftless audien cracker to insist that it was the witches and not the weeds that rend ered his garden unproductive.

PEDRO'S PRIVATE LIFE. The Education and Habits of the Ex-Exror, and How He Passed His Time.

Much has been said recently about the political and historical side of the life of Emperor Dom Pedro M. of Brazil, now an exile. But his private life is less known to Americans, whom he visited, however, in 1876. At that In this county, says a correspondent of the Philadelphia Times, at Goldsborn N. C. many of the inhabitants United States, which he admired and lauded so warmly and frankly he liked to stay in New York, where he lived at the Buckingham Hotel. Here as in Paris, where he often rode on the top of omni-buses, Dom Pedro was fond of entering a horse car and having a chat with his neighbors in the public vehicle, which was an easy thing for him, as he spoke perfect English.

The knowledge of many languages was but a small part of the scholarly acquirements of the Brazilian monarch, who was as much of a savant as of an Emperor, and who has been received, not on account of his title, but as a reward for his numerous scientific works, as a member of the famous Institute of France and of most of the European academies. His education was begun by the venerable Bishop of Chrysopolis and by the famous Liberal leader, Andrada Sylva, who had been recalled from exile, where he was sent by his ungrateful party. Dom Pedro, when 1 year old, lost his mother, Leopoldine, an Austrian Archduchess and of Marie Louise, the second wife of Na-poleon I. He was only 5 years old when, in 1831, his father, Dom Pedro I., abdicated in his favor and left Brazil. The poor boy was thus left quite alone in the world, and he felt himself still more isolated when at 10

years of age, he heard of his father's death in Portugal.

No wonder then that his character was predisposed to a serious and even a sad view of life; that he was a meditative and grave young man. His intelligence became precocious; he was anxious to work and to study; so much so that he got up at night sometimes and relighted the lamp which had been carefully put out by the worthy Bishop, his immediate tutor. The qualities and strength of mind he acquired caused the regents, tired of exercising power amidst the difficulties of the time in Brazil, to advance the epoch of his majority, and to proclaim Dom Pedro II., Emperor three years before the age fixed by law for declaring that minority has ceased for Brazilian citizens. He was only 14 when his reign began

practically for him.

Dom Pedro is tall, robust and of Dom Pedro is tall, robust and of splendid bearing; his hair and beard have grown white prematurly. His blue eyes have a deep look; his face, frank and open, inspires a great sympathy at the first glance. He speaks easily, and listens with polite interest. His residence at Rio Janeiro, which is his carting property as is his cartin of his own property, as is his castle of Petropolis, is called San Christovo. The Imperial palace, former residence. of the Portuguese Viceroys, was in a dilapidated condition, and the Parliament intended to rebuild it for the use of Dom Pedro, who declined saying:
"How can we think of building a palace, when we have not enough schools and useful establishments the members of the diplomatic Corps and of the aristocracy of the Brazilian provinces.

Dom Pedro liked Petropolis so much that he used to leave it only on Saturdays to go to Rio to preside at the Min-isters Councils, which were held at 8 p. m. on account of the heat in that tropical climate. The Emperor got up at 5 o'clock, though he retired very late at b o'clock, though he retired very late at night. His first occupation in the morning consisted in reading newspapers. At 9 he breakfasted in "Yankee fashion," as he used to say after his sojourn here. He ate so rapidly that his guests, anxious to answer the innumerable questions he constantly monounded to them, often left swer the innumerable questions he constantly propounded to them often left the table hungry. Once he was to open a railroad, and he had taken along with him the Ambassador of a great European power. The latter invited to breakfast with the Emperor at the buffet of the station, saw Dom Pedro getting up after a few minutes, during which the diplomat had kept answering the questions asked by His Majesty. The Ambassador had to follow His Imperial host with an empty stomach, and perial host with an empty stomach, an with a long journey yet to accomplish. But before leaving the table and following the Emperor, who had already turned his back, and was moving in the direction of the train, the famished guest rapidly seized upon cakes spread on the table, forced them into his pocket and managed to eat them, with-out being seen, during the remainder

of the trip.

Every morning the Emperor used to hold audiences and listen to everybody who chose to present him a request. Aside from these audiences daily given to savants, artists, merchants, etc., Dom Pedro received once a week in the release yard the lower classes, or rather palace yard the lower classes, or rather the poor and those in want, to whom he distributed money from big bags held by two chamberlains. After the held by two chamberlains. After the audience he entered his carriage and paid visits to schools, hospitals, naval ships, barracks, etc. In the evenings the Emperor worked in his library or went to some theater, always with went to some theater, always

some member of his family. His life has been a patriarchal one and he has won universal esteem for his public and private charities.—N. Y. Tribune.

### A Sious Surprise Party.

A good many writers have asserted that an Indian is a born stoic, and that the reason he doesn't laugh or cry or express surprise or astonishment lies in the fact that nature did not intend him to. That's all nonesense, however. The Indian puts it all on for effect. I've heard him laugh as hearty as any white man, and I've seen them when they were positively thunderstruck with

In 1866 the hostiles got to attacking

one of the stage routes into Julesburg, and after they had killed a dozen people a part of my company was sent out to give the red man a set-back. We rode over a section of the route one day, and toward evening secreted ourselves in a long, dry ravine, to see what would happen during the night. The stage was due there about 10 o'clock, and soon after 9 we got a surprise. A band of twenty-three Indians came in from the West, struck the trail just above us, and came down and laid themselves away almost on top of us. We had our horses down around a bend, with guards to look after them, and the Indians had left their ponies at some other point. We were back in the dark, where they could not see us, while they were at the mouth of the ravine and every man of them showed against the starlight sky. We knew what they were after, and we prepared ourselves accordingly. There were twenty-eight of us, and we crept up inch by inch until, when we finally heard the rattle of the stage coach, we were not only over twenty-five feet from the bunch of marauders. We could hear and see them making ready, and just as they were about to

Talk about an Indian not feeling sur-prised! Why, they yelled out like so many old women scared by a cow, and two or three of them shouted to the Great Spirit to save them as they ran. We killed nine and wounded four with that one volley, and only one of the wounded lived beyond two days. The survivor was the middle-aged warrier, bearing the scars of many battles. I was asked to question him, and as he saw my purpose he shut himself up like a clam. I started off with:

dash out on the trail we gave them a

"Has my brother a glass in which to see his face?"

"Why should I have?" he queried, interested at once. "To see that your hair has turned as

white as the snow "No! It can't be! Get me a glass.

quick!" At that the group around him burst out laughing, and the warrier looked up with rueful expression and said: "I thought it was true. I was scared that my heart stopped beating!"

# Partners.

"You have got a fine hand," he said to her "As she lingered over her cards. "Perhaps," she replied with a soft little purr, While humming a strain of Millard's.

"You could play it alone, I suppose?" he said, As he looked in her radient eyes. "Perhaps!" she repeated, tossing her head, Without any wherefors or whys.

"You're awfully aggravating, my dear," "Yes, that's one of woman's rights We can take without being unsexed and quee Or getting society's sights."

"Will you take this, dear, and go it alone?"

"He said, as he offered a card.
"But why," she replied, with a pique in her "When I make them all with a pard?"

"Then you have a good hand? Oh, yes! I see," He said, as he held aloft The disengaged one in her piquant glee, Which was ringless, white, and soft. "If you won't take a card, may be you'll take

this."
And the air was still Millard's;
and the ring on the finger fair of the Miss
Changed the game in a trice. "No cards."
Earl Marble in the Colorado Graphic,

A Happy Man Was Adam. When you come to think of it coolly and calmly after the lapse of all these years, Adam and Eve were pretty fortunate people. Adam never had to run dead heats with the house dogs. He didn't even have to sit in the parlor and talk politics with Eve's father.
When they quarreled and Eve climbed a tree Adam didn't have to write long letters and spend hours of anxiety and postage stamps to make it up. All he had to do was to sit down under the tree and wait till Eve's temper recovered its normal sweetness. He never patronized confectionery stores, he merely went to the nearest fruit tree, plucked a nice ripe pineapple, and presented it with his compliments. Theirs was a beautiful dream of wedded life. When Eve wanted a new dress, Adam went to the nearest fig tree and got it. And Eve never felt called upon to mend a bursted button-hole or help Adam hunt his collar-button, or take all the blame because he stumbled over the rocking chair. It was a monopoly on unadulterated comfort, and if Eve to lift up had enough feminine sagacity to lift up her skirts and scream and run when she saw the snake we would not be having all this trouble now.—

Washington Post.

# The Usual Custom.

"Now we'll see how heavy you are,"
said Cumso, as he led to the scales the
woman who had just been married.
"Why is that?" asked she.
"It is customary to give the bride said."
"Judge."

weigh."-Judge.

Thomas A. Edison is discussing with capitalists a project of utilizing the water power of Niagara Falls. Mr. Edison's friends say that he has recently thought out a plan which will make that wast power possible to utilize.

### COUNT TOLSTOI

His Racket as a Granger—The Russian Novelist Roasts Ibsen.

It was a sunny day, says Puck, and even the barren Russian landscape looked bright and cheerful, as though it felt that spring was close at hand and the rigors of the bitter winter nearly at an end. In a field near the nearly at an end. In a field near the roadside a large man, with unkempt hair and beard, was laboriously steering a plow over the surface of the ground, still frostbound and unyielding.

Two horsemen toiled slowly up the hillside road, the one evidently a Russian officer, the other, from his dress and appearance, an American or En-

and appearance, an American or English civilian. As they passed the field the officer drew the attention of his comrade to the solitary laborer, and said something to him in a low voice.
The civilian cast a glance of casual curiosity in the direction indicated, drew a note-book half out of his pocket and put it back again. The two passed on, and as they disappeared behind a on, and as they disappeared behind a clump of trees, the large man, with a despondent groan, sat down upon a stump, and, with a furtive look about him, drew from the pocket of his sheepskin ulster a clay pipe, which he returned to its place with a grimace of disgust, and then a package of cigarettes, of which he selected one and lit it. "Darn me," said Count Lyof N. Tolstoi to himself in the purest Russian, "if I don't believe I have made a bad break. This communistic-manual-labor scheme was all right at first; but it

break. This communistic-manual-in-bor scheme was all right at first; but it ain't working worth shucks now. That was a newspaper correspondent. I know 'em when I see 'em—and he wouldn't so much as take a note—not a note! Sees the greatest novelist in the world breaking his blooming back behind a measly plow and won't so much as give me a three-line notice in his fool paper. It's no good. I ought to have tried something else.

to have tried something else.

"And then I don't ever seem to get the hang of a darned thing. Last spring I planted my wheat in hills and got the grand guy from every moujik in the deestrick, and I got an intimation from my brother in St. Petersburg that the I was right in san a saylum had an tion from my brother in St. Petersburg
that the Imperial insane asylum had an
eligible padded cell at my disposal
whenever I felt inclined to be funny
again. Funny! Maybe he thinks it
was funny when I tried to bleach my
potatoes and got 'em all sprouted. How
was I to know? Never saw the cussed
things with their skins on in my life.
Maybe he thinks it's funny imming Maybe he thinks it's funny jamming this old plow around. By thunder, I this old plow around. By thunder, I begin to think that moujik was right when he told me I oughtn't to begin plowing till the frost got out of the ground. Here I have been skithering that thing over this chilblained castions soil the whole morning and have not made a scratch. Oh, it's sicken-

'Had a picture painted of myself do-"Had a picture painted of myself doing this act. Much good it did. People said it looked just like any other old fool plowing. But what in thunder is a popular novelist to do to keep his boom going? These women are spoiling trade for us any way.

"Darn the whole thing! Darn the public! Here I am doing days' labor in a sheepskin coat that would knock out a ton of musk in one round—and

in a sheepskin coat that would knock out a ton of musk in one round—and what's my reward? Why, this blamed intelligent, enthusiastic, esthetic public goes off and takes up a Scandinavian duffer named Ibsen, who doesn't do a blamed thing to boom himself except to sit still and let his hair grow for an advertisement. vertisement.

that those chaps coming back? Jerusalem cricket! I'll get a notice out of that newspaper clam or I'll smash the

And grasping his agricultural implements firmly by the handles the count shouted "Gee! haw!" to the mule and cheerily, hopefully, and undauntedly tried to cut through a chunk of feld-spar with his coulter, while the news-paper correspondent and the Russian officer put their whole souls and minds into the pressing business of taking a drink apiece out of the newspaper man's

# A Hitch on a Python.

It was during the cold weather, when snakes are partially or wholly torpid, that this adventure happened; had it been in the hot weather, when snakes are lively, the story might have had a

different ending.
General Macintire and his party went one day to examine a hole or crevice under a rock where it was suspected a python lay hidden, and sure enough it python lay hidden, and sure enough it was there, for they could see a bit of the tail end protruding from the hole. They let it alone at first, thinking that when the sun shone it might come forth to bask in its warmth. In this, however, they were disappointed, for on the following day the snake was not to be seen, but on closer examination the tail was found sticking out, as before. tail was found sticking out as before.

Various efforts were made to dislodge it. A fire was lit in front and the smoke fanned inward, but this had no effect. The earth was even scraped away and the hole widened, when they could see the coils of the monster as thick as a man's thigh; but except that thick as a man's thigh; but except that their operations were occasionally interrupted by the startling presence of the creature's head, which it occasionally poked toward the entrance, darting out its little forked tongue, it gave small signs of animation. They had even determined to try to draw it. We all three, therefore, proceeded—somewhat nervously, I must own—to lay hold of its tail. To this familiarity it showed its objection by a decided inclination to wag its caudal extremity, which had such an electrical effect on our nerves that we dropped its like a hot potato, and—what shall I call it—retired. A shot would, in all presbabile.

ity, have induced the snake to quit its refuge, but then the shot must have torn and disfigured its beautiful skin, which the general wished to secure un-injured as a specimen. In the mean-time more efficient tools for digging had been sent for, and these now ar-

rived, borne upon an elephant.

A bright idea now struck the party—they might draw the snake out with the elephant! Sufficient rope for the purpose was loosened from the elephant! phant's pad, and this rope, about the thickness of a man's thumb, was hitch-ed around the python's tail, its remaining length brought up again to the pad and fastened there, thus doubling its strength. Now came the tug-of-war' A sudden jerk might have torn the skin; the mahout was therefore warned to put on the strain gradually. Little did we know what a tough and obstin-ate customer we had to deal with. Tighter and tighter grew the ropes, when 'crack' went one of them. Still the strain was increased, when 'crack' —the other had snapped also, leaving

the snake in statu quo.

The snake was finally dislodged by counter mining, and killed with a charge of buckshot. When measured it was found to be twenty-one feet in length and about two feet in girth — Chambers' Journal.

### In a Country Churchyard.

A low mound, with wooden slabs rotting away; under its brier-grown turf, a baby form long since a handful of dust. Old—old almost as the bury-

of dust. Old—old almost as the burying-ground in which the village dead were sleeping—it had lain beneath sunshine and shadow, while the years crept by unnumbered.

Often I had passed it there in its quiet corner; no other graves were nigh it, and tangled weeds grew rank above the forgotten dust. The white headstones of many a quiet sleeper marked life's last mile posts, on the slopes above it, but here only a wooden slab crumbled and crumbled away.

One day a new mound, scarcely so

One day a new mound, scarcely so long, was heaped beside it, and in the calm, October sunshine I read, in pencil, on the card above it, the one word, "Lois."

The named, and the nameless. Inne named, and the nameless. In-nocent alike before the great bar of judgment, and alike, hushed forever in the everlasting arms. As I stood above these quiet mounds, the old sexton, with a pick and spade, came toward me

toward me.
"It hurts me to do it, sir," he said, "me as has babies of my own at home, but a gen'l'man as has bought the lot how the little'un must be took away," and he rubbed the sleeve of a

worn jacket across his eyes.

"It 'pears to me," he continued,

"that if it had been one of my own
babies"—pointing to the new mound

—"I'd kinder have wanted the little
'un to keep company—it wouldn't have seemed so lonesome like, an'-an'-it couldn't have done no harm," and the old man's voice grew husky.
"Where do I move the wee 'un?

down to t'other side, where the graves is free" he replied in answer to my question; "there's many of 'em there, sir, older than I can remember, and I think, sometimes, I'd like to be buried there myself. Sometimes I wonder if these great stones mightn't be in the way when the dead rise at His comin'." And thus volubly the old man prat-tled on, and his spade sunk deeper and deeper, and the heap of brown earth

grew larger. that portion of the churchyard where the pauper dead lay sleeping. Into a with the greatest success. Shallow grave we lowered the namelesse dust, and on the little mound we less dust, and on the little mound we when the sea is extremely rough. It laid an autumn garland in memory of Him, all-pitying, who forbade not such as these unto His presence.

Him, all-pitying, who forbade not such as these unto His presence.

And you're safe in that fold, wee sleeper; hands may not break your rest. Nameless, sleep on with the unknown dead; brier and weed grow rank above you, but over all is God's blue sky and sunshine.—Detroit Free Press.

# Women's Estimate of Bachelors:

All women are in league against the bachelors—the married women from sympathy with their unmarried sisters and the unmarried from a desire to lessen the number of spinsters. With this league against him, offensive and slefensive, the unmarried man may find peace in Heaven, but he can scarce hope to find happiness on earth—this side of marriage. However, once married, all the bachelor's troubles are over. He is no longer the subject of interested or designing attentions—ex-cept the attentions which proceed from

True, the bachelor becomes on his marriage, if not an object of commiseration to the knowing ones, an object of comparative indifference to all women but one; but the superior love of that one atones for all, and his added dignity and completeness as a man and citizen make him wonder how he pre-viously existed as one-half of a pair of scissors without the other half.—Women's Cycle.

# Pat's Wetting.

The proprietor of a shooting-box in the west of Ireland, having been driven

the west of Ireland, having been driven home in a regular downpour, and perceiving that his Jehu was almost in rags, sympathetically said:

"Pat, my poor fellow, you must be wet through and through!"

"Faith, then, no, your honor," replied Pat. "I'm wet only to the skin; but, plase goodness, I'll be wet inside as soon as your honor can get out the sperrits!"—N. Y. Ledger.

Why are umbrellas like pancakes? They are seldom seen after Lent.

### A SUBMERCED RAILWAY.

Ingenious Scheme for Loading Ships Near a Rocky Spanish Coast.

The mines of Onton, near Bilbao, north Spain, have long been celebrated for their richness in their yield of iron ores suitable for the manufacture of steel, but great trouble has heretofore been experienced in the shipment of the mines of the mines of the difficulty. the mineral on account of the difficulty of placing it on board of the ships. England and the Continent are the great markets for this product. The coast adjacent to these mines is high and rooky engreed to the full force of coast adjacent to these infines is high and rocky, exposed to the full force of the sea, there being no harbors in the immediate vicinity. At the foot of the rocks there is a sloping shore which extends out to a considerable distance with an even grade. It is upon this in-cline that the remarkable railway we are about to describe has been con-

structed.

The roadbed of the railway has a length of about 650 feet and a width of 20 feet, upon which two sets of parallel tracks each 3 1-4 feet wide, are placed, constituting a four-rail railway. The grade is five feet to the hundred. The car which traverses this railway, upon which the ore is conveyed from the cliffs to the ships, consists of a high metallic tower made in the form of a pyramid having a wide triangular base. The tower is mounted on wheels, which run upon the quadruple railway track before mentioned. The platform of the tower upon which the load of mineral is placed is about 70 feet high from the track, a height which is sufficient to rise above the decks of ordinary vessels when the tower is run alongside thereof; and from the platform the discharge of the ore is made directly into the hold of the vessels. This great rolling tower is operated automatically. It is connected to the shore by means of a strong wire cable, which passes over pulleys fastened to the rocks. At the land end of the cable there are attached ruple railway track before mentioned. and end of the cable there are attached some weighted cars that move up and down upon an incline. These form a counterbalancing weight for pulling the tower when empty toward the shore.

The mineral to be loaded upon the

vessels is brought from the mines, which are not far distant from the coast, upon rope railways mounted upon posts. From the mineral dumps upon the rocky heights the mineral conveyed part way down the cliff through a chute, the end of which pro-jects beyond the cliff, and when the jects beyond the cliff, and when the empty tower is drawn to shore by the cars before mentioned it automatically opens an end gate in the chute and allows the mineral to drop upon the platform in a continuous stream until a weight of ore sufficient to overcome that of the counterbalancing weight or weighted cars has fallen upon the plat-form, and when this takes place, the tower, by its own gravity, begins to move down the inclined railway, and the gate of the chute automatically closes. The tower continues to glide down the inclined way through the water until it reaches the side of the ship, which is anchored fore and aft, and then by the throw of a lever, the platform of the tower being inclined, the whole load upon the platform is almost instantly deposited upon the ship, going down through suitable slides into the hold thereof. As soon as the discharge of the load takes place counterbalancing cars begin to draw the tower inward again toward the shore, and thus the operation of mov-ing the tower back and forth auto-It was only a rude box, very, very ing the tower back and forth auto-small, but reverently I followed it to matically, and automatically loading that portion of the churchyard where

# A Ghost Under a Tree.

A well-known business man of Paris Tex., relates the following curious Tex., relates the following curious ex-perience to a correspondent of the St. Louis Globe: "I am neither superstitious nor cowardly, but I am a firm believer in the supernatural. My believer in the supernatural. My own senses are the cause of my belief. Several years ago I was living in a cottage in the outskirts of this city. The yard was very large, and back of the house was a big apple tree.

One bright moonlight night I had been up-town, and returned home about 9 o'clock. Before I got there I heard the ward dog harking furiously.

about 9 o'clock. Before I got there I heard the yard dog barking furiously. I found the women alarmed. They said that there was a man in the back yard. I looked out at the window and saw his figure clearly outlined under the tree. His body, arms and legs were in plain view, but his head was hidden by the branches of the tree. He was in his shirt sleeves and had on dark pants. I took my revolver and walked out. The dog would run around the tree, but would go no nearer than 20 feet of the spot where the man stood. I hailed him, but he neither moved nor made answer. I hearer than 20 feet of the spot where the man stood. I hailed him, but he neither moved nor made answer. I walked slowly toward him with pistol presented, but he stood mute and motionless until I got to the very spot, when, to my amazement, there was nobody there. A breeze swayed the branches of the tree, but, aside from this, I neither saw nor heard anything. I said: "There is no one here.' The women said: 'Yes, there is. There is a man standing by you.'

"I walked back to where they were standing and looked back. There stood the man as before. I then made a circuit around the tree, keeping my eye on the spot, but from every point the figure of the man was plainly

visible. Three times I passed under the tree, but every time I walked under it the man disappeared. Every time I went to the spot the women would tell me he was there. But he was not.

Meither was he in the tree.

Meantime the dog kept up a continual barking, but nothing could induce him to go under the tree. I was at first puzzled. There was no object anywhere that would reflect such a shadow as that. Besides, I had viewed from so many points that I knew that it trom so many points that I knew that it was no shadow. I became thoroughly alarmed, and the idea of a spook flashed upon me. On going in the house, the figure was still plainly visible from the window. The dog moaned so piteously that we took him in the house. He would go to the window and whine and growl until we closed the blinds and pulled down the curtains.

The next day we moved away from the place. never solved the mystery, but I notice that after that no tenant out I notice that after that no tenant ever remained there long. Time brought about great changes. The town grew, and a street was opened up throught the yard, and the house was moved away. I always kept my adventure to myself for fear of being laughed at."

### /MARRIAGE.

When It Is Declared a Fallure by Men al... Women.

Marriage is a failure, the men say, when a wife thinks more of her rela-

tives than of her husband.

When a wife believes that her husband must love her whether she de-

serves it or not;
When a wife stoops to her husband's level and tries to equal him in being When a woman marries for convenience and pretends that she marries for

love;
When a wife pays too much attention to her husband's old vows and not enough to the nature of the man she actually married;

When a wife insists that her husband

shall be as good as her mother, instead of as good as her father;
When a wife says that if her husband earns \$3 a day he ought to put \$2.50 of it in her lap every night as there are the says and the says are the says and the says are the s

'her share;"
When a wife who is not expected to do any such work says in the presence of the neighbors that she was not "raised" that way, and will not saw

When a wife blames all the trouble on the husband instead of accepting her share;
When a woman imagines that all the women in the world are in love with her plug of a husband;

When a wife expects the fact that she is a mother to compensate for all her

failures.

Marriage is a failure, the women say, when a man says he can not control his temper when with his wife and children, although they know he con-trols it when provoked by a large, muscular man enemy;
When a man is a liar and his wife

knows it; When a man is liberal, and fair, and cheerful with every one except his

When a man is fool enough to pect that an angel would marry him; When a man is patient and cringing with men who do not care if they dis-please him, and impatient with his sick children;

When a man expects that his wife ought to buy as much with \$1 as he

himself can buy with \$2;
When a man frets because his wife did not love him before she knew him; When a man expects the fountain to be higher than the head—when he expects a better home than he pro-

When a man blames his wife be-cause there is a large family of chil-

When a man smacks his lips in re-collection of his mother's cooking, and forgets that he had a better appetite as

When a man believes that a wife should give all her time to their home, and then wonders that she never has any money of her own. — Alchison Globe.

# Wolseley's First Indian.

Lord Wolseley, in the course of a recent lecture, says a London correspondent, told a tale which will, I think, bear the test of print. When he was stationed in Canada Lord Wolseley (he was not Lord Wolseley then, but that does not matter) spent a holiday in the interior, where he and his atin the interior, where he and his at-tendants built a wigwam and enjoyed the peaceful solitude of nature. He had not seen an Indian chief, and his knowledge of the individual was de-rived from the perusal of the works of Fenimore Cooper. He had a desire to see the real article, and some friends of his living twenty miles away promised to send along the first Indian chief

ised to send along the first Indian chief they met.

One morning Lord Wolseley was informed that a nobleman of the West had arrived. With his mind full of the conventional picture of the high-souled noble-minded red-man, he went out and found a gentleman clothed in an out-of-date dress suit and waistcoat, who, having had a great deal to do with Hudson Bay traders knew a fair smattering of French and of English. He talked incessantly for upward of an hour and at the end of that time our only General became bored. Feeling in his pocket for a coin, he produced a two-shilling piece and with some fear that he was grossly insulting his guest, offered it to him. The noble Indian looked at it carefully falt the edges and said, 'Can you mak it has crown?"

# STRANGE USES OF PAPER-

Made Into Car-Wheels, Houstones, Bath-Tubs and Planos.

Paper is now made to serve for steel and iron, says the St. Louis Stationer. When strong fiber is used it can be made into a substance so hard that it can scarcely be scratched. Railroad carwheels are made of it more durable than iron. A store in Atlanta, Ga., has been built entirely, of paper. The rafters, weather-boards, roof, and flooring are all made of thick compressed paper boards, impervious to water. On account of the surface of the paper being smooth and hard it can not catch on fire as easily as a wooden building. It is found warm in cold and cool in hot weather. The Breslau fire-proof chimney has demonstrated that cooking and heating stoves, bath-tubs, and pots, when annealed by a process that renders it fireproof, become more last-ing than iron, and will not burn out. Cracks in floors around the skirting board, or other parts of a room, may be nearly filled by thoroughly soaking newspaper in paste made as thick as putty and forced into the cracks with a paste-knife. It will soon harden and can be painted.

Black walnut picture-frames are made

of paper and so colored that no one can tell them from the original wood. A paper piano has lately been exhibited in Paris. The entire case is made of compressed paper, to which is given a hard surface, a cream-white brilliant polish. The legs and sides are ornamented with arabesques and floral designs. The exterior and as much of the interior as can be seen when the instrument is open are covered with wreaths and medallions painted in miniature. An Italian monk has succeeded in constructing an organ where the pipes are made of paper pulp. It has 1,400 pipes of various sizes. The American Cottonseed-Oil trust is now running a mill for making paper from the hulls remaining after all the oil has been squeezed out of the cotton-seed. It is contemplating the erection of a 100-ton mill for the same purpose. These hulls have heretofore been considered worthless. It has so far proved so successful that the trust proposes erecting mills at different points in the cotton-raising country. Of course this will somewhat revolutionize the paper

trade. A new mill for the manufacture of paper from moss has been recently established in Sweden. Paper of different thickness and pastboard made of it have already been shown, the latter even in sheets three-quarters of an inch thick. It is as hard as wood and can be easily painted and polished. It has all the good qualities, but none of the defects, good qualities, but none of the defects, of wood. The pasteboard can be used for door and window frames, architectural ornaments. and all kinds of furniture. The ceiling of the assembly chamber at Albany, N. Y., is made of paper-mache. It is a model of its kind, and appears so like marble as tedeceive the most expert eye. The latest idea is to use paper instead of wood for lead pencils, by using a patent prepartion by which it can be cut as easily as the softest wood.

# Literary Fads.

The literary fad, like any other whinsical fashion, is of short duration. A fad appeals to the rich rather than to the refined. A book of real literary merit rarely finds favor immediately following its publication, that is, with the masses, and especially with the wealthy classes of people. But should it be introduced into fashionable society it then not on account of its merit. ty, it then, not on account of its merit. out on account of the influence of its introduction, becomes a thing to be rrved over. It was many years after first publication before one of the great-est pieces of prose in the English language was even recognized by the learned, to say nothing of its recogni-tion by the polite. The 'Pilgrim's Progress' was a household word among the poor, years and years before the rich had ever heard of it, except, possibly, in a contemptuous way. Some of the greatest poetry received nothing but ridicule during the lifetime of the man whose masterful mind coneived it.

We venture to predict that not a single book that has raged during the past two years will be alive ten years from now. Surely "Robert Elsmere" not live to see its tenth birthday. Gladstone could give it a glorious christening, but he cannot keep it alive. Haggard's "She," as light and flimsy as it has been declared, will live longer than "Robert Elsmere." One is a piece of imaginative work, the other deals with a question that must either pass away or grow tiresome. The force of imagination will never pass away. If there be an immortal spark in man, that spark is man's imagina-tion.—Arkansaw Traveler.

# A Great Irrigation Scheme.

The great Bear River canal in Utah, for the construction of which \$2,000,000 has been provided, is expected to be one of the most extensive irrigation works in America. To get the river along the side hill along Bear River canon and out on the plain near Plymouth will necessitate moving 220.000 cubic yards of solid rock, 19,000 cubic yards of earth and digging 1,200 feet of tunnel. The canal will irrigate 200,000 acres in Salt Lake valley and 6,000,000 on Bear River, increasing the vaule of the land to \$50 per acre, while fencing, building, and tillage are expected to double this valuation in syear.

Bear lake is in southeastern Idaha. The reservoir for this canal covers 158 The great Bear River canal in Utah,

The reservoir for this canal covers 156 square miles, and the canal will secure the irrigation of a territory extending to Ogden.

The Old Ship Niagara.

One of the results of the 1899 world's fair is a growing interest in the raising and restoration of the brig Niagara of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry's fleet, the well preserved remains of which are at the bottom of Lake Erie. Perry's flagship, the Lawrence, was raised sucssfully and transported to the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876. The American people would not, however, believe that the old hulk, so plain and simple in its construction, was the historical vessel that so gallantly withstood the fire uninterruptedly for two hours of the British squadron commanded by Captain Barclay. The Lawrence, therefore, received the ignominious treatment of being sold at sheriff's sale and whittled up into canes and other mementoes for the benefit of relic

The Niagara, which may be raised in the near future, is, therefore, the only important relic of that naval encounter and magnificent victory of September 10, 1813. The public square of this city is graced with a heroic monument in marble of the gallant Commodore, and in bas-relief on the pedestal is immortalized the historic scene which gave to Perry victory and probably prevented a national disaster. In the midst of the storm of battle, when only seventeen men escaped either injury or death out of a command of a hundred on the flagship Lawrence, Perry, seeing the Niagara at a safe distance and uninjured, determined to change his flag to that vessel. With the words, "If a victory is to be gained I'll gain it," he boarded a rowboat and thus exposed to the guns of the enemy for a distance of half a mile he made the passage, part of the time standing erect as a target for the British guns. The oars were splintered, shells were flying thick and fast around and about him, but he gained the Niagara, poured a deadly fire into the Detroit and Queen Charlotte, which boats became hopelessly entangled and in seven minutes the enemy was forced to surrender.

The Niagara now lies in Misery Bay, near Erie, Pa., about a mile and a half from the main laid, in thirteen feet of water. She is careened to one side, and her ribs on the upper side are plainly visible some three or four feet under the surface. A careful examination recently made by an expert diver showed the hull to be in a very fair state of preservation, being in a much better condition than was the Lawrence when she was raised. The remains of the cabin and other parts that have fallen are in the hold, and one of the skylights removed in 1885 with a boat hook is among a collection of antiquities and curiosities in Erie. Owing to a number of most favorable conditions, among others that she is in the sheltered water of a landlocked bay, the Niagara could be raised and placed upon Garrison Hill at a comparatively small expense. The diver reports that there is nearly half of her hull remaining, although she has been washed by the waters of Lake Erie for more than threequarters of a century, serving as a landmark so called for the fishermen and as the prey of a few daredevil relic hunters, who converted much of her timbers into canes and other relics.

And so the poor old boat which has figured so conspicuously in the most brilliant victory ever recorded in naval history, modestly concealed beneath the waters of the old Erie for nearly a century, may be exhibited to the throngs of world's fair sight seers, so that the Niagara's seeming insignificance, when compared with the frightful engines of death and destruction that float the seas to-day, may be more readily commented upon. This is what Pennsylvania's Governor (Beaver) had uppermost in his mind when he wrote:—"The movement of the raising and restoration of the Niagra ought to be popular, as the exhibition of the ship at the world's fair in 1892 would not only appeal to the patriotic impulses of our people, but would at the same time illustrate the wonderful change in naval architecture and construction in three-quarters of a century since the Niagara went down."

Ottawa Chautauqua.

The welfth annual session of Ottawa Chautauqua Assembly will be held at Forest Park, Ottawa, Kansas, June 17 to 27 inclusive. The Santa Fe route makes 27 inclusive. The Santa Fe route makes an open rate from this town on that occasion of ONE FARE for round trip. Tickets on sale June 16 to 27, good to return June 28. Grand Army day, June 27, is the great day of the Assembly. Ex-President Hayes, Gen. Alger. Hon. Wm. Warner, Gov. Humphrey, Hon. Ira F. Collins and Hon. Geo. T. Anthony have promised to deliver addresses.

Lectures will be given on other days by Rev. F. W. Gunsaulus, D.D. and Rev. Geo. C. Lorimer, of Chicago, Col. Geo. W. Bain of Kentucky, Prof. W. D. McClintock and Dr. Price.

inquire of local agent Santa Fe route, for further particulars regarding train service, etc.

of numerous raised pay checks recently. The original figures are skillfully eradicated with an acid, and a larger amount substituted. The Santa Fe company complains

The superintendent of schools at Topeka has reprimanded several of the teachers for cruel treatment of the pupils in their charge.

Elixirs of Life.

There are people who waste many valuable minutes in mourning over their vanished youth, and there are others who are not old to themselves or to others at eighty-five. Whence is the difference? It is not merely a matter of health, for some who suffer much from bodily ills yet keep themselves young in spirit. Something more than freedom from care and sorrow is required to wear people out, for some who have suffered most show their afflictions least. Not even goodness can always keep the hopeful spirit of youth. Health, a cheerful and kindly disposition and favorable circumstances, may do much toward keeping it, but something more is generally required, says the Lewiston Journal.

One of the most marked characterisics of wouth is the ability to become nterested in new things. It is the period for study, for training, for influence. On these accounts it is the time of greatest danger as well as largest opportunities. As one's character becomes strengthened and one's judgment matured is it not possible to keep one's mind in the growing-that is, the youthful-state? Rather, is not this one of the secrets of those who keep themselves young?

There is no greater fallacy than that contained in the words "too old to learn." When a person becomes too old to learn he is too old to live. But often this reason is given as an excuse for indolence, past or present. One who has neglected to grow in wisdom for a month or a year may expect to find the mental machinery rusty; but is this a good argument for never starting it up again? Rather it is a strong reason for beginning again as soon as possible, before things get any worse.

There is a joy in conscious advancement in knowledge greater than that given by any downy beds of ease. There is pleasure, too, in excursions into new

It is difficult to revive the study of botany, chemistry, drawing, music, a language, mathematics, after one has neglected it for twenty or thirty years; but is it any harder than it was to begin the study when in school days? Recall, ye who think so, the discouragements, the tears may be, over long division, or the Latin grammar. And then don't say, 'If my father had only made me go to school longer," if you cannot now make yourself go to school to those who have filled the world with books as the result of their own mental labors.

There are people who would like a garden if it were not so much work to care for it, who would appreciate a mineralogical collection if some one else would gather it for them, who would enjoy walks in search of new plants and to learn the habits of birds and insects if t were not so much trouble. Why not be one's own schoolmaster and set one's self a six week's course of some such new study or occupation as if one were a schoolboy? It would do much to give the feelings of one. Something new often is one of the best of stimulants. To keep a fresh interest in life one must occasionally get out of the old ruts. It tures of habit that they find life losing its zest and becoming flat and dull as they grow older. There is not half the charm in a road we have gone over every day for years as there is in a new path. Oftentimes, too, some new excursion will open one's eyes to see familiar objects in a new and brighter light. Stagnation is one of the things to be avoided if one would keep alive and growing.

The Pope's Beggar.

A beggar who for thirty years has been a familiar figure in St. Peter's at Rome has just died suddenly from apoplexy as he was leaving the Basilica. The Rome correspondent of the London Standard reports some curious circumstances in connection with this man, whose name was Pietro Marcolini. He was the only mendicant who was permitted to follow his calling within the church itself, Pius IX. having granted him that privilege. Leo XIII. confirmed it later, and, like his predecessor, granted an audience to the beggar, who was lame and afflicted. When Marcolini was received by Pius IX. he complained of the cold he felt within the church, whereupon the Pope bestowed upon him an old warm dressing gown of his own. This garment, however, the beggar wore only on great occasions and the more solemn festivities of the Church. He had been repeatedly offered large sums for it by foreigners, but always refused to part with it. It is said that Pius IX., when he went into St. Peter's, was always highly amused to see the beggar seated there, majestically wrapped in his old dressing gown. The garment will, presumably, descend as an heirloom to Marcolini's children, together with the snug little fortune of 50,000f. which he had accumulated during thirty years of

The Topeka Trade and Labor Assembly has issued a call for delegates to a state convention to organize a state federation to affiliate with the American Federation of Labor.

Rapidity of Lought in Dreams.

A very remarkable circumstance is to be found in the extreme rapidity with which the mental operations are performed. It would appear as if a whole series of acts, that would really occupy a long space of time, pass ideally through the mind in an instant. We have in dreams no true perception of the lapse of time—a strange property of mind; for if such be also its property when entered into the eternal disembodied state, time will appear to us eternity. The relations of space, as well as of time, are also annihilated, so that while almost an eternity is compressed into a moment, infinite space is traversed more swiftly than by real thought. There are numerous illustrations of this principle on record. A gentleman dreamed that he had enlisted as a soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, was apprehended, carried back, tried, condemned to be shot, and at last led out for execution. After the usual preparations, a gun was fired; he awoke with the report and found that a noise in the next room had at the same moment produced the dream and awakened him. A friend of Dr. Abercrombie dreamed that he crossed the Atlantic, and spent a fortnight in America. In embarking on his return, he fell into the sea, and awakening in his fright, he found that he had not been asleep ten minutes.

The Future Life.

I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest which has been more than once cut down. The new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is over my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown

You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers, why then is my soul the more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head and eternal spring is in my heart. I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilies, the violets and the roses as at twenty years.

The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which unite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, song—I have tried all. But I feel that I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like so many others, "I have finished my day's work ;"but I cannot say, "I have finished my life." My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley, it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to open with the dawn.

I improve every hour because I love this world as my fatherland. My work is only a beginning. My work is hardly above its foundation. I would be glad to see it mounting and mounting forever. The thirst for the infinite proves infinity.—Victor Hugo.

Marked Interest

is now shown by eastern people in the is now shown by eastern people in the settlement of Oregon and Washington, particularly that region adjacent to Puget Sound. The reason for this is the almost unlimited resources that have lately been opened up, and the surprising growth of Portland, Tacoma, Seattle and other cities and towns along Puget Sound. The Union Pacific on account of its Fast Time, Short Line, Through Pullman Palace Sleepers, Free Reclining Chair Cars, Elegant Dining Cars, and Free Pullman Colonist Sleepers, from the Missouri river, is the favorite route to this region, and tickets via this line should always be asked for.

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Perryville, Kan.
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Or E. L. LOMAX,
Gen'l Pass. Agt.,
Omaha.

He Bit Off his Head.

One day last week an Indian made an excursion to a mountain near Chevantzieurm, State of Michoacan, in Mexico, to look after some fuel for his hut. While cutting up a dry oak he suddenly felt a bite on the calf of his leg given in the fraction of a second. A moment later he felt, coiling around his body, the terrible folds of a boa constrictor. Instinctively he leaned his head over toward the wounded leg and was almost fascinated by the glare of two bright basilisk eyes that gleamed like two bright coals in the head of the serpent.

Quicker than a flash the Indian ducked his head and caught the neck of the reptile between his jaws, sinking his teeth in the quivering flesh and clinging to it with the desperation of the dying. The huge serpent lashed its tail and tried to twist its head in order to bury its fangs in the Indian, but the latter clung on and began to chew away at the neck of the boa, which is the thinnest and most delicate part of a snake's anatomy. After chewing for a long time the indian succeeding in beheading his antagonist, the folds dropped from around his body and the Indian was free.



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