

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Household.

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THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

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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 repeat 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 Chautauques 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 poem entitled "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 whole 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 Chicago to visit the old home and aged parents.

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 ever saw.

DIED.—Monday night June 9, after a protracted illness of three months, Alexander Denton, aged about 36 years. Services were held in the M E Church by Rev. B. W. Stevenson.

PERRY.

Lillie Eakin returned home from Bethany college last week. James Burke has quit the Alliance store at Thompsonville and will engage elsewhere.

O R Hoffman's Implement store is headquarters for Binder Twine.

Dan Kieffer fitted up a wagon and pulled out for Oklahoma.

O L Thompson and W I Walters of Thompsonville, were in Perry Wednesday.

T R Bayne and John Morin of Williamstown, were in Perry Wednesday.

Hoffman is figuring on a hay shed for T R 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, formerly 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 evening.

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 cemetery.

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 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 court, 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 Wednesday.

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

Essie Stage, who has been visiting at Mr. Morris's for some time, left for Lawrence Wednesday.

Miss Bert left this week to attend the county normal at Oskaloosa.

Rev Herr will lecture next Thursday evening in the College Chapel.

Hattie Connell attended the Bible reading of the Y M C A and Y W C A at Emporia this week.

Harry Reeder and wife of Topeka were in town Sunday.

Dola Hanson returned home last Sunday to remain for some time.

Mr. Harding of Twin Mound, was in town last Friday visiting his brother Scott.

W R Holland of the Chicago Times, called Wednesday to see an old acquaintance, J W Alberts.

His 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 perhaps 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 'flections round, but I will tell you as you 'pear to be a putty sympathetic sort of a feller. Some time ago I seed a colt that I wanted mighty—wanted him so bad that I couldn't sleep none at night for thinkin' about him. Well, I didn't have much money an' was in debt anyhow, an' I couldn't see no way to git the object 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 neighbors crowded around an' almost smothered me with their congratulations, an' I 'fowed 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 colt 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—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 Oriel's father and daughter has been visiting him.

Company C has leased Williams hall for an armory.

Lincoln school had a picnic at the park Thursday afternoon.

The stone and brick work of the Williams block is finished.

Wm Williams has returned from Colorado much improved in health.

Company C drill regularly twice a week. They were in command of Lt. Peake Monday night.

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MERIDEN.

The Meriden tool factory is enclosed and it is quite an imposing structure.

Mr. Keeler has gone east on business.

Mrs. Crull has returned from her visit east, and Mr. Crull is happy.

The Methodist Sunday School observed Children's Day in an unusual happy manner.

The Presbyterian ladies had a quilting-bee at Mrs. Antle's Thursday. It was a ladies' picnic.

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

Addie Dawson returned from Missouri this week, and now one of our leading young men is himself again.

Last Tuesday evening the ladies of the U B 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 Oakland.

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 vegetable dinner Saturday, which was well patronized. A nice little sum was cleared.

Mrs D F Peter, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs Morse, left for Nebraska to spend the summer. Effie Peter will remain here during summer, and will attend Chautauqua with Mrs Morse.

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

Rev. Coblenz narrowly escaped being the victim of a severe accident. A lamp was left burning in the night and exploded. Mr. Coblenz 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 and impresses people that she is in 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 members.

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Considerable corn has been brought 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 necessity for crib room as the season advances.

An Old-Time Romance.

Right here in this venerable oak tree's shade
My grandmother's mother sat one day
In solemn state and in stiff brocade
Awaiting her lover, a knight they say,
Down yonder hillside with flashing spur
He came like a vision o'er field and fen,
In 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 trim,
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 dear, though mine eyes
be dim,
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 eve 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 minute 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'll say, "She had just such a noble
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:

"Have you heard from brother Wal-
ter yet?"

"No, Mabel; not time yet. You
know he only left the day before yes-
terday. We'll get a letter to-mor-
row, 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
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 idolized her "brother
Walter."

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 down-
town office scowling at a bit of crumpled
paper on the table before him with
an expression of countenance
which might fairly be thought to in-
clude 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 dimly-
lighted 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 so dumfounded 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-
ing."

"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;
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 Tay-
lor 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.

And so it was when Frank Hatfield
went home that evening and silently
handed Mabel an unposted missive,
over which her blue eyes glistened 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.

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 equi-
vocations or well-defined fibs. More
than that, Mabel was quite well aware
that she had not penetrated her hus-

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;
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
wife.

In 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 in-
tended 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 acci-
dent than anything else, it was opened
and read by a young married lady in
one of the large towns on the following
day.

It was not the same cell that Frank
Hatfield had looked into before, and it
was nearly 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
coming."

"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
house."

And Frank Hatfield 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
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 pos-
sible the miniature likeness which had
been shown him, and he found her very
readily. There was no chance of mis-
taking 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?"

"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."

"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
you?"

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

Florence had only gone into the ho-
tel to gather her somewhat scattered
senses after listening to the news im-
parted by Frank, and on the whole she
had sustained the shock much better
than he had expected. In a few mo-
ments—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 Flo-
rence had their heads too full of excit-
ing 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,
Brown!"

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
up this morning, and one 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
the office."

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

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

"Yes, it's Walter," 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 Flo-
rence, 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
looked so provokingly loving and hap-
py.

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
full traveling costume, and a glance
beyond showed him a marvelous dis-
array 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? Oh,
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-
low —"

"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, Flo-
rence—Mabel, this is my wife, your sis-
ter, 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 husband."

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,"
thirty years ago, still hold almost un-
disputed sway in certain parts of the
peninsula. In the Peloponnesus the
family of Lyngos has had a virtual mo-
nopoly 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 folk-song which praise him
as a genuine hero, and recount his
deeds in the most extravagant and flat-
tering language. Chief Lyngos pre-
ferred to capture his victims on Sun-
days in the neighborhood of the village
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, remain-
ed 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 of-
ten pillaged in days gone by.—London
Star.

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
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
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-
ing.

The latest figures set down the popu-
lation of Berlin at 1,173,853, 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 American
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
ago, is good enough to stand repeti-
tion.

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 de-
lightful 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
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 (supposed) 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 gen-
tlemen have been drinking and they
have quarreled about a friend of theirs,
a Mr. Weymss Jobson, quite an emi-
nent 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!" ex-
claimed Mr. Lee. "Can we not give
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 Weymss 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."

All the guests arose suddenly and
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
as 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 wild-
est mood intended. His guests of the
evening were a troupe of knock-about
negro minstrels who had been instruct-
ed how to act.

The Great Forests of Africa.

In Stanley's report to the British Gov-
ernment 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 under-
growth of bush and ambitious young
trees which grew beneath the im-
pervious shades of the forest giants,
and which was matted by arums,
phrynias, and amoms, meshed by end-
less 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 Valley
cannot boast a more impervious or a
more unbreakable 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.

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 Relic 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 bygone period. In 1832, Jarvis Spaf-
ford 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 considera-
ble 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 Spaf-
ford 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 en-
deavored to make the cast, it was dis-
covered 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 In-
dians, who were then quite plentiful in
and about Perrysburg, were caught by
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 in-
tolerable 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. They
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 accom-
paniment to the furious ringing of the
bell.

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 with-
out 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
Globe-Democrat.

The Star of Bethlehem.

Astronomical calculations show that
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 Cas-
siopæa. If this star appears in 1890 it
will have been seen seven times since
the beginning of the Christian era. It
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 having been visible
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 Em-
peror Otto's reign. It has been sup-
posed 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 back-
ward from 945 that would make its ap-
pearance coincident with the date of
the birth of Christ; and when the cal-
culation is made from 1264 forward, the
star was due in 1260, 1575, and 1890.
Dr. Palisa, of the Vienna Observatory,
who has been questioned on the sub-
ject, says there are no proofs that the
Lychnian 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 cer-
tain return of a star not seen since 1572.

Signs of Approaching Death.

The eminent Dr. Chiappoli states
that he has frequently noticed in pa-
tients, apparently very far from death,
an extraordinary opening of the eye-
lids, so much so as to give the eyes an
appearance of protruding from their
orbits, which he considers an invari-
able 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
utterly at a loss for an explanation of
this death symptom, but ascribes it to
a diseased state of the sympathetic
nerve.

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ed promptly at expiration of time paid for.
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SATURDAY, JUNE 14.

The Searsville 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 free.

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
issued.

Miss Lena Wilhelm of Winchester,
who weighs only 52 lbs. is the small-
est 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 prohib-
iting 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 an-
nounces 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 farm-
ers' 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 Leav-
enworth Times, while Farmer Fun-
ton has the cordial opposition of about
half the republican press of the sec-
ond district.

Several members of the democratic
state central committee have ex-
pressed themselves in favor of ex-Governor
Charles Robinson for governor, claim-
ing that he would prove acceptable to
the resubmission republicans, the al-
liancers 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 "origi-
nal package" decision has tended to
help the cause of prohibition. As a
matter of fact, the characteristic inso-
lence 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 difficul-
ty between itself and Senator Ingalls,
one is compelled to decide that In-
galls has the best of it. It is ad-
mitted that the position of postmaster
was asked for Mrs. John A. Martin
and that she did not get it. Now the
Champion opposes Ingalls. About
the only point of difference is wheth-
er the office was simply asked or de-
manded.

If Prof. Canfield is not fit to rep-
resent 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
fit representatives as publishers of
their organ. Not one has given agri-
cultural and economic questions any-
thing like the study that Prof. Can-
field has given to them. Not one is
particularly interested in farm mat-
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. Can-
field, 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 chan-
cellor of the University. The politi-
cians opposed him, bitterly and mean-
ly. 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. If they do not want his sup-
port they must not expect that of
Chancellor Snow, not that of any in-
dependent thinker who is not an ac-
tual, 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 cer-
tain than defeat, not even death.
But such is not the purpose of the
Alliance. The Advocate has simply
made one of those blunders not un-
common with callow enthusiasm.

The last number of the Alliance Ad-
vocate has a very foolish article, with
as much sarcasm as the writer was
able to work in, against Prof. Can-
field. The occasion that called it
forth was a published statement that
a certain alliance had resolved in fa-
vor 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 agricul-
ture. 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
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, and so
he is a proper butt of ridicule for
those who do. The editors of the
Advocate are real farmers. One of
them digs drains, shears sheep, plants
potatoes, does 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-
tative 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 Kan-
sas we say, should allow for all the
agricultural difference there is be-
tween Prof. Canfield and the weather
beaten managers of the Advocate.

Fourth of July Celebration.

There will be a basket picnic held
under the auspices of the Farmers' Al-
liance at Markan's Grove, 1 1/2
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 Attor-
ney 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
be long remembered. Come, one and
all.

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 Coeyville, commit-
ted suicide by taking laudanum.
Financial trouble was the cause.

The books of the treasurer of Sum-
ner county fail to balance in the sum
of \$1,832.21 on the wrong side.

Prof. W. A. Quayle has been elected
president of the Baldwin university to
succeed Dr. Gobin, resigned.

Chapman has closed its creamery.
A quarrel among the stockholders is
prime cause.

A large block of Iowa marble is be-
ing prepared for the Boston encamp-
ment.

Kansas was not lacking for memo-
rial day poets. Nearly every place
had its original poem.

Jim Hallowell has denounced Gov.
Humphrey in his candidacy for con-
gress. Humphrey now stands an ex-
cellent chance.

Sidney A. Wansee, 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 Goettin-
gen 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 in-
duced to appear in any of the num-
erous 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 there-
fore 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:
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Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Books and Magazines.

Captain W. T. Sampson, Superinten-
dent of the Naval Academy at Annapolis,
will contribute an article on that institu-
tion to the forth-coming number of Har-
per'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

Mrs. Elizabeth W. Champney, who is
now in London, and recently had the
pleasure of attending a reception at the
Court of St. James, will contribute to the
next number of Harper's Bazar a sketch
entitled "Caught in the Whirlpool: An
experience during the London Season." An
article by Helen Jay, entitled "The
Middle-aged Woman," will appear in the
same number.

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

The total assessed valuation of Kan-
sas railroads this year is \$57,863,557.

Noble Prentiss declines to become
the editor of the Atchison Champion.

The Junction City Tribune nomi-
nates 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
\$30,000 less of mortgage indebtedness
than it had two months ago.

The democrats of the Third con-
gressional district will hold their con-
vention at Chanute September 27.

The report comes that congress will
not adjourn until October. A Kan-
sasan does hate to give up a good situ-
ation.

Now watch the contest between J R
Hallowell and A W Smith for the
nomination in the Seventh congress-
ional district.

The sheriff of Kiowa county has an
eye open to the main chance. He
has started a paper of his own in
which to print the sheriff's sale no-
tices.

There are 11,000,000 children in the
public schools of this country, the
largest proportion of which, accord-
ing 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 pur-
chase the street car lines of Salina and
transform them into electric motor
and rapid transit lines. Much prop-
erty was also bought.

Koy Steek, 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
purpose.

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

The Atchison Globe says that when
Judge Foster was 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 evan-
gelist.

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

Judge Burris of Olathe was recent-
ly 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. Pritch-
ard at Coldwater, was reduced from
\$20,000 to \$7,000.

At a Farmers' alliance picnic in El-
lis county, petitions were circulated
asking President Harrison to remove
Webb McNeil from the Kirwin land
office, as it was deemed unjust to be
paying him \$10 a day to stump the
district for congress.

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This is the only real sand beach on
Great Salt Lake, and is one of the finest
bathing and pleasure resorts in the West.
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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 salt, while the ocean is
only 3 per cent, and the water is so buoy-
ant that a person is sustained on its sur-
face indefinitely without the least effort
on his part. Experience has proven its
great hygienic 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 dan-
cing pavilion built out over the lake, all
of these are run by the Union Pacific,
who guarantee a first-class resort in every
respect.

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

For complete description 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.

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
Calbrook, 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 es-
caped from jail and the governor of-
fered \$250 for his capture.

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And the Latest Novelties direct from
the Importers and Manufacturers in
New York, Philadelphia and Chicago.

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cost of repairs than any other machine. Has no
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press, it produces sharp, clean, legible manu-
scripts. Two to ten copies can be made at one
writing. Any intelligent person can become a
good operator in two days. We offer \$1,000 to
any operator who can equal the work of the
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Rookery Building, CHICAGO ILL.

A 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 when 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 seemed 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 lain 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 actually 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 a muzzle was placed close to my mouth.

I dare say you will hardly believe it, but in a few moments all my fear had gone, and I found myself growing grateful to this creature, for he made me so good a blanket that the heat 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 breathings 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. I 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 me.

I 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. Bernard safely themselves, and if they did, the monks and their dogs would do their best to save me. They reached the convent just as the storm began; and the monks sent out their noble dogs to seek me, though they had but 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 I 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. Out 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 intense.

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 stuffed; and I can tell you when I come into the room where he lies and the sun is shining on his glass eyes, I 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,
A voice to soften 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 wife severely to her husband at Castle Garden the other morning, "that you would be ashamed to be seen flirting with that girl so openly."

"Flirting, my dear," he returned in astonished tones. "I wasn't flirting. We were engaged before the vessel left Queenstown."

"Oh," said his wife, calmly, "I beg your pardon. If you have proposed to her I presume it is all right. When does the interesting event take place?"
—New York Truth.

Hearing Light.

Light, we now learn, not only has sound, but can be heard. A beam of sunlight is made to pass through a prism, so as to produce the solar spectrum. This is turned upon a disk containing colored silk or wool, and as the colored lights of the spectrum fall upon 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 red 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 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 Haves Among the Coon Dogs—Received Methods of Killing a Witch by Charms of Unfailing Efficacy.

In this county, says a correspondent of the Philadelphia Times, at Goldsboro, N. C., many of the inhabitants believe in witchcraft as firmly as they ever believed in state rights and are willing to sacrifice their lives on the 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 neighbors.

The negro race is naturally superstitious, but the poor white "crackers" are also ignorant, and for believing in spooks, spirits, hobgoblins and other and other unnatural phenomena, they can give the negro cards, spades and aces and then beat him. The cracker is worse than the negro; because he fondly imagines that he is much shrewder, and so he does not use what brains he has, nor does he try to learn anything. He has thousands of signs, cures and beliefs that are a continual source of annoyance to him and perpetually keep him in a state of unrest and dread. The simplest incident is one of sinister 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 damaged 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 bewitched, 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 that an old woman, living several miles away, was the suspected party, and he commenced a campaign against her. He told the victim to go to her house some night and stretch a white cotton string around the building, and 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 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 coons.

Another time a small powder was given, which must be swallowed by the witch without her knowing it. The old lady was invited to dinner, the powder placed in a cup of coffee and the cure was as complete as could be desired.

But the common and old reliable method of killing a witch is as follows: The doctor must catch a glimpse of her and from memory draw her picture. This need not be a good likeness 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 and she can never trouble you again. The silver bullet is usually made by melting a silver coin. This whole ceremony, which is comically absurd, will be performed with owl-like gravity and breathless interest that leave no room for doubting that it is regarded as effectual and is a serious and important matter indeed.

There are some advantages in witchcraft, 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 that it has been bewitched. This is a simple and satisfying statement, and it is therefore, common for a shiftless cracker to insist that it was the witches and not the weeds that rendered his garden unproductive.

PEDRO'S PRIVATE LIFE.

The Education and Habits of the Ex-Emperor, and How He Passed His Time.

Much has been said recently about the political and historical side of the life of Emperor Dom Pedro II. of Brazil, now an exile. But his private life is less known to Americans, whom he visited, however, in 1876. At that time, when he was not scrutinizing with deep interest the marvels exhibited at the Centennial Exhibition, or when he was not traveling through the 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 omnibuses, 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 a sister of Marie Louise, the second wife of Napoleon 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 splendid bearing; his hair and beard have grown white prematurely. 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 own property, as is his castle of Petropolis, is called San Christovo. The Imperial palace, former residence of the Portuguese Viceroy, 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." During the Summer, which in the Southern hemisphere corresponds to Northern Winter, the Court resided at the castle of Petropolis situated northward of Rio Janeiro, a half day's journey. This is a charming place, which reminds me of Saratoga, or Ems in Europe. It is built on the side of a mountain, and surrounded with a real village, composed of villas belonging to the high society of Rio Janeiro, to 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 reside at the Ministers' 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 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 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 the breakfast with the Emperor at the buffet of the station, saw Dom Pedro getting up after a few minutes, 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 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, without 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 servants, artists, merchants, etc., Dom Pedro received once a week in the 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 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

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 Sioux 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 nonsense, 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 amazement.

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 and 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 dash out on the trail we gave them a volley.

Talk about an Indian not feeling surprised! 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 warrior, 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:

"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 warrior looked up with rueful expression and said:

"I thought it was true. I was so scared that my heart stopped beating!"

Partners.

"You have got a fine hand," he said to her. As she lingered over her card of the Miss. "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 radiant eyes. "Perhaps!" she repeated, tossing her head. Without any wherefore or why.

"You're awfully aggravating, my dear." "Yes, that's one of woman's rights. We can take without being unsexed and queer. 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 tone. "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 disgraced one in her piquant gloe. 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 had only 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 a weigh."

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 vast 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 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 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 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 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."

"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 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 jamming 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 skittering that thing over this chilblained cast-iron soil the whole morning and have not made a scratch. Oh, it's sickening!"

"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 muck 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."

"Oh, it makes me sick—hi there! Is that those chaps coming back? Jerusalem crickets! I'll get a notice out of that newspaper clam or I'll smash the plow!"

And grasping his agricultural implements firmly by the handles the count shouted "Geel haw!" to the mule and cheerily, hopefully, and undauntedly tried to cut through a chunk of feldspar with his coulters, while the newspaper 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 flask.

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 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. 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 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—some- what 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 it like a hot potato, and—what shall I call it—retired. A shot would, in all probabili-

ty, 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 uninjured as a specimen. In the meantime more efficient tools for digging had been sent for, and these now arrived, 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's pad, and this rope, about the thickness of a man's thumb, was hitched 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 obstinate 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 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 post, on the slopes above it, but here only a wooden slab crumbled and crumbled away.

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. Innocent 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.

"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 says as how the little'un must be took away," and he rubbed the sleeve of a worn jacket across his eyes.

"It heurs 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 prattled on, and his spade sunk deeper and deeper, and the heap of brown earth grew larger.

It was only a rude box, very, very small, but reverently I followed it to that portion of the churchyard where the pauper dead lay sleeping. Into a shallow grave we lowered the nameless dust, and on the little mound we laid an autumn garland in memory of 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 defensive, 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—except the attentions which proceed from love.

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 previously 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 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, please 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 SUBMERGED RAILWAY.

The 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 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 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 incline that the remarkable railway we are about to describe has been constructed.

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 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 is conveyed part way down the cliff through a chute, the end of which projects 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 platform, 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 moving the tower back and forth automatically, and automatically loading and discharging itself, is carried on with the greatest success.

It is said this railway operates even when the sea is extremely rough. It certainly is a bold undertaking and reflects the greatest credit upon its constructor, Mr. D. M. Alberto de Palacio. The platform carries for its load 100 tons of ore. It is said that 5,000 tons of ore per day can be put on shipboard by means of this apparatus, the total cost \$18,000.—*Panama Star*.

A Ghost Under a Tree.

A well-known business man of Paris, Tex., relates the following curious experience to a correspondent of the *St. Louis Globe*: "I am neither superstitious nor cowardly, but I am a firm 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 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 walked slowly toward him with pistol pointed, 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. Neither 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 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. I never solved the mystery, but I noticed that after that no tenant ever remained there long. Time brought about great changes. The town grew, and a street was opened up through 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 Failure by Men and Women.

Marriage is a failure, the men say, when a wife thinks more of her relatives than of her husband.

When a wife believes that her husband must love her whether she deserves it or not;

When a wife stoops to her husband's level and tries to equal him in being mean;

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 has 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 "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 the wood;

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 controls 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 wife;

When a man is fool enough to expect that an angel would marry him;

When a man is patient and cringing with men who do not care if they displease 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 provides;

When a man blames his wife because there is a large family of children;

When a man smacks his lips in recollection of his mother's cooking, and forgets that he had a better appetite as a boy than he has as a man;

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.—*Albion 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 attendants built a wigwam of nature. He had not seen an Indian chief, and his knowledge of the individual was derived 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 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, felt the edges and said, "Can you make it half crown?"

STRANGE USES OF PAPER.

New Made Into Car-Wheels, Houses, Stoves, Bath-Tubs and Planes.

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 lasting 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 cottonseed. 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, of wood. The pastboard 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 to deceive the most expert eye. The latest idea is to use paper instead of wood for lead pencils, by using a patent preparation by which it can be cut as easily as the softest wood.

Literary Fads.

The literary fad, like any other whimsical 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, but on account of the influence of its introduction, becomes a thing to be rived over. It was many years after first publication before one of the greatest pieces of prose in the English language was even recognized by the learned, to say nothing of its recognition 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 conceived 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" will not live to see its tenth birthday. Mr. 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 imagination.—*Arkansas 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 value of the land to \$50 per acre, while fencing, building, and tillage are expected to double this valuation in a year.

Bear lake is in southeastern Idaho. The reservoir for this canal covers 160 square miles, and the canal will secure the irrigation of a territory extending to Ogden.

