

A NARROW ESCAPE.

BY JAMES MORRIS, JR.

The trial was ended. The verdict of the jury had been "guilty of murder in the first degree," and the gray-haired judge, in trembling tones, had solemnly pronounced the sentence "to be hanged by the neck until dead."

The evidence had been purely circumstantial. A few months before the date of our story, the cashier of the First National Bank in the small city of Newarkville, had been murdered and the bank robbed, and the crime had evidently been committed by some one familiar with the interior of the building.

Suspicion at once rested upon one of the clerks, a man about forty years of age, by the name of Preston. He was the last man who had seen Holcomb, the cashier, alive, and, upon search being made, a portion of the missing bank notes was found in a false compartment at the bottom of his desk, which was discovered by the book keeper, who seemed to take delight in unearthing all the evidence possible.

Noted legal counsel had been engaged on both sides, and the trial was one of great interest; but, owing to the complete chain of circumstantial evidence, which had been wound around the prisoner, the verdict was a foregone conclusion. And this was the end—"to hang by the neck until dead."

At the close of the trial, the only son of the condemned, a sturdy, well-grown young man of eighteen, led his almost fainting mother from the court room. Strenuous efforts were made to have the sentence commuted to imprisonment for life, but to no avail.

Three months sped swiftly by, and the time for the execution was drawing near, when the town was again startled by an event unprecedented in the history of the place—the mysterious abduction of the only daughter of the murdered cashier, a lovely young girl of about seventeen years of age.

Ronald Preston, the son of the prisoner, who firmly believed in his father's innocence, had been searching in vain for some clew to the real perpetrators of the crime, and now, here was another incentive to diligence—the task of finding the abductors, and rescuing his betrothed—for Ronald Preston and sweet Minnie Holcomb had been all in all to each other for the past few years, and only waited until they were a little older before joining their fortunes for life.

Ronald had no doubt but that the murder and the abduction were committed by the same person or persons, and had worked himself into a perfect fever in his vain efforts to find a clew. But here he was on the afternoon before the execution, just as far from success as ever.

Wearily and heart sick, he started out for a long tramp, hoping by physical exertion to cool his fevered brain.

Mechanically, and by no will of his own, his steps led him toward the cliff, which rose in some places almost perpendicularly out of the sea.

Once only did he stop, and then it was to read this notice, which was posted in a conspicuous spot:

"The above reward will be paid for any information leading to the capture of a gang of counterfeiters, who are believed to have their hiding place in this vicinity."

Suddenly his attention was attracted by a faint, far-away cry, seeming to come from the earth beneath him. He sprang to his feet, and listened with breathless attention for a repetition of the sound. Once again came the cry, fainter even than before; but this time the ear of love could not be deceived; and Ronald recognized the voice of the one who was dearer to him than life itself.

The thought that he was near her, and that she needed his protection, sent the youth's blood up to the boiling point. But where did the sound come from? Where should he search? These were the questions that rushed through his mind, when, suddenly, like an inspiration, came the remembrance of an old cave, which he had often visited in his younger days, and which had two entrances, one at the top of the cliff, and the other about half way down the side.

With hope cheering his heart, and bringing a new light to his eyes, he began a hasty but thorough search, and was rewarded by finding the mouth of the cave, which was stopped up with stones and rubbish. He was about to give up the search in that direction when his eye caught some marks on the rock at the edge, which looked as if made by the nails in a boot heel.

Satisfied now that he was on the right track, he was stooping over to force his way into the cave, when he was suddenly sounded strangely familiar to him, hissed in his ear:

"You shall pay dearly for your curiosity, curse you!"

As his captor began to drag him backwards, Ronald, who had been quiet thus far, from sheer surprise, suddenly bent his head and seized one of the villain's fingers in his teeth and bit it to the bone.

With a howl of pain he loosened his grasp on his captive.

This was the opportunity Ronald was looking for, and with a dexterous movement, he broke away and faced his antagonist, but the recognition almost knocked him over, for in that face with the livid scar on the left cheek, he beheld no other than Joseph Thornton, the bookkeeper, who had been one of the principal witnesses against his father, and like a flash came the thought that this was the man who had mur-

dered Mr. Holcomb and abducted Minnie.

But he did not have much time for thought, for Thornton was on him again like a tiger, knowing full well that if Ronald should escape, it was all up with him.

Ronald was no mean antagonist, for what he lacked in weight and muscle was made up in agility. It was a desperate struggle, and, as they swayed back and forth, their hoarse breathing soon showed that both were becoming exhausted.

During their efforts to gain the mastery, they had unconsciously worked toward the edge of the cliff, and now were on the very verge of it, a fact which Thornton suddenly noticed with a cry of exultation; and, with one supreme effort, he forced Ronald to his knees. For one dizzy moment he held him suspended on the very edge, and then with a desperate shove pushed him over.

Ronald's heart had gone up in prayer during that awful moment when he realized his danger, but he felt himself falling, one despairing shriek left his lips, and then he became unconscious.

Fortunately for him the descent was more gradual here than in other places, and partially covered with underbrush, so that, after falling about thirty or forty feet, he lodged in a thick clump of bushes, a fact that was not noticed by his late antagonist above, who had rushed from the spot as soon as Ronald disappeared from sight.

Just how long he lay there Ronald did not know, but he was aroused at last by a sharp dash of rain in his face, and, raising himself to a sitting posture, as well as his bruised and aching limbs would permit, he gazed around him with a bewildered stare.

At first he could scarcely comprehend where he was, but, as he glanced at the height above him, it all rushed over his mind with stunning force—the cry, his search, the encounter, his fall. And now, he must set his wits to work to find a way out of this predicament. As he lay there, pondering this subject, the faint sound of voices in conversation came to his ear, and soon two men passed along a narrow path, which Ronald had not noticed before, so close to his place of refuge that he could almost have stretched forth his hand and touched them.

"You say, Thornton, that it must have been along here somewhere, that you pushed the boy over? Might he not have lodged in some of those bushes up there?" and the speaker stopped, as if he had some intention of making a search.

Ronald's heart leaped into his throat, for, if they found him now, they would make short work of him; but his fears were relieved by the words of Thornton.

"No danger of that, Jim! he is food for the fishes down there by this time, I gave him too hard a push for him to land anywhere but at the bottom. But to change the subject; how has the girl behaved since I was here last? Has she got over her tantrums yet?"

"No," replied Jim; "she is as stubborn as the devil. Can't do anything with her."

"Never mind; I'll tame her when she is my wife, and that she shall be this very night. I suppose she is love-sick now after that young Preston. But, by the way, Jim, are you going to the execution to-day?"

"Execution to-day?" The words fell like a thunderbolt on Ronald's ear. If this was the day of the execution, then he must have lain there in a stupor all night. But it surely must be a mistake, and he eagerly awaited the answer of the other, expecting that he would correct Thornton's mistake. But he did not. Instead, he simply said:

"No; I guess not. I don't believe it would be very healthy for me there if I should be recognized. You got the father and son out of the way very nearly at the same time, to say nothing of Holcomb, the cashier. Hey, Thornton?"

"Oh, shut up, Jim, and let that rest," said Thornton, as he glanced nervously around him, as if fearful that even the rocks had ears.

Ronald's blood was boiling. To hear these villains coolly talking about the execution of an innocent man—his own father—and to think that he himself must lie there perfectly helpless, was exasperating in the highest degree.

It seemed as if the two men never intended to move on; but at last Thornton rose to his feet, and looking at his watch, he said:

"Well, in one hour and a half, the only man besides yourself, who knows my secret, will be dead, and then I shall breathe freely once more. But come; I want to take a look at my caged beauty this morning."

Waiting until they had disappeared around a turn in the path, Ronald turned his attention to the task of getting out of his present awkward position. There seemed to be only one way to accomplish this, and that was to climb up the way he had come down. But could he do it? Ah! but he must. The thought of his father's danger, and his affianced wife in the hands of Thornton, nerved him to the task before him.

Slowly, very slowly, he moves upward, and at last, after what seems an age, but which in reality is only about half an hour, he finds himself at the top of the declivity. But, look! The last bush he takes hold of is slowly giving away under his weight, and it seems as if he must surely fall back. But, with a desperate effort, he seizes a stout bush that grows on top of the bank, and draws himself once more upon level footing, where he pauses panting and exhausted, and almost unable to rise.

But he must not give way like this. His father's life depends upon his ex-

ertions for the next half hour. One half hour—and four miles to travel. Pulling his aching muscles together, and setting his teeth hard, he started off on a sharp run.

The hour for the execution has come. The doomed prisoner is led forth, breathing once more, and for the last time, God's pure, fresh air, and feasting his eyes upon the beauties of nature.

Onward with a steady step, he walks to the foot of the scaffold, into the presence of the assembled multitude—for the execution was to be public.

Without a tremor, and with a calmness born of peace with God, and a consciousness of his own innocence, he allows his gaze to rest for a moment upon the instrument of death, then on the expectant crowd.

Not a sound is heard as he mounts the steps of the scaffold, the sheriff and his deputy on either side of him.

Upon reaching the platform he was given permission to say a word of farewell, and stepping forward, he said:

"Friends and Neighbors: It is hard for an innocent man to die this ignominious death, for life is sweet to all, and we cling to it to the end. But God knows best. Farewell."

He then turned and told the sheriff that he was ready, and the final preparations were made.

His arms were pinioned behind his back; his ankles were strapped together; and the black cap and deadly noose were carefully adjusted, and the sheriff stands ready to spring the fatal trap. One minute more and all will be over.

But listen! What means that shout? Every eye turns in the direction from whence it comes.

See! a figure comes rushing down the hill, dusty, wild-eyed, and evidently completely exhausted; but stopping for nothing, he rushes through the crowd, which opens to let him pass, up to the very foot of the scaffold, and with the cry, "He is saved! he is innocent! I have found the guilty one," exhausted nature gives way and our hero sinks down in a dead faint.

Kind hands lift him up and carry him into the nearest house, while the sheriff released his prisoner and led him back to his cell to await the outcome of this interruption.

It was over an hour before Ronald was sufficiently recovered to tell his story, to which all listened with undisguised amazement.

A posse of twenty stout, well-armed men was soon formed, but, as they wished to take Ronald along as a guide, they were forced to wait until he had recovered sufficiently for that purpose.

Consequently, it was dark when they reached the cliffs, and some of the men doubted that they would be able to find the right place. But Ronald had marked it well, even in his excitement, and was able to guide the men directly to the spot.

A long, stout rope was then produced, and, tying it around his waist, Ronald was carefully lowered into the black depths. It was necessary for him to go first, so as to locate the path before the others came down.

After some search he found the clump of bushes that probably had saved his life, and then gave two quick jerks on the rope, as a signal for the rest to descend.

Five of the men were left at the top as a guard, and the rest were quickly lowered to Ronald's side.

And listening for some moments to make sure that their movements had not been noticed by any one, they silently and cautiously moved up the rocky path, which was so steep in some places as to render the ascent very difficult.

After proceeding in this way for some time they came to the mouth of a large cavern. Entering cautiously into the thick blackness, they moved slowly onward for a short distance, when suddenly a thrilling sight burst upon their gaze.

The cave here made a sudden bend at almost right angles with the outer entrance, and beyond this point widened out into a magnificent chamber, the whole scene being lighted by the glare of a dozen torches.

Around the sides of the room lounged half a dozen rough-looking, roughly-clad men. But it was a group of three in the centre of the apartment that riveted the gaze of those standing in the outer darkness.

A tall, well-dressed man, whom all instantly recognized as Thornton, the book keeper, was supporting a beautiful girl, who appeared to be nearly fainting with fear. In front of, and facing them, stood an aged, gray-haired man, who held a book open, from which he had just been reading or was about to read.

Our friends were still standing where they had so suddenly stopped, when the old man, who was evidently a minister, uttered this sentence:

"If any one has aught to say why this man and woman should not be joined in the bonds of wedlock, let them now speak, or forever hold their peace."

These words broke the spell.

With a bound like an enraged lion, Ronald sprang forward; and, with one blow from the butt of his revolver, felled Thornton like a log to the floor, at the same time catching the fainting form of his darling Minnie in his arms. It was some time before she regained consciousness; but Ronald's kisses and endearing names prevailed at last, and she opened her sweet, blue eyes, and smiled into his face.

The members of the gang were overpowered and secured without any bloodshed. A thorough search was then made, resulting in the finding in another

apartment a complete set of engraver's tools, dies, etc., and also a large number of five dollar bills, so many of which had been put into circulation, and which were so perfect that they could hardly be detected from the genuine. This explained to Ronald the notice which he had read the day previous; and we will add right here that he received the \$1,000 reward offered for information leading to the capture of this gang.

The entire party then followed the windings of the cave, which gradually ascended, and emerged into the open air on top of the cliff, and the prisoners were then conveyed to the jail.

The next day Thornton made a full confession. He acknowledged having murdered Mr. Holcomb, robbed the bank, and then placed the bank note in Preston's desk, in order to arouse suspicion against him. His spite against Preston arose from having been caught by him in some crooked work a short time before.

On this confession, the judge who had sentenced Preston gave an order for his release.

Thornton was sentenced to be hung, but died of consumption a week before the time set for his execution.

The rest of the counterfeiters were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment at hard labor.

A year later there was a grand wedding, the bride and groom being our friends, Minnie and Ronald, and in later years their children were never tired of hearing the story of mother's and Grandpa Preston's narrow escape.—Yankee Blade.

Then and Now.

The inauguration of a second President Harrison suggests a comparison of the changed conditions of the country since the memorable inauguration of the first. Forty-eight years is a mere span in the life of a nation. Indeed many of the grandfather's associates have survived to take part in the installation of the grandson. Had he done so, what memories would it have awakened, what surprises would have met him at every turn.

Then the whole union comprised twenty-six states with a population of 17,000,000; now it has grown to forty-two states with a population of more than 60,000,000. The railroad mileage has increased from 2,818 miles to about 150,000, and the value of imports of merchandise from \$82,000,000 to over \$700,000,000, with exports to match. Instead of 13,468 post-offices, Old Tippecanoe would now see 55,157, and would no doubt be puzzled to know how it is that a letter is now carried 3,000 miles for one-third the postage then charged for ten miles.

An overland journey from ocean to ocean was then practically impossible, but may now be made in less time and with greater safety and comfort than could then be made from the Upper Mississippi to Washington. The average ocean voyage in 1840 was to Europe 22½ days, return thirty-four days. In the year of grace 1888 the round trip may be made in two weeks with time to spare. Slavery, which then covered half the nation and was still spreading has been wiped out, and a whole series of wonderful inventions of which the grandfather could have had no idea, including telegraphic transmitters, telephones, perfecting presses, electric lights, palace coaches, etc., are all brought into requisition at the inauguration of the grandson.

Suppose that in the course of events a third Harrison should be called to the White House half a century hence, will the America of his day surpass this as much as this does the America of Harrison the First?—Cincinnati Times.

A Smart Pig Really Without Brains.

The body of an exceedingly fat pig hangs on a hook in the butcher-shop of Carson & Emmons in Freehold, N. J., but the head has been removed for scientific examination. The animal is said to have been the wisest hog in all Freehold, and it owed its death to its rare intelligence, for it was killed less for gastronomic purposes than to allow some doctors, who were interested in the question, to ascertain the quantity, quality and exact situation of so sagacious a porker's brain. Butcher T. C. Hutchinson, who slew the pig, jumped nervously back when he had thrust the knife into the seat of the understanding, for he feared that the teeming mass might rush out and overwhelm him. There was no cause for alarm. The brain cavity was, indeed, there, but it was so small that a half-inch probe would have reached it in any direction, and it was entirely empty. The most intelligent pig in Freehold hadn't a particle of brain in his head. The brain of a pig is never very large, but find doctors and butchers agree that to both doctors and brainless is a case absolutely without precedent within their knowledge.—New York Sun.

Herbert's Famous Hymn.

When Bishop Herbert's famous missionary hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," which he wrote in 1824, first reached this country, a lady in Charleston was much impressed with the beauty of it, and particularly anxious to find a tune suited to it. She ransacked her music in vain, and chanced to remember that in a bank down the street was a young clerk who had considerable reputation as a musical genius. She sent her son to the clerk with the request that he write a tune to fit it. In just half an hour the boy came back with the hymn, and the melody thus dashed off in hot haste is to-day sung all over the world, and is inseparably connected with the hymn. The young clerk was Lowell Mason.

NEWS OF STANLEY.

Information of His Whereabouts Up to Last September.

A private letter from Bongolo, on the Congo, gives, under date of Nov. 5, 1888, some information about Henry M. Stanley which has not yet appeared in any of the published accounts of his movements.

"Stanley," it says, "arrived at Urenia Aug. 17, with the carriers furnished by Emin Pasha. The next day the four white men who had accompanied him also reached that point. Stanley wrote a letter to Tippoo Tib, telling him, in effect, that he came from Albert Nyanza, where he joined Emin Pasha. He found everything in good condition there—Emin Pasha and Casati in good health, and all their people well."

"He entreated Tippoo Tib to accompany him to Emin, saying that he would wait for him at Urenia for ten days and would start on the eleventh day with the goods he left there, and M. Bonny, the last of the five Europeans, left with him (Bartlett having been killed at Urenia, Jamison having died at Bongolo Aug. 20, and Ward and Root having returned to Europe). To decide Tippoo Tib to accompany him he dwelt upon the great quantity of ivory he could bring back—all that was in Emin Pasha's possession."

"I do not really think Emin Pasha would have given Tippoo his ivory, for Tippoo had nothing with which to pay for it. It was probably an artifice on Stanley's part, who had one or two objects in view for which he had need of Tippoo's aid, and he tried to persuade him. Tippoo Tib must have understood this, for he did not accompany Stanley; but, like a practical man and one who wished to make something out of Stanley's journey, he caused the explorer to be followed at a distance by one of his devoted lieutenants, Said-Ben-Mohod, who will reconnoiter the route and make raids for slaves in the new country."

"Sept. 14 Stanley's courier, bound for Europe, arrived at Tally, commended to the protection of the resident of the Congo state, but without any kind of a message. Now this courier (who bears only one letter, addressed to M. Brown) has been detained at Tally by an unfortunate illness. The resident, who is expecting a steamer from day to day, has not deemed it proper to allow this correspondence to be brought here by the boat which brought us M. Balit, Jr., secretary of Tippoo Tib, and just now the Stanley is here and is going down to Kintamo. So Stanley's correspondence can not reach us until the arrival of the next steamer."

Men Versus Women.

The Northwestern Congregationalist, of Minneapolis, prints the result of a recent investigation into the relative proportion of men and women in the membership of churches of that order. In the following cities, which are denominational centers, the ratio is as follows: Boston, 1 man to 2.14 women; Brooklyn, 1 man to 1.90 women; Cleveland, 1 man to 2.20 women; Chicago, 1 man to 1.83 women; Omaha, 1 man to 1.60 women; St. Paul, 1 man to 1.47 women; Minneapolis, 1 man to 1.70 women; St. Louis, 1 man to 1.75 women; Denver, 1 man to 1.71 women; San Francisco, 1 man to 1.71 women. In these cities the average is 1 man to 1.82 women, the extremes being St. Paul with 1 man to 1.47 women and Cleveland with 1 man to 2.20 women. In the denomination the average ratio for the last twenty-five years has been 1 man to 2.01 women. In the foregoing exhibit there is not the difference which might be expected between the East and the West; neither climate, superabundance of men or women, according to the census, nor the prevailing tone of theological opinion seems to make any wide variations. The Congregationalist finds two general reasons for this disproportion between the sexes. First, that the average woman responds more readily than the man to the Gospel, and, secondly, that the believing woman does not meet the same obstacles to union with the church as the believing man. The Congregationalist observes:

"About an equal number are born of male and female children. We gather them in about equal numbers into the primary department of the Sunday school. Why is it that we lose our grip on the coming men?"

Physical Health.

The interest taken in this country in athletic sports may sometimes assume an exaggerated form, but it is not to be discouraged. The sound mind in the sound body is still the sensible maxim. The Greeks wisely train the body in conjunction with intellectual pursuits, and the Germans owe a great debt to Frederick Ludwig Jahn for his establishment of Gymnasia. The present greatness of Prussia is largely owing to the Turner schools, although they were suppressed at one time on the score of a tendency to liberalism. The indomitable spirit which has ever animated the English people has been kept alive by field sports and physical exercises generally, and the tendency to overstrained nervous organizations which the American climate superinduces can only be offset by vigorous out-of-door habits or some gymnastic training. Walking, riding, shooting, swimming, base-ball, cricket, fencing, sparring, and, indeed, the entire round of manly games involving physical culture, are useful in keeping up a hardy and determined people, able to maintain with their stout arms what their ancestors have given them safe in keeping. Sound thought, firm will and sound health are inseparable. It is certainly a natural alliance.—Texas Sittings.

On Pike's Peak's Top.

From the moment I saw Pike's Peak, a hundred miles across the plains in the clear air of Colorado, I was haunted by a desire to stand on its summit. The opportunity came when I reached Manitou, which may be briefly described as Saratoga distributed along the sides of an extremely picturesque ravine.

Colorado Springs is the westernmost verge of the vast plains that stretch from point in Kansas, five hundred miles to the Rockies. Manitou, six miles further west, is where the slope of the great chain noticeably begins. This charming watering place is easy of access, being on a branch of the Denver and Rio Grande railroad, which seems to be ubiquitous in Colorado, traversing the mountains in every direction and penetrating the romantic heart of the Rockies. Every foot of ground here is a miracle of beauty and grandeur. The whole region has been the scene of a mighty primeval convulsion, and the long period of quiescence is in strict proportion to the visible magnitude of the activities of which this region was once the theatre. Rocks whose massiveness would require all our modern engineering to stir were sported with as mere toys, and fleeing like foam flecks thousands of feet into air and there left balanced as silent witnesses of a power that awes the observer. One might well fancy himself in a workshop where whole worlds had been made.

At Manitou we are all ready as far above the sea level as is Mt. Washington, but Pike's Peak towers 8,000 feet higher still, and I might as well say right here that next summer (in 1889) the tourist will be able to ascend to the summit by means of a railroad similar to that up Mt. Washington. The road is now under construction and will be a model of its kind. We are really too near to realize its true height. Not far from Manitou, not from the "Garden of the Gods," not even from Colorado Springs, does one gain just conception of the loftiness of this regal mountain. It is only when you are fifty miles to the south beyond Pueblo, following the curves of the Arkansas, as you lift your eyes to the north and see the great peak towering above the clouds, as far above the general level of the Rockies as they are above that of the plains, that its real supereminence dawns upon your mind.

For a rough outline plan, begin at the Atlantic and slope two thousand miles of continent at such an angle that the end of the last mile shall be six thousand feet above sea level, or on a line with the top of Mt. Washington. This is our pedestal. Now take twelve miles and elevate it until the end of the last mile is eight thousand feet, or one and a half miles above the top of our pedestal or two and a half miles above sea level. This gives you Pike's Peak.

To obtain the general appearance of the range, fancy yourself as having picked up from his cyclopaen workshop mountains, the first handful like the familiar Storm King at the opening of the Highlands of the Hudson, each later handful of successively larger size, and to have dropped them in tiers whose summits recede each 500 feet above the one immediately in front of it. Remember he begins at the top of a platform already 6,000 feet high. When he drops the fourteenth handful, your eye has glanced upward, first more than a mile to the top of the platform, then more than a quarter of a mile to the first line of summits, then half a thousand feet at a glance, till the thirteenth is reached, your sight will at that moment rest upon the cap that sits on the head of the Monarch of the Rockies.

This towering height is reached by a hard, broad road for two miles and a mere trail, just wide enough for the feet of a horse and at a distance looking like a cobweb line, for ten miles.

"Six o'clock" calls out the watchman, at the door of my chamber. The light is dim, the air is chill, and the mountain brook under the window sings dreamily. Who would rush where we had only just arrived? But breakfast waits, the ponies wait, and the guides wait, and the members of the party wait, and perforce we must stir.

Soon we are in the saddle, trotting up the broad road past the mineral springs. Recruits join us at every fork, and when we stretch out on the trail there are fifteen of us, including two guides and one lady. Three of the party are mounted on mules. The rest on ponies—surefooted all they say. We trust so, for the trail mounts steadily up the steep side of the ravine—so narrow the path that the trees have had to be hollowed out to make room for the sides of our beasts. Sometimes a wall of rock cuts off the track altogether, and a slender bridge at a dizzy height clings to the face of the cliff and echoes to the tread of our ponies.

A thick fog fills the chasm. Out of it at times peer rocks so huge that from single ones could be built churches or capitol domes. Could one but have heard the crash of their fall when they thundered down the steep and tore away forests in their path!

All the while the mountain brook that sings on in the mist below us. Through the whole ascent its music follows us, until we reach its source in the melting snows at the very summit, sometimes far below, sometimes close upon our right. Sometimes it directly beneath us, again at our left, again about the feet of our horses as we ford it. Its melody varies with the shape of its channel and the speed of its movement, at times swift and narrow and deep, then broad and shallow and braided over its stony bed. When chafing at the attempt of some monster rock to bar its passage, and raging and foaming and roaring as it dashes to the right and to the left and flings its spray contemptuously back, then leaping singly in long, graceful curve down a steep descent, then parting and leaping again by twos, by threes, and joining divisions and rushing on in glee at brief rivalry, and always singing solos, duets, full choruses in every mood, till the note of the dripping snow becomes too exquisite for the hearing of dull mortal ears.

At the Halfway house we dismount close to a trout pond and a beautiful sheltered cascade. In ten minutes we are again in the saddle. Soon we reach a wide, level stretch and put our horses to the gallop. The sun bursts upon us and the heavens ahead are dense blue.

Now the trail becomes very steep, through the gnarled trunks of a deformed forest, where storm after storm has hurled rocks and trees in the wildest fury. The broken line of the original signal service telegraph to the station at the top tells the story of the hopeless attempt of just one season to maintain such a connection with the world below. Now all signalling is by heliograph—by flashes of light from the top of Pike's Peak to the level of the plains at Colorado Springs, eighteen miles distant.

When we emerge from the scarred forest we are above timber line, in the midst of lovely and varied wild flowers. Far below shine the mirror-like surfaces of mountain lakes. The party now seem like flies clinging to an almost vertical wall and moving obliquely to its top. The guide calls "Halt!" at the last spring, and again a little further on at a stone three miles from the top. At the latter place he bids us let the horses graze a little on the snowy grass.

When we next move on, our course lies through a great field of scattered pink rock, extensive enough to be the ruins of all the

ancient cities in the world. The ponies twist and turn and shake and leap upward and drop downward, and advance with difficulty over the uneven blocks of rock, which resound under the hoofs like the flooring of a bridge. The rider must have a care for his feet here or they will often be caught between the sides of his beast and the walls of the trail in a firm vice.

Over this changing pavement of rock we advance three miles, and then at high noon, after just five hours of climbing, we leap from our saddle, give our animals into the keeping of the guides and the low stone building which holds the government's weather observers; which holds, too, a roaring fire and a cup of coffee, the aroma of which greets us at the threshold.

What is it? Is it 25 cents a cup? We do not propose to live here—and one don't count.

How quickly we breathe! how exhausting is the least exertion, and how the blood mounts to the head and drowsiness overtakes us! But we have changed latitudes by a mile and a half since breakfast, and we are not yet acclimated.

The photographer wishes to take our pictures. He may catch all he can. We came to see, and not to be seen, and so we make for the northern edge of the summit. Here we see a sheer precipice of debris piled tumultuously and soon lost to view in the billowy mist that swatches the sides of the mountain. How complete is this solitude! We seem to be sailing alone through infinite space! How profound is this silence, unbroken by a whisper! The clouds noiselessly lap the face of the cliffs and the currents of air intermingle in perfect stillness. With startling effect the gruff thunder suddenly rumbles up from the pit far below. It is as if God had spoken, and uttered with articulate voice the deep thoughts then stirring in our bosoms.

The mist suddenly sweeps toward us. We seek the shelter of the signal station. Without the ball rattles on the rocks and rebounds into the air. Once we step out and, holding up both hands, feel the thrill of the electric current and hear it sing a weird song as it escapes from our finger tips.

When the storm ceases we watch the sheen of the sun-glance on the billowy upper surfaces of the white clouds that midway down the mountain hide completely the world from which we came. Swiftly, like a drawn curtain, they roll away, and as from the height of another planet we look upon the majestic globe beneath.

Mountains no longer rise, but are constructed from the apex and slope from peak to base. Forests, great and grim, become simple dark rinkles on the mountain sides. A city is abridged to the dimensions of one of its squares, and a great water course, in the case of the great Colorado, is reduced to a dark green tape laid in folds on the lighter dued surface of the endless arid plains.

We are chilled to the marrow. The guides give the summons to start. We hurry to our horses, don our slickers and the jolting descent is elevated it until the end of the last mile is eight thousand feet, or one and a half miles above the top of our pedestal or two and a half miles above sea level. This gives you Pike's Peak.

"Patience, good guide: our limbs are racked and your eye has glanced upward, first more than a mile to the top of the platform, then more than a quarter of a mile to the first line of summits, then half a thousand feet at a glance, till the thirteenth is reached, your sight will at that moment rest upon the cap that sits on the head of the Monarch of the Rockies.

Still, we heed the counsel, and, used to the roughness and steepness of the way, and putting an absolute trust in the watchful eyes and unerring feet of our ponies, we rush where we had only just arrived. Through the wooded level we fly like arrows and when the cascade bridge thunders under the hoofs of our steeds our party is regained.

There is no fog in the ravine now; the declining sun sends its slant rays far out on the plain; the wooded, rock strewn sides of the gorge are barred with light and shadow; the balanced rocks on their tall columns look down with sentinel-like approval; the ruby gates of the "Garden of the Gods" lift up their everlasting portals just ahead; the firm rock of the summit becomes the crumbling boulder by the side of the trail, becomes at last the music of the brook becomes an even song, and with one merry gallop we are safe home.—James R. Truax, in the Great Divide.

Bought and Sold.

The balance of trade last year between the United States and foreign lands was \$45,000,000 on the wrong side. It was against this country in 1887, but not so much by \$40,000,000 as in 1888. Here is a summary of foreign trade statistics just issued:

Exports, 1888.....	\$679,614,181
Exports, 1887.....	703,319,692
Imports, 1888.....	725,202,498
Imports, 1887.....	708,818,478

The treasury report from which these figures are taken shows that the falling off in exports is almost wholly in agricultural products, and that the increase of imports is in live animals and articles of food, chiefly the former. There was little difference between the two periods in either imports or exports of manufactures.

Our export business ought to grow. The way to bring growth is to help American shipping. We are still barred out of South American markets by the lack of merchant vessels. English, German and French lines naturally discriminate against our own products. Merchandise shipped from New York to the west coast of South America goes by way of Liverpool or Havre. If the government would pay liberally for the ocean mail service we should soon see American steamship lines established that would give us direct communication with foreign markets and carry merchandise at low rates, thus enabling American manufacturers to compete everywhere, on fair terms, with English and German producers.

As to the decrease in agricultural exports shown by the treasury figures, the fine crops in Europe largely account for it. The increase of imports of live animals is evidence that the farmers are devoting themselves more generally than ever before to the improvement of their stock.—Cincinnati Times.

A Heroic Medicine.

Old Mrs. Bentley—Did ye hear how Deacon Brown's gittin' on?"

Old Mr. Bentley—"I heard he took a relapse this mornin'."

Old Mrs. Bentley (with a sigh)—"Well, I hope it will do the poor soul good, but I haint much faith in them new-fangled medicines."—Epoch.

A PHANTOM PLOWMAN.

Terrified Farmers Watched Him as He Turned up the Soil Perfectly.

In the northwestern corner of Lower Merion township, Montgomery county, Pa., a terrible hubbub has been raised by a phantom farmer, who is nightly seen plowing in a field. The apparition was first discovered about three weeks ago by a farm hand who was returning late from courting a pretty maid. Emerging from a wooded path, way that skirted an old forest for miles, this rustic was startled to hear a sepulchral voice commanding a team to halt. He looked in vain about the place for a moment or two, and was about moving on again when the same sound fell on his ear. A shiver crept down his spinal column as he heard the creaking of an unseen harness, and this terror was far from being allayed by the whinny of a horse almost directly in front of him. At that moment the new moon stole over the neighboring tree tops, and in its misty light the rural swain plainly saw the phantom farmer. It was clearly outlined against the dark back ground, and its two hands held in steady grasp the projecting handles of a plow. Before it marched a pair of spirited horses, their heads lined in the misty light, their bodies erect and their eyes flashing fire as they moved hastily along. The young man waited another moment to reassure himself, and was about to take to his heels when plowman, horses and plow suddenly vanished. Then he, too, fled in wild alarm.

At Silas Brown's corner grocery on the night succeeding this, the young man Albert Cooper by name, told this startling story. Brown, like many of the loungers in the store, smiled incredulously, and advised Cooper to "reform." A discussion arose, in which hot words were made that Cooper was drawing the long bow.

The upshot of the matter was that the crowd adjourned to the alleged scene of the ghost's operations to verify or disprove Cooper's tale.

They had not long to wait. Without the noises that had warned Cooper the night before, the phantom farmer appeared before the eyes of the seven men who sat upon the fence, or, to be more accurate, who almost fell from in terror. His long white hair and beard streamed in the passing wind. No hat was on his head nor could any portion of his face be seen except the gleaming eyes. These shot out from a field of more than seven feet from the ground, indicating that the spectral granger was taller than the average of haman kind. About his body, which could not well be traced, there was a phosphorescent glow which dazzled the eyes of the terrified spectators and shown far ahead of the steadily moving horses. The plow he leaned on seemed of skeleton frame, but it tossed off the soft, moist earth as easily as a steamer turns the river waves. On he came, the horses seeming to exhale fire, their heads erect and arching, and footfalls as firm and clear as any the watchers ever heard. At the corner of the field they turned obediently at a word from their spectral driver, and again passed before the affrighted spectators, who thereupon fled in haste.

On the following morning a crowd of rustics determined to go to the field and see whether any trace of the farmer could be found. As they came in sight of the inclosure one of the number exclaimed in astonishment; "I'll be durned if the thing doesn't plow, sure enough." He was right. One-half of the field had been gone over, evidently by no novice. The furrows were not quite so broad as those made by an ordinary plowman, but they were less ragged and more deep, and were as straight as the most experienced eye could make them. A day or two after the same group went out to view the fields again, and this time they found that the phantom had finished his work. The owner of the field was one of the number, and he took a solemn oath that he had not turned a sod in the inclosure.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Drink For Condemned Men.

There has died in Paris a venerable ecclesiastic named Abbe Crozes, whose long career of useful beneficence was passed amid surroundings which to most men would have been extremely painful if not absolutely repulsive. The deceased abbe was chaplain to the prison of La Roquette, and from 1860 to 1882 it had been his painful duty to take pastoral charge of all criminals sentenced to death. During his twenty-two years of office he has attended to the scaffold no fewer than fifty-one murderers, comprising among others La Pommerais, Avignoin, Troppmann and Billoir. The sole accusation which his detractors could urge against the amoiner of La Roquette was that he was apt to show a little too much commiseration for the atrocious desperadoes who received his ministrations, and that he was moved even to use his influence to obtain a reprieve for the exceptionally bloodthirsty young monster Troppmann, who satisfied his craving for slaughter by the massacre of an entire family. The Abbe Crozes occupied a humble apartment in a house close to the jail, and his room was adorned with all kinds of sordid articles presented to him as souvenirs by the assassins who had received the consolation of religion from his hands at the supreme moment of their fate. One of the most curious attributes of the excellent priest who has just passed away remains to be described. It was he who supplied the condemned men with stimulants just

before their execution. While praying with the malefactors he gave them a small glass of *mele-cassis*, which our Paris correspondent describes as "black-currant cordial, dashed with brandy." The publication of such a petty detail is not without its use, inasmuch as it serves to illustrate a fact with which it is highly expedient that not only the community at large but the criminal classes in particular should be made fully conversant—that nine-tenths of the statements made as to murderers "dying game" are so much arrant nonsense. In almost every case when a criminal is led to execution, whether it be by the guillotine or by the gallows, it is found absolutely necessary to administer some kind of alcoholic stimulant to the trembling wretch, and in olden times, when the condemned prisoner was allowed to drink as much as ever he liked on the morning of the execution, it was probable the man who was the most drunk who died exceptionally "game." It may seem at the first flush somewhat indecorous that a jail chaplain should be, above all others, the functionary intrusted with the task of giving a parting "nip" to a criminal; but, on reflection, the *aumonier* may appear to be the most suitable person by whom so delicate a function could be performed. From the time of his condemnation the prisoner has been on terms of affectionate friendship with his spiritual instructor, at whose hands he knows that he may safely expect kindness and sympathy, and it may be a feeling of gratitude, which for a moment partially softens his depraved heart, and the malefactor accepts a dram from his confessor. The like refreshment offered to him by the executioner or by one of the prison wardens might be accepted only with repugnance, or rejected in the disgust of desperation.—Ex.

Happy St. Louis.

St. Louis is the only city I have ever visited where it seemed like paying a man a delicate tribute to arrest him, writes Bill Nye in the Chicago Tribune. When you are arrested in St. Louis you do not go reluctantly to the nearest station by means of the scruff of your neck, through a hooting and maddening crowd, but the policeman who has arrested you sends in a signal from the nearest box, and directly, as the English put it, or right away, as the American has it, a beautiful silver-mounted droska, or Rise-up-William Riley-and-come-along-with-me phaeton, drawn by gaily caparisoned and neighing steeds, dashes up to the curb, driven by an Olive street gondolier. You bound lightly into the beautifully flecked chariot, a tiny silver gong about the size of a railroad time-table tinkles gaily, and away you go, arousing the envy and admiration of those who have never been under arrest.

But how, asks the keen and pungent reader, can St. Louis afford to do this, while in a city like New York the criminal must either walk to the station-house of forego the joys of arrest entirely. The answer is simple. Here the criminal pays \$6.50 for an arrest which he used get at \$3. This pays his droska hire and makes his arrest something to look back to with pleasure. People who yield to the police and become arrested from time to time do not care for the expense. Mostly they refer the expense to a place which should be alluded to very sparingly in a Sunday paper. And \$3.50 don't bother them at all. They pay it if they have it, and if they do not an opportunity is given them to earn it later on at some sort of skilled labor, like pounding sand. This makes the arrest an ornament to the city, and the gentlemanly criminal or misdemeanor obligato pays for it, thus contributing to his own comfort and making his arrest an ovation and a delicate tribute to himself which the papers can use and which will read well on a scrap book when forked over to future generations.

Wilkie Collins at Work.

Mr. Collins, says the Book Buyer, has described the manner in which he works out his plot and clothes this framework with flesh and blood. He used "The Woman in White" to illustrate his method of writing novels. His first effort was to get his central idea—"the pivot on which the story turns." This occurred to him in the shape of a conspiracy in private life by which a woman is robbed of her identity by being confounded with another woman whom she closely resembles. He next searched for and finally found the three principal characters in the drama, the conspirator and the two women. Then began the process of building up the story, three things being borne in mind, "to begin at the beginning, to keep the story always advancing, without paying the smallest attention to the serial division in parts, or to the book publication in volumes, and to decide on the end."

The first step was to sketch the plot in the mind—to decide in a very general way upon the development of the story. The beginning of "The Woman in White" gave the author much trouble. He decided upon an opening scene, and spent over a week in writing it out only to throw it away. Nor did any satisfactory idea suggest itself to him until one evening he happened to read in a newspaper of a lunatic who had escaped from an asylum. Instantly the possibility of using this incident occurred to him, and he fell to work upon a new beginning for the story. After that all was comparatively smooth work, the characters and the details of the plot being elaborated as the story advanced. After six months of hard labor the tale was completed.

A WHITE CASTAWAY.

His Terrible Experience in the Wilds of Africa.

Africa contains over eight million miles in area, and has over twenty million inhabitants. In such a vast and almost unknown country thrilling adventures are of every-day occurrence, and the traveler, hunter and explorer is subject to perils peculiar to Africa alone. Of such was the experience of Mr. Deane, one of the agents of the Congo free state. He was in command of Stanley Falls station, when it was attacked by the Arabs. Deane, with his comrade Dubois and four Haussa soldiers, fled from the station, and it was not long before Dubois fell into the river and was drowned. Deane and his soldiers pushed on all night in a drenching rain, and only stopped at daylight for a short rest. While Deane's clothes were hanging on the bushes to dry, a shout in the rear told them that they were discovered and that the Arabs were in hot pursuit. Deane had just time to throw his clothes over his arm and start at full speed through the bush, followed by his attendants. It was nearly noon before they succeeded in distancing their pursuers, and by that time was a most we-begone band of fugitives. In the mad race for life every Haussa had lost his gun, and not a weapon of any sort was left in the party. One by one Deane had dropped his garments, and he had nothing left except a military cape, which he threw over his shoulders. In the midst of an African jungle he had not the slightest protection for his bleeding feet, and even if he had saved his boots he would not have dared to put them on, for the tracks would have revealed to any prowling Arab or hostile native that a white man was in the neighborhood. A cannibal tribe, with whom Deane himself had had a serious fight, lined the river below, and he dared not appeal to them for succor. He was about three hundred miles from the nearest white station of Bangala. All that could be done was to struggle down the river, through the dense brush and forests, several miles inland, avoiding all the tribes, except one or two that were known to be friendly, and living on whatever they could pick up that would afford nutriment. For four weeks this white castaway wandered through the country, living on wild grapes, fried ants and caterpillars, and sleeping at night on the earth, with no covering but dried leaves. At last they came to the Bakuma tribe, and shortly afterward were rescued by Captain Coquilhat, who had been sent in search of Deane. It was an experience that not one white man in a thousand could have lived to relate.—La Porte Herald.

Hygiene and Hysterics.

There is some discussion of the question: "Does the great attention paid to health in these days produce an anxiety about bodily ailments which is a disease in itself?" The question at first glance may seem an absurd one, yet, looking upon one side of the proposition, some cases can be presented, which, standing alone, might indicate that too great a regard for health had a tendency to encourage or aggravate hypochondriasis. We have always had the hysterical and always will, but it should not be assumed that a reasonable attention to health should stimulate the growth of morbid fancies. With our state departments of health and our local boards, these matters are placed under intelligent direction, and extravagant notions and intemperance care are not so extensively indulged in as formerly. There is a general diffusion of hygienic knowledge proceeding from professional sources which tends rather to decrease the number of neurotic and hysterical than to multiply them. There are no statistics bearing directly on the subject, but those furnished from the health departments show that the promotion of physical well-being is the result of the increased attention to health now prevailing. It will be further observed that the knowledge emanating from our boards of health is sanitary, and must not be confounded with the popular sanitary literature often disseminated to the injury of physical welfare, from which results the prevalence of self-drugging and fancied ills that seemingly afflict humanity. Besides all this, high medical authorities concur in the opinion that there is a general improvement in the public health.

Positively the Latest Meanest Man.

The height of meanness has been often defined. I have heard for instance, that it has been reached by a man who, having been rescued from a watery grave in the Serpentine during the skating season and duly brought around, after much trouble, in the Royal Humane society's receiving house, promptly stole the grappling irons as he left the place and sold them for old metal on his way home. Another definition asserts that the height of meanness consists in giving a blind man a shilling and taking full change for it out of his hat. But the Woodbridge Gazette now claims for that town the credit of possessing the meanest man in the person of a miserly yeoman who refused to allow his daughter to receive a seakink jacket, from her uncle as a present because, forsooth, he could not afford to pay for the camphor which would be needed to keep the moths out of it during the winter.—London Figaro.

An old actor, painting his face to look youthful is "making up" for lost time.—New Orleans Picayune.

THE WEEKLY NEWS.

—BY THE—
KANSAS NEWS CO.,
G. F. KIMBALL, Manager.

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

SATURDAY, APRIL 13.

The farmers of Brown county have also organized a Farmer's Mutual Fire Insurance Co., that is nearly ready for business.

By direction of the president the secretary of war has ordered that the new military post near Denver shall be known as Ft. Logan, to honor the memory of the late General John A. Logan.

Gov. Humphrey has called a special election for the fourth congressional district, for May 21, to fill the vacancy left by the promotion of Congressman Ryan to be minister to Mexico.

At Chicago, Sunday night, Billy Piper, a colored light weight of Chicago, and Jimmy Connors, a light weight of New York, fought with two-ounce gloves for a purse of \$100. Connors was knocked out in the second round, badly used up.

A saloon in Kansas City is a very reputable place until one or two murders have been committed there and then it becomes a "disreputable hole." Most of them in that city as elsewhere, are now disreputable holes.

The Lawrence shoe factory last week made its first purchase of 150 calf hides from a local dealer. It will be prepared to consume all the leather that can be produced in the vicinity, and will afford just such a market as the west needs to have multiplied a thousand times to make it the most prosperous and independent.

Wheat is looking better than it has for years. The recent rains and the warm sunshine gives vegetation an early and vigorous growth; the farmers are correspondingly happy, and an unusually large acreage of oats and corn will be planted. All the indications are that we will have an immense crop in Kansas this year and yet realize unusually good prices for it.

If you have a thought of going to Oklahoma give it up at once. There will not be half claims enough for those now on the border, and there is bound to be disorder, fighting and bloodshed before claims are settled and government instituted. Besides this, claims can be bought there in less than two years for less than they cost. Added to all, there are as good homes to be had in Kansas as anywhere. Every Kansan should be content to remain where he is rather than risk a struggle in that country.

Township assessors are abroad in the land.

Baldwin City is somewhat elated over the valuable mineral springs near that place.

April 22 will be Arbor day in Illinois. It will also be a big day for planting in Oklahoma.

The buds of the peach and cherry trees are swollen full, ready to blossom on receipt of the first warm shower.

Farmers should bear in mind that sorghum seed sown broadcast produces the most nutritious and valuable feed for stock.

The ground has not been in such fine condition for spring work for years, and our enterprising farmers are improving each "shining hour."

The popularity of surface cultivation is still growing, and new and improved implements designed to stir only the top soil are appearing in all the leading stores.

Kansas will be able to break any salt trust that may be gotten up. Perhaps it will also be able to beat down the sugar trust.

The outlook for crops in Kansas was never so fine at this season of the year as at this writing. Verily, we all have reason to renew our courage, gird on the armor of enterprise, and arm ourselves with true Kansas grit, fight manfully on, and enjoy the magnificent victory that awaits us.

Fits, convulsions, dizziness and headache are prevented and cured by using Warner Safe Cure. Why? Dr. Owen Rees says: "The tenacity (watery condition) of the blood in Bright's Disease produces cerebral symptoms, the serous (watery portion) is filtered through the blood vessels of the brain, causing anemia and subsequent head symptoms." That is why these symptoms yield to Warner's Safe Cure. It gets rid of the Bright's Disease and prevents the blood from becoming watery.

Peace prevails along the Afghan frontier.

Hundreds of houses were recently burned at Surat, India. Loss \$1,000,000.

Joseph J. McDowell, an iron broker, was found dead in his office at St. Louis.

New York's new postmaster says he will honestly enforce civil service reform.

It is said the Belgian authorities have notified General Boulanger to leave Belgium.

Lewis Hayden, at one time a slave and later an active abolitionist, died at Boston Sunday.

Mrs. Potter refused to petition the president for the pardon of the hotel thief who stole her diamonds.

Stockholders of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railway will oppose Jay Gould's plan to obtain control of the road.

A syndicate of leading American newspapers will shortly send a scientific exploring expedition to Central America.

Three thousand people on the Isthmus of Panama are destitute. Several deaths from starvation have already occurred.

The Missouri Phonograph company with a capital stock of \$350,000 has selected ex-Governor Crittenden as its president.

Hubbard & Co.'s axe, shovel and saw works at Pittsburg, Pa., burned Sunday. Loss \$500,000, nearly covered by insurance.

The widow Kelly, an aged woman, burned to death near Steubenville, O. Her daughter burned to death in the same house a year ago.

Patrick Egan, the new minister to Chili, will leave for his post early in May. His family will follow as soon as he can prepare for them.

By direction of the president the state of Wisconsin has been transferred from the military department of the east to the department of Dakota.

A St. Paul passenger train ran into a prairie fire near Mt. Vernon, D. T. The ties were on fire for a mile, but the train got through without accident.

At Itoka, I. T., Sunday, in a quarrel about money matters, Dr. I. W. Folsom shot and killed John Harkins. The killing promises to be the basis of a vendetta.

On Sunday Larry McDonald and John Schneider, government river workmen at St. Louis, fought in a skiff in the Mississippi, and McDonald threw Schneider overboard. Schneider was drowned. McDonald escaped.

The air of Gramercy park, N. Y., where the Players' club is situated, is slowly but surely improving. Edwin Booth's health, and in a few days the great tragedian will be able to be out.

Herbert G. Stout, a railway mail clerk, with headquarters at St. Paul, Minn., highly connected, has been arrested for robbing the mails. He was trapped by means of marked money and decoy letters, and was caught in the act.

Charles Friend, a Detroit drummer, was killed with a revolver in a saloon at St. Joseph. A. D. Miller, Thomas Mulenski and J. W. Hayes, eye-witnesses, testified that Friend shot himself, but the coroner's jury found against them as accessories.

The Rev. Joseph A. Mundy, of Tennessee, got drunk and gambled in Baltimore Sunday evening. He got into a fight with Martin Burns in a poker game, and Burns cut his throat and threw him into the street. The preacher will recover.

Daniel Beeler, jointly accused with Wolfenberger of killing Sheriff Greenlee, was surprised in a thicket on Clinch river, near Knoxville, Tenn., by a 16 year old boy who was one of a posse searching for him. Beeler was ordered to throw up his hands. He reached for his gun. The boy then fired both barrels of his gun, fairly riddling the desperado with buckshot.

The April St. Nicholas, 1889.

The admirers of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" will welcome the article by Mrs. Lillie, telling of little Elsie Lyde, who is now interpreting the character to New York audiences. The article is illustrated from photographs. Among contributions are a short continued story of New England life by Sarah Orne Jewett, entitled "A Bit of Color," a second installment of "Daddy Jake," "Bells of Ste. Anne," Edmund Alton's "Routine of the Republic," and "The Bunny Stories." There is an article meant for boys describing with pictures "Ancient and Modern Artillery." An amusing little sketch, "The Cob Family and Rhyming Eben," "A Little Caller," some most interesting items in Jack-in-the-Pulpit, a suggestive sketch telling how a sick boy was kept amused and happy, and the report awarding prizes in the "King's Move" puzzle.

Out of many, one of the many plasters, that are on the market, the best one is Warner's Log Cabin PLASTERS.

Farmers' Garden.

One bright Spring morning Farmer A. said to his son, "I wish you would plow a few furrows in the garden, so that we can sow some peas, a little lettuce, etc., and plant a few potatoes for early use."

Accordingly a part of the garden was fitted for such things as would not be injured by a little frost. Then the asparagus bed was cared for, the soil loosed around the pie-plant roots, the mulch removed from the strawberry bed, and the old dead canes taken from the row of raspberries and blackberries.

Later in the season the remainder of the garden was fitted for such seeds and plants as could not be put in until all danger of frost was over, and in some way, amid all the pressure of work incidental to getting in and caring for the farm crops, some member of the family found time to plant and care for the crop in the garden,—for farmer A. believes a good garden one of the necessities of life.

And so it comes to pass that before the family have scarcely had time to get "so hungry for something green and fresh" the pie-plant is ready for use, the asparagus is pushing itself up to the sunlight, and soon the nice crisp lettuce and tender radishes are ready for the table. And some day one of the little ones comes in, looking so pleased and mischievous, holding his hands behind him, that mamma knows there is some surprise for her shut up in those dimpled hands.

After a little bantering the little one proudly reveals two or three luscious red strawberries which he has found in the garden.

And so with the fruit the garden supplies, together with the peas, beans, tomatoes, squashes, melons, etc., each in their season, farmer A's family are supplied with such a variety of food as their system needs, and being well nourished the children are well and happy. The farmer and his wife can go through with the hard work of the summer comfortably, because feeling well.

But all farmers do not see the necessity of a good garden. Not far from farmer A. lives farmer B., who does not think it "pays to spend time putting in the garden;" he can buy what they want in that line cheaper than he can raise it. Consequently, no garden is planted.

Farmer B. when he is town, sees the early vegetables exhibited at the grocery, but some way the small change is not very plentiful just then in his pocket. He did not get so much for the butter and eggs, which he brought in, as he had expected, and he goes home without taking with him any of the garden products, and his table is supplied for the next week or two about the same as it has been for some time past,—ham and eggs, potatoes, custards and puddings, all good, but, some way, they have had the same so long, the family does not relish the food; their appetite seems poor; on these warm spring days they do not feel well. The farmer thinks he should have purchased a bottle of sarsaparilla when he was in town. Mrs. B. goes out and hunts the door-yard and adjoining pasture over for dock, mustard or dandelion,—something that she can cook for greens. If she succeeds, it is such a treat to them all, to have a "mess of greens."

In the strawberry season farmer B. brings home a few quarts once or twice; the family are so delighted; the children tell at school next day "we had strawberries for supper last night."

But new potatoes he never thinks of buying; for he has planted potatoes after the corn was planted, and there was a little spare time between planting and cultivating the corn, so they will have to wait for the potatoes to grow. In the meantime Mrs. B. gets so tired of peeling and cooking the withered, wrinkled old potatoes!

Although farmer B. intended to speak the truth when he said he would buy garden stuff, he does not do it; the fact is, he has not the money, there is so little to sell in the summer when the crops are growing that he can not buy what they can get along without, and so all through the season there is so much sameness to the meals prepared for the family. Enough to eat to be sure, but not enough of variety to stimulate the appetite. They feel dull; the summer work drags hard; some of the family are frequently ailing and must have medicine because they do not have enough of fruits and vegetables with their food to keep the system in a good condition, although there may be all the elements required for the nourishment of the human system in meat and the cereals. It is conceded by good authority that fruits and vegetables are necessary parts of a healthful diet as they act as a regulator to the system and without them the system becomes clogged, the liver torpid and general ill health results. Hence, we think the Farmer's Garden is not a question of dollars and cents whether the crops raised bring a full return for the labor expended, but one of the health and happiness of the farmer's family.

We believe, other things being equal, the family whose table is provided with fresh fruits and vegeta-

bles in their season will enjoy better health and consequently have less expense for medicine and doctor bills, than the family whose table is destitute of these products of the garden.

If it were true, that the crops raised in the garden could be bought as cheaply as they can be produced on the farm, the farmers as a rule are not situated near enough to market to procure them in a fresh state; consequently they must be raised upon the farm.

Farmers' Alliance.

This very practical and worthy organization is growing rapidly in Kansas. Over 150 local organizations have been effected in the state since January 1st, with an average of 50 members. Seven thousand five hundred active, intelligent, progressive farmers working harmoniously together for a common object, can accomplish much. And yet that is only a small beginning, the first step toward the grand object in view. The News predicts that before the close of the present year the popular membership of this organization will number at least fifty thousand; and what a power it will be!

And why should not the farmers unite in their own protection? Almost every other branch of business has more or less united effort toward self-protection, then why not the farmer, who is the foundation of the success of all other branches of business? There is no cause for public alarm over a move of this kind. A Farmers' Alliance is not in the nature of a "trust." It is not a scheme to rob and plunder the rest of the world. It is simply to insure the farmer a reasonable, living remuneration for his labor and capital; not to enable him to defraud the public and put millions into his own pockets.

That which benefits the farmer confers a blessing upon all other classes of people; for the farmer is the fountain head of the nation's prosperity. Therefore all good citizens should rejoice that the farmer propose to take thorough and decisive steps to better their condition. The farmer is coming to the front, where he deserves to be, and proposes to look out a little for Number One.

Alliance Items.

The Farmers' Alliance is booming in North Carolina.

Several Farmers' Alliances are being organized in Sumner county.

The Alabama Farmer's Alliance has incorporated under the laws of that state.

The Farmers' Alliance have raised the necessary amount to erect a cotton factory at Center, Ala.

The Planter's Alliance and Union Alliance are now one and the same thing—they have consolidated.

The Alabama Farmer's Alliance has received \$150,000 in cash and as much more to be paid in during the year to their business agency fund.

The Wheel and Farmers' Alliance of Crawford county Ark., have organized a co-operative store and cotton yard, and have opened business at Van Buren. Capital stock, \$50,000.

Farmers' Boys and Girls.

This theme was discussed by Harry G. Bryant, of Princeton, Ill. Nowhere, he said, could we attain so healthy bodies and minds as on the farm. It was unfortunate that so many farmers lived in uncomfortable homes. However humble they might be, the homes might be made cozy and comfortable. It was simply a question of a little care and attention. Make the home pleasant and comfortable, and the boys and girls would not hanker after city life. We should not forget pure reading matter, good books, and especially agricultural and horticultural journals. We should plant shade trees, orchard trees and small fruits and, especially, cultivate a good vegetable garden. The care was really light, and the cultivation might be mostly done with the tools of the farm.

Look out for a cold spell and plenty of frost during the middle of the month.

The Topeka Garden Tool Works expect to move from their present location to North Topeka, where they have been offered important advantages. Works will be erected by the Rock Island track.

A practical paper maker exhibited samples of paper pulp, at the recent meeting of the State Board of Agriculture, which had been made from the chips of sorghum. He will build a paper mill beside the sugar mill in Fort Scott, and use the boilers, engines, pumps, water supply, etc., of that mill, when not employed in sugar making.

Corn cut and canned while green gives to the farmer \$25 per acre while if allowed to ripen it is worth \$9 per acre. An acre of tomatoes with a canning factory in the neighborhood is worth \$75 and an acre of raspberries \$200, while the same land seeded to oats will bring \$10.

In speaking recently in favor of a law prohibiting the sale of tobacco to minors, Dr. Barnard, President of Columbia College, said: "The free use of tobacco in all its forms, but especially in the form of cigarettes, is doing much to undermine the health of the rising generation, and is nearly as noxious as the giant evil of drunkenness."

WM. ROBERTS, M. D., Physician to the Manchester, Eng., Infirmary and Lunatic Hospital, Professor of Medicine in Owen's College, says: "In a great majority of cases Bright's Disease begins slowly and imperceptibly." "This is sufficient warning, and justifies you in using Warner's Safe Cure before your kidney trouble becomes chronic, or pronounced Bright's Disease."

Is It Genuine?

Probably thousands of people in this section of country, and this section is no exception to any other in this respect in the United States, have read the report said to have been written by Prof. S. A. Lattimore, Ph. D., LL. D., Analyst of Foods and Medicines, New York State Board of Health and Professor of Chemistry in the Rochester, N. Y., University, stating that all of the Safe Remedies manufactured by H. H. Warner & Co. were pure and wholesome, nor did any of them contain any mercury or deleterious substance. To shorten the controversy, however, we will give Prof. Lattimore's report entire:

UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER,
CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

Mr. H. H. Warner has placed in my possession the formulae of the several medicines manufactured and sold under the general designation of "Warner's Safe Remedies." I have investigated the processes of manufacture which are conducted with extreme care and according to the best methods. I have taken from the Laboratory samples of all the articles used in the preparation of these medicines, as well as the several medicines in which they enter. I have also purchased from different druggists in this city "Warner's Safe Remedies," and upon critical examination I find them all entirely free from mercury and from poisonous and deleterious substances.

S. A. LATTIMORE, Ph. D., LL. D., Analyst of Foods and Medicines, New York State Board of Health, Professor of Chemistry, University of Rochester, N. Y.

We cannot think that a firm of the standing of H. H. Warner & Co. would dare publish such a statement if it were untrue, and now we have that firm's authority to say to our readers that it is absolutely and unqualifiedly true in every particular.

We are in receipt of the New York COURIER, a paper small in size but full of fire. It claims to be an old agricultural paper, devoted purely to farm interests. Its agricultural reading, not made up of plates, consists in defending the twine trust, or rather in attempting to show that no twine trust exists, and that the twine manufacturers are about to die of starvation, and they will surely break up if the farmers don't come to the rescue and pay all they ask for twine. The COURIER is very bitter against the agricultural papers of the west. We imagine that one end of a twine halter is about its neck, and that the other end is in the hands of the united cordage company, and that it dances like a puppet when the string is pulled.

The Pansy for April brightens our table with its pretty cover. The contents are even more interesting than usual. Pansy (who is undoubtedly the most popular writer to-day of the best class of Sunday-school literature) edits the magazine, and several of stories this month are from her pen. Margaret Sidney's serial is delightful reading. Altogether there are thirty-two pages of reading matter and pictures, besides several pages devoted to the Pansy Society, letters from the children, etc. The price is ten cents a number, \$1.00 a year. D. Lothrop Company, Boston, will send a sample (back) number at half price.

The April Century is a Centennial number, one-half being devoted to this subject. The frontispiece is "Washington Taking the Oath as President." The first article "The Inauguration of Washington," is followed by two articles: "Washington at Mount Vernon after the Revolution," and "Washington in New York in 1789." Charles Henry Hart of Philadelphia, one of the best authorities, describes the "Original Portraits of Washington," and McMaster, the historian, writes concerning "A Century of Constitutional Interpretation." Besides this profusion of Centennial material, the Magazine treats of a variety of subject: "The Last Assembly Ball" is continued; George Kennan has a chapter on, "The Russian Police"; Remington writes and illustrates an article on the colored United States troops; the Lincoln History treats of "Retaliation, the Emancipation, and the Draft." The special commissioner, Mr. George H. Bates, sent by the United States to Samoa in 1886, prints a brief but extremely timely paper on "Some Aspects of the Samoan Question." "Topics of the Time" treat of "The First Inauguration," "Constitutional Amendments," "The Coast and the Navy," "Republicanism in France."

Do not allow the birds to be destroyed. They are of too much benefit in destroying insects, worms and pests that prey upon the fruit and trees. The cat-bird eats and destroys the jaybird, chickadee, wren, thrush, robin and the bluebird all do excellent work in the garden.

With a concrete floor in a basement where horses or cows are stabled all the liquid manure may be easily saved. The floor under the animals may be made of pine or hemlock plank, matched and grooved, and inclining toward the gutter in the rear. The cement should be the Rosendale grade on a ground work of gravel where drainage is provided, and this overlaid by the best Portland cement for additional hardness. If a cement floor is to last long it must be protected from severe freezing.

Western Farm News.

Fine Sheep.

Not many of our readers are aware that Kansas is rapidly coming to the front as a wool producing state, and that it now has some of the finest flocks in the country. But so it is. Some two years ago Mr. Samuel Jewett, whose splendid, thoroughbred Merinos had become famous in Missouri, moved his flock to a farm south of Lawrence.

From his flock he has already sold a number of rams at \$500 each, and one at \$1,000, while choice ewes bring from \$200 to \$300. Last Saturday he removed fleeces from a large number of sheep, and several of the public spirited citizens of Lawrence went to witness it.

Three 3 year old rams, sheared 28, 24 and 23 lbs respectively; one two year old ewe sheared, 18 lbs; one five year old ewe sheared, 22 lbs; two four year old ewes sheared, 16 and 13 lbs respectively; one one year old ram lamb sheared, 18 lbs; one one year old ewe lamb sheared, 14 lbs.

Surface Cultivation.

It is now nearly the time of the year when the cultivation of crops will be an important demand upon the time of the farmer. At the Institute meetings this winter the subject of "Deep vs. Shallow Cultivation" has been widely discussed. The preponderance of the testimony has been in favor of the shallow cultivation, especially in the case of Indian corn.

Why? This rank-growing grass (it is a true grass) quickly fills the soil with a mass of roots. If the roots are continually broken, the inevitable result is that the plant is seriously weakened in the effort to replace these mouths of the plant. It is undoubtedly true, as a rule, that level cultivation is better than hilling. The principal objects in cultivation are to kill the weeds, and to keep the soil in proper tith as to its surface. The preparation of the soil for the ramification of the roots must necessarily precede planting. The extension of roots is not by forcing their way through the soil. The roots enter between the particles of soil, however fine. Then, as the roots thicken, there is side pressure, and this increases with the growth of the roots. Soil, to promote growth, must be firm enough to preserve capillarity. One object in cultivation is to keep the surface loose and friable. Thus the sun penetrates more easily, the rain and dew also are better held, and in times of drought the moisture of the subsoil rising constantly is arrested at the point of surface cultivation is reached, and so the roots are enabled to conserve moisture that would otherwise be lost. The science of cultivation, therefore, is to keep the surface mellow above the point where the roots ramify, and roots will always be found extending up to this point. Two to three inches in depth is sufficient therefore for the summer cultivation, though when the crop is young and the root-growth correspondingly small, cultivation may extend to four inches.

A little saltpetre or carbonate of soda mixed with the water in which flowers are placed, will keep them for two weeks.

Wm. Cade, an Osborne county man, has planted 30,000 sugar-maple trees on his farm this spring.

The acreage of wheat in Barber county this spring is said to be 500 per cent larger than any year previous.

The state university is a dead failure. The Lawrence Tribune says that "pretty soon carpets will have to be shooed."

If Topeka is such an infamous place as the Journal pictured before election, why has it not demanded a reform before that? Why did it wait until a week before election? The Journal had an ax to grind.

Wabunsee county will have a candidate for the vacancy caused by Tom Ryn's resignation. Hon. F. L. Raymond, a prominent farmer and stock-raiser, and a former member of the legislature from Wabunsee county, is in the race.

Prof. Popenoe, of the Agricultural College, reports that peach trees laid down and covered with hay show a full quota of live fruit buds, while neighboring trees unprotected have about half their buds killed by the winter, mild as it was.

The Russell creamery is unable to fill the orders for its goods. The recent shipment of nearly 4,000 pounds to Boston gave such good satisfaction in that market that the commission merchant who handled it wrote to the manager that it was the best western butter ever received in that city.

Select trees as near your locality as possible. Select your own trees in nursery if possible. Remember you are selecting for a lifetime and generations unborn. See that they are carefully taken up, kept from exposure to sun and air and carefully planted. Prune roots and top before planting, pruning the top to correspond with loss of roots. Mark out your rows, both ways, with a plow, set as deep as they stood in nursery and straighten out roots with your hands. When planted, mulch.

Set in this way an orchard will thrive. Would cultivate crops among the trees for at least eight years.

There can be no death without cause.

Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption Remedy will prevent and cure the many disorders called Consumption.

Horticultural Department.

B. F. SMITH, Editor.

STRAWBERRIES COMPARED.

Products In Fruit And Money Value.

The year 1888 was a remarkable season in many respects. The spring drouth was the most severe during the ripening season we ever knew; hence the behavior of the different kinds in our berry fields was not the same as in past years, and was not what was expected.

Our statements here may surprise some old berry growers, but they will be no more astonished in this report than we were ourselves at the close of the strawberry season of 1888.

It appears to us that the varying seasons bring out new traits in some kinds of fruits, every year, that were not observed previously; the conditions of the soil and culture being the same in all cases.

The Windsor Chief was first in berry product and second in money value. The Capt. Jack was nearly equal to the Windsor in fruit product and first in money value. The Crescent was third in both fruit product and money value. Seasonable rains would have altered the conditions, as the Crescent doubtless fell behind for the want of more moisture to develop its usual large crop of fruit. Hence, the Capt. Jack's and Windsor Chief's crop of berries being in better proportion for a dry spring season, and with their usual strong plant growth, matured their fruits without even the foliage being scorched, as that of other varieties.

The Downing, Kentucky and Miner set a large crop of berries, but their fruits were more than half ruined by drouth and hot winds.

The fast, Vick matured its fruit well up to the close of the season. Though its berries are small, if it were known when a dry season was coming, it would be a good strawberry to depend upon. Its money value in fruit was better than that of Downing or Miner. However, when the Vick is grown on rich bottom soil, not too sandy, its fruit is as large as that of the Crescent.

It is the Capt. Jack's firmness that gives it the first place in money value. We believe it will carry a thousand miles to market if the weather is not too hot. We planted more of the Capt. Jack last spring for western markets than of any other sort. The May King is first in flavor and next to the Old Iron Clad in earliness. It stood the drouth last spring as well as the Crescent, and it crop of berries (had the season been favorable) would have been quite profitable. Shall enlarge the beds of May King this year.

The Parry, Glendale, Manchester, Cumberland, Vernon, Sucker State and Sharpless stand as favorably in our opinion, when the season suits them, as ever. But we have said more about the foregoing varieties in this report on account of their larger product this year. This season I trust will more nearly suit all varieties.

We carry all these varieties patiently waiting for the season that brings them out in all their fullness and productiveness. Then again it is a pleasure to have plants of all sorts so that all the tastes and soils of our customers may be suited.

Readers of this report may notice a difference in some respects in former comparisons; but the varying seasons are productive of different results with different varieties. And this is just what every berry grower wants to know, so that he can form his opinions and conclusions as to what will suit his soil, and what will give the greatest assurance of success.

Love for Berry Culture the Safest Guide to Success.

Now after having spent 22 years of our life in the berry business, in which time some severe reverses attended our efforts, still we have made the business a success, not that we have any more ability, or even as much as many others likewise engaged, but success followed on account of an earnest desire and love for berry culture, and a desire to overcome the reverses we had experienced. To be among the berries in the growing and ripening season, and especially the new fruits as they mature, is a delight in horticultural life not to be compared with any other business. Hence, to become a successful berry grower one must be in love with the business more than the profits of it. Never tiring, but always active and not giving way to any discouraging obstacles that may seem to lie along the path. To me it is a pleasure to go about the berry field and look at the plants while they are growing, and especially do I like to be among the vines when the runners start out seeking for a moist spot of soil in which to set up business for themselves.

We are always glad to have an opportunity to test new fruits and compare them with the old ones. Some berry growers complain bitterly at the new strawberries that are being offered for testing by the originators. A few years ago the Downing, Crescent, Windsor Chief, Capt. Jack and Miner were new berries, but now they are the standard for market purposes. Twenty years ago the old Wilson Albany was the ideal for market, but where is it now? If we have any better strawberries now than we had twenty years ago, which all admit, we have them by encouraging the introduction of new fruits. Greater perfection in berry culture may be continued while we live, and those who succeed us will continue planting and perfecting fruit till time shall cease to be.

We will only add to this paper, that if any parties contemplate going into berry culture for the money they expect to make in the business, without any love for it, failure will surely follow. A large share of patience and perseverance should be possessed in a strong degree by all who would become small fruit growers—but these traits always follow in the wake of love for the vocation, whatever that may be.

THE CODLING MOTH.

(Carpocapsa Pomonella, L.)
Read before the Farmers' Institute, held at the Courthouse, Lawrence, Saturday, April 8.

Next to the round head and flat head borers, which destroy the tree itself, the codling moth may be considered to be the most dangerous among the one hundred and seventy-six insect foes which attack the apple tree, its foliage and its fruits. "The damage produced by this insect," according to Prof. F. H. Snow, our acting State Entomologist, "although not yet so extensive as in California and in the Eastern States, is increasing in extent as the insect reaches localities a distance from the railroads. At the present time it may be safely estimated that from one-fourth to one-third of the entire apple crop of the State of Kansas is ruined by this pest. An excellent method of destroying the insect is by trapping the full fed worms by attaching bandages to the tree, within the folds of which the worms find a suitable place for constructing their cocoons. But it must be remembered that each worm thus trapped and destroyed, has already ruined a good apple. We therefore prefer a method of entirely preventing the attack, or at least of reducing it to a minimum. Such a method is to be found in process of spraying the young fruit with London purple or Paris green. The London purple is the preferable insecticide and should be applied with a force pump and spray nozzle, while the calyx of the young apple is still turned upwards, using the poison at the rate of a table spoonful to each bucket of water. The dilute poison forms a thick coating over the young fruit and either prevents the deposit of the egg altogether, or poisons the young codling worms as soon as they hatch from the egg. The efficacy of this method has been carefully tested by so many competent experimenters that no doubt can be entertained of its good value."

We quote the following from bulletin No. 7, for 1885 and 1886 by S. A. Forbes, State Entomologist of Illinois:

"From the summary of the assessor's reports contained in the crop report of the State Department of Agriculture for August, 1884, I learn that the value of the average apple crop of Illinois for the five years preceding 1884 was about four and three-quarters millions of dollars. From observations and experiments presently to be detailed we may infer that about 50 per cent of the possible apple crop of the State is sacrificed each year, on an average, to a single injurious insect,--the apple worm or codling moth (Carpocapsa pomonella, L.) That is to say, if it were not for this insect we might reasonably expect the apple orchards of this state to yield approximately twice their present income. To this codling moth, consequently, we may fairly attribute a loss to the farmers of Illinois, say four and three-quarters millions of dollars each year. A part of the apple crop reported however, is doubtless obtained from neglected orchards, too badly damaged to repay special attention; and in many cases, also, where the trees are heavily loaded, the apples remaining uninjured after the codling moth has done its worst may amount to more than half the fullest crop permissible. Making for these and other modifying circumstances the liberal allowance of 50 per cent, I estimate the loss due to the apple worm at one-half the value of the average apple crop, or \$2,375,000 per annum. It is the purpose of my report to demonstrate that at least seven-tenths of this loss may be prevented by a remedial measure, so simple that any one may apply it, and without cost so far as its effect on the codling moth is concerned."

This remedy is a thorough spraying the trees with Paris green, London purple or arsenic. He also says that one year he sprayed his trees eight times, but twice spraying is sufficient, or even once if the weather is favorable."

Furthermore, he wishes to emphasize especially the point that spraying after the apples have begun to hang downward is unquestionably dangerous, and should not be permitted under any circumstances if the fruit is afterward to be used. The results of the chemical analysis reported last year show that even heavy winds or violent rains are not sufficient to remove the poison from the trees at this season, and remembering that the stem end of the apple presents a large conical pit by which the poison could be received and held, where neither rain nor wind could dislodge it, we have additional reason for the absolute prohibition of the use of any poison dangerous to health except when the fruit is young.

Prof. A. J. Cook, of Michigan Agricultural College, says: "It is best to apply the mixture as soon as the blossoms fall, and again in three weeks, in case of any heavy rain. Usually, I find one thorough application, made early, so effective that I have wondered whether it was best or necessary to make more than one. I do think, however, that it must be early, when the calyx of the apple is up, and so the poison is retained sufficiently long to kill most all of the insects. The important thing is to scatter the liquid on all the blossoms or fruit and get just as little use as possible. The larva is killed by eating this poison and we find the faintest trace suffices for the purpose." Clarence M. Wood, State Entomologist of Ohio, says: "A large portion of the orchards are either dead or in a dying condition, although here and there are seen large and thrifty orchards. I believe that in every case the reason for this difference will be largely due to the difference in the treatment they receive. Those which are dead and dying will be found to be wholly neglected, or only partially or improperly cared for, while those which are living to a vigorous and green old age, receive the attention they need. There was a time in the early history of this region, when fruit trees seemed to grow as naturally and well as the oak in its native forest, but the day has long since gone by; and the successful orchardist of the present must do something more than stick his trees carelessly in the ground, leaving them to have their leaves sucked dry by plant lice, or devoured bodily by caterpillars and leaf rollers, and their fruit, if happily they should survive to produce any, ruined by apple worms or stung by curculios, and with present prices of orchard products, the fruit growers can well afford to go to some trouble and expense to keep

his trees thrifty and prevent insect injury to the fruit."

W. G. Klee, State Inspector of Fruit pests of California, says: "He has received letters from parties where they have sprayed their trees four times with London purple, one pound to 160 gallons of water, and no injurious effect on foliage or trees. He would hardly regard fruit sprayed so many times, safe to eat, without a test for arsenic. There was fruit sent away for analysis, and not the slightest trace of arsenic found. On general principles he would hardly recommend such excessive use. Analysis of fruit sprayed twice with Paris green, have given no reaction, and if done early and carefully, I believe it safe to consumer, but eating of the fallen fruit should be guarded against until after the first two months after spraying, or until after heavy rains have fallen."

Now, my own experience is to spray the trees when the apples are about the size of a full grown Concord grape. I use Paris green, one pound to sixty gallons of water. I left five trees unsprayed; I bandaged those five trees and five trees that were sprayed. On examining the bandages I find seven apple worms on the unsprayed trees, to one on those that were sprayed. I also sprayed the trunks of my trees with strong lye about the time the first brood of worms would wind up under the bark. The lye will kill these; it is also beneficial to the tree and ridding them of the apple tree root plant louse.

Last year, I sprayed my trees with arsenic, one-half pound to eighty gallons of water. The result was very satisfactory, but I would prefer Paris green or London purple.

The following is the preparation by S. A. Forbes:

"Paris green--Thoroughly mix one-half pound of Paris green with a little water, and stir this into twenty-five gallons of water in a tub or barrel."

"London purple--Prepare as above, using a quarter of a pound of London purple to twenty gallons of water."

"Arsenic--Boil one ounce of arsenic in a quart of water until dissolved and add this solution to twenty gallons of water."

"If Paris green or London purple are used, the fluid must be frequently stirred to keep the poison from settling. The fluid should be thrown in the finest spray which the nozzle will emit freely, and applied until the leaves begin to drip. The first spraying should be made when the apples are about the size of a pea. If heavy rains occur within a week or ten days, the spraying should be repeated. To prevent the too free exposure of the workman to the poison, it is best that the spray should be applied when the air is still or from the windward side of the tree. Stock must not be allowed to run in the orchard until heavy rains have washed the poison into the earth. The trees should not be sprayed after the apples have grown large enough to turn down upon the stem."

I consider the force pump and spray as necessary to the orchard as the plow is to the farm. Spraying will also kill the caterpillar.

It is very disgusting to pick the nicest apple from the tree, and biting into it, find the outer beauty is caused by the hideous apple worm, which we discover inside.

As I have shown you the cartoon of the apple that has been ravaged by the apple worm, also one of the moth, now I will show you the codling moth in its natural state and the worm as it is rolled up in its cocoon, as it goes through the winter.

I believe the time will soon come when our legislature will give us a State Entomologist that will inform our farmers and fruit growers of our injurious insect pests, and how to destroy them. By so doing, I think our State will save millions of dollars.

FEED THE PLANTS.

We have heard a great deal about feeding the land, and it has been crystallized into the maxim: "Feed the land, and the land will feed you." At first thought, this strikes one as exceedingly sensible and practicable, but experience has shown that this is wrong both in theory and practice. The soil--what is it? So far as plant food is concerned, it is an enigma, but practically it is a storehouse of plant food, and a medium or receptacle, for it not only receives plant food, but helps to prepare it for assimilation. But the soil has no life in itself; hence no wants. It is the plant that lives and breathes, and thrives like a child, on the food that is fed to it by nature or by man. Goessmann, the great investigator, writing on this subject, as recently as 1887, says: "We prefer to-day to speak of the FEEDING OF PLANTS; and to feed plants intelligently implies a knowledge of the special wants of the plants under cultivation, and a knowledge of the different fertilizing material at our disposal."

The plant appeals to man at every stage of its growth, in language more cogent than tongue can command: "Consider me; soil, seed, season and cultivation are all important factors; but study me and my wants. I sustain man--know then how to plant me, how to cultivate me, and above all how to feed me, for if you feed me, I will feed you." From advance sheets of the pamphlet of the BOWKER FERTILIZER COMPANY.

There are hundreds of acres of bluegrass growing on the old Crane ranch, in Marion county, the seed of which was sown on the natural sod.

A three-foot vein of coal, 380 feet below the surface, has been discovered at Goodrich, Anderson county, on the line of the Kansas City and Pacific Railroad.

"THE DISEASE proceeds silently and apparently health." That is what Wm. Roberts, M. D., Physician to the Manchester Infirmary and Lunatic Hospital, Professor of Medicine in Owen's College, says in regard to Bright's Disease. Is it necessary to give any further warning? If not, use Warner's Safe Cure before your kidney malady becomes too far advanced.

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The question is often asked as to the best age and size of trees to set in order to get a good apple or pear orchard. Beginners almost always want to buy large old trees, so as to get fruit in a very few years, and frequently buy such trees at great cost, expecting immediate results. They are generally doomed to disappointment. Such trees do not take hold and grow well even under the most favorable circumstances, even if they live at all. Many will die the first year after setting; many more will just live and keep along for a few years, and finally die; while only a very small proportion yield anything like the results expected in the start. It is better to begin with trees two years from bud than with those ten or twelve years old, and in ten years or even less the young trees will be larger than the old ones. We would not advise setting trees more than four years old, and those even two years old are quite as good as the four-year-old ones as a rule. It is to be understood that the trees are thrifty and in healthy condition, for none others should be set under any circumstances.

Orchard Planting.

Let no one become discouraged about planting on account of low prices of apples, the past year. It is hardly possible that there will be as large a crop of apples throughout the country, east and west as there was last season. Every farmer should plant at least as many trees as he discovers in his orchard to be infested by overcropping, or injured by cold weather. The Ben Davis, so long the favorite is now losing ground. The tree is no longer considered so hardy as it was a few years ago; then, the markets of the country have been so glutted with Ben Davis apples, that consumers have become tired of fine looking apples, at the expense of good taste.

The old Winesap, Janitor and Gilpin, have hosts of friends among consumers; then, the nursery men are affording new varieties that should be tried. No one should venture a large outlay of money on any new kind of fruit, but to plant a few of all the new sorts, is the way to make progress in fruit culture.

Extensive peach growing has proved a failure in central and northern Kansas, but every farmer might plant a few trees along the fence rows or along the garden wall.

The cherry is a profitable fruit, from the fact that the improved sorts are not long lived; hence, the market is rarely supplied with good cherries. Three or four crops, however, will pay the farmer handsomely for the outlay in the cost of trees and their culture.

A plum orchard will be a source of revenue on every farm, when the proper varieties are selected. The Wild Goose, Minor, Cado chief, Weaver and Potowatomie are probably the most hardy and profitable.

A pear orchard of a few dozen trees would be a profitable addition to the orchard. Plant such varieties as the Seckel, Duchess, Beur d'Anjou and Tyson. These are hardy and the most free from blight. Bartlett, Howell and others are great favorites, but the unmerciful blight is sure to sweep them out of existence first.

Why Hens Don't Lay.

The time is when farmers wonder why their hens don't lay. If they have one breed, then that particular breed is blamed and another one tried, only to find the same trouble under the same existing conditions of management. The first step toward remedying this is to see that the poultry house is not only clean and free from dampness, but that it is made wind-tight and rain-proof, and that proper precautions are observed for ventilation. One of the very best things to make the house storm-tight is tarred felt, which is also obnoxious to lice and mice, though a more substantial out-side covering can be made by first painting the building outside thoroughly, and then, before the paint dries, putting coarse close-woven bagging or canvas over the whole, tacking it well in place. This bagging can then be treated to two or three coats of good rubber paint, and the thing is done. A warm, comfortable house goes far towards insuring winter eggs, and when this is added, in the start, good, early hatched, and vigorous birds, and plenty of suitable food there need be no reason for asking why the hens don't lay.--Farm and Garden.

Educate the Boys.

An educated boy will plow a straighter furrow, do more work with a team without hurting them, will not water them when they are too warm, will feed them regularly, and change the kind of feed occasionally. He will put his implements in a shed when he gets through using them; he will rotate his crops on his land; he will keep the best grades of stock; he will be kinder and take more interest in his stock, and know what kind is the most profitable to handle; he will not always feed his hogs on corn alone, and keep them in a yard where there is a rotten strawstack for them to lie in, he will get his implements for his spring work ready for use in the winter, and not wait till the fine day comes when he needs to use them; he will make live man--a happy man; he will feel a real interest in the plants around him; he will have an assortment of apples in his orchard; he will be a better neighbor; and having had some experience and observation in his youth of other than farm surroundings, he will be able to appreciate freedom and his comforts, and knowing that he is well off when he is so, he will be a more contented man.--J. F. Ord, in Nebraska Farmer.

As the hair has a shadow, so the slightest disease of the scalp threatens the hair. Put the scalp in healthy condition by the use of Warner's Log Cabin HAIR TONIC.

It restores the hair and has no equal.

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

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is 46 years old, and looks 50.

CAPT. R. URECK is the tallest man in Colorado. He is 7 feet and 7 inches.

MR. FROUDE is reported to be writing a novel describing the wild country life in Ireland a century ago.

The duke of Newcastle built a new church at Clumber at a cost of over \$200,000, and his grateful tenants have put a fine memorial window in as a wedding present to him.

MRS. CLEVELAND has told an interviewer that she isn't writing a novel, translating one, or even writing a magazine article, and never thought of doing either of these things.

SENATOR MARSTON, of New Hampshire, who succeeds Senator Chandler, is next to Senator Morrill, the oldest member of the senate, being 78 years of age. Senator Morrill is 79.

MRS. POLK, now 85 years old, wears black silk kid gloves all day and walks with a gold-headed cane. She never leaves Nashville nor goes anywhere in that town, except to church on Sunday.

CHIEF-JUSTICE FULLER'S home seems to be the center of attraction for Washingtonians, young and old. The daughters of the house are described as just running over with fun and cordiality.

QUEEN VICTORIA, who traveled to France as Countess of Balmoral, took her own bed and bedding with her, a custom which her majesty never breaks, even if invited to stay in a royal palace.

MISS WINIFRED HOWELLS, daughter of W. D. Howells, whose death was announced a few days ago, was born in Venice when her father occupied the position of United States consul there. It is said that her early training was wholly Italian and that when she returned to this country she could not speak English.

Here is Oscar Wilde's latest. He chanced to call on a lady who had just purchased a number of Japanese screens, which were standing in artistic disorder in her drawing-room. "You have come just in time, Mr. Wilde," she said, "and can arrange my screens for me." But Oscar replied: "Oh, don't arrange them; let them occur."

GENERAL BOULANGER lacks discretion. The other evening at a house in fashionable Paris he actually had the unwisdom—or was it audacity?—to ask the beautiful Mme. de Frederon to sing the music-hally, "En Revenant de la Revue." Of course she was mortally wounded. Imagine Adelina Patti's indignation if she were asked to sing "Champagne Charlie."

The boys in Atlanta gave Gov. Gordon a severe snow-balling as he was going to the capital a few days ago. The governor begged hard to be let off, but the boys said no. One boy said to him: "We can't let you off, governor. As you haven't done any running since '64 you'll have to hustle. And the general hustled, while dozens of balls took him in the back of the neck."

It is a curious fact that among all the vast throng of prominent men who occupied the floor of the United States senate chamber on the inauguration morning the only one-eyed man in the crowd was the only one who whiled away the hour before the ceremony by reading Senator Vance, with a black patch over his eyeless socket, devoted his attention to the pages of a magazine.

GLADSTONE was invited by a western editor to contribute an article on "Washington." The English statesman declined in the following words written on a postal card: "I am much honored by your letter. But I cannot act upon it. Washington is a noble subject. I studied him forty years ago with love and admiration. But it is not in my power now to renew the study, & I should not like to profane the theme by thin & slovenly work."

The keynote of Indian industry is struck in General Miles's report, where he says: "And I have seen their women go out long distances, cut grass with knives and pack it on their backs to the post for small sums of money." The Indian himself is capable of "heroic struggles" in this manner of manual labor, reminding one of the patriotism of the famous humorist who "willingly would sacrifice upon the altar of his country all his wife's dear relations."

HARRISON'S GENEALOGY.

Ancestry of the Present President of the United States.

He Descended from Master John Harrison, Virginia's First Governor, and is No Relation to Cromwell's Minion—His Family Tree and Crest.

There have been many statements made to the effect that the president was a descendant from Cromwell's General Harrison, writes the Washington correspondent of the Chicago Tribune. The president has been written to on the subject, and his widely-published reply went to show that if he did not believe that the associate of the "bloody Cromwell" was his ancestor he was not entirely sure of the fact.

I am able to asseverate and conclusively prove, I think, that the president of the United States is no more descended from the regicide than he is from the regicide's chief.

Mr. B. E. Blackford, originally of Fredericksburg, Va., but a resident of Washington for the last five decades, has made heraldry and genealogy his fad for many years, and has made an especial study of the lineage and ancestry of the old Virginia families. He fought beneath the Stars and Bars in the rebellion, and in his democracy he is noteworthy and unrelenting. These facts gave an additional emphasis when he said to me the other day:

"As an old Virginian I resent the idea that the descendant of one of the oldest of our Virginia families and the president of our country should for a moment be considered to have sprung from regicides. The glaring character of the misstatement can be shown in a few words. Cromwell's General Harrison is merely supposed to have come to America after Cromwell's death, in 1660. Now, as I will prove to you, the ancestor of the president was governing Virginia in 1623, twenty-seven years before the Cromwellite is said to have come to America."

MASTER JOHN HARRISON.
"Among the second importation of Virginia colonists under John Smith about the year 1609 was one Master John Harrison, gentleman. In 1623 the Virginia Company, as a private corporation, was extinguished, and Master John Harrison was made governor of Virginia. To him in 1645 was born a son, who in due time became known as Benjamin Harrison, of Surrey. This son was the first great landed proprietor of his name in Virginia. He was buried at Westover on the James river, and a monument was erected on the lawn of the family estate. The monument, which is still extant, bears the following epitaph:

Here lyeth the body of Honorable Benjamin Harrison, Esquire, who did justice, loved mercy, and walked humbly with his God; was always loyal to his Prince, and a great benefactor to his country.

"This worthy man," continued Mr. Blackford, "left three sons. The eldest was a Benjamin Harrison, of Berkeley, who died in April, 1710, at the age of thirty-seven. A monument was erected to his memory in Westover at the expense of the state. He left a son named Benjamin, who married a daughter of Robert Carter, of Corotoman, called King Carter, and a celebrity in those days. This Benjamin Harrison was, with his two daughters, killed by lightning. Of his sons the first was Benjamin, the great-grandfather of the president, and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. It could not have been said of him that he was always loyal to his prince, but it can be said that he was the father of a ruler and the great-grandfather of a ruler of a country far more great and happy than ever prince or king drew bounty from."

"The signer of the Declaration of Independence married Miss Bassett. They had three sons—Benjamin, Carter (a member of congress) and William Henry, ninth president of the United States. There was one daughter, who married Randolph N. Wilton. "President Harrison's son, John Scott, was the father of the president, and I think you will admit that the succession from Master John to the gentleman who succeeded Mr. Cleveland has been clearly shown."

HARRISON'S FAMILY TREE.
Mr. Blackford rapidly drew a partial genealogical tree, which tells its own story at a glance:

MASTER JOHN HARRISON,
First governor of Virginia in 1623.
BENJAMIN HARRISON, OF SURREY,
Born 1645.
His son,
BENJAMIN HARRISON, OF BERKELEY,
Died April 1710.
His son,
BENJAMIN HARRISON,
Killed by lightning.
His son,
BENJAMIN HARRISON,
Great-grandfather of the President.
His son,
WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON,
President of the United States.
His son,
JOHN SCOTT HARRISON,
Father of
THE PRESIDENT.

"Hugh Griggsby," continued my genealogical enthusiast, who insisted on supplementing his facts with documentary evidence, "in his book on the 'Convention of 1776,' says of the Harrison family: 'Of all the ancient families in the colony that of Harrison, if not the oldest, is one of the oldest.'"

Mr. Blackford also showed me the coat of arms of the Harrison family and described them as follows in heraldic vernacular:

"Per pale gu. and az.; an eagle displayed or, murelly gorged of the first, between two pheons in fesse arg.; chief indented ermine."

"Crest.—The faces fessive ppr. banded gu. surmounted by an anchor erect, entwined by a cable—all gold. "A prominent english family, the

Harrison's of Tynemouth," said Mr. Blackford in conclusion, "of record in Burke's Landed Gentry, has adopted these arms and the crest, although their genealogy is not traceable to the far older family, the Harrisons of Virginia."

Comanche Jack's Record.

In this western city on the streets and in the hotel lobbies every day one meets with many of the most noted western characters of the day, writes the Wichita (Kan.) correspondent of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. Bret Harte would here find many subjects for wild western history that would throw some of his previous creations of fiction into the shade. The Indian Territory is near by, where there is employed a large number of brave and hardy men as Deputy United States Marshals who appear periodically in the largest city most convenient to their working place, so that Wichita is often called upon to entertain visitors of almost as much notoriety as "Billy, the Kid," or Jesse James. Chief among this number is Deputy United States Marshal Jack Stillwell, now stationed at Fort Reno, Ind. T. Jack, or rather "Comanche Jack," as he is familiarly known, is a handsome-looking chap, with a laughing blue eye, curly hair slightly tinged with gray, for this noted borderman is just fifty years of age, about five feet ten or eleven inches in height, and of massive build. He is also the acknowledged crack pistol shot of the west, and even in the days of that Kansas cyclone known as "Wild Bill," who never missed a shot, Jack Stillwell ranked high.

The number of men killed by Jack is variously estimated at from twenty-five to thirty-one, and it is known that in addition he has aided in sending seventeen other men over the valley of death by means of the hangman's noose. Only a few months ago, in fact on November 21, Jack sprung the trap in this city which sent to their death the two noted Creek Indian murderers, Jack and Joe Tobler. Even in this country, where "killers" are to be met with every day, "Comanche Jack" Stillwell is a curiosity, and is pointed out to strangers with a strange mixture of awe and pride.

By this it must not be understood that this gallant Deputy United States Marshal is a desperado who goes about glorying in his bloody work. On the contrary, he is rather retiring in his disposition and only when he has been drinking boasts of his deeds. When desperate work is to be done or a bad desperado is to be taken Stillwell is always the man who is detailed to accomplish it. The territory desperadoes and cut-throats all know and fear the intrepid officer, and are aware of the fact that if he goes after them he will get them, dead or alive. Many are the traps that have been laid to kill him, but he is as cunning as he is brave, and has always managed to evade the snares that would have caused the death of a less accomplished plainsman.

Brought up as he was among the Comanche Indians, Jack has never exercised the right of franchise, and at the age of fifty has never cast a vote. He speaks the Comanche and several other Indian languages as well as the Indians do themselves, and during the sitting of the United States court in this city it is always an amusing sight to see the Indians dressed in their primitive way, following the great "White Chief," as they call Jack, about the streets. He calls them Jack, and says they are a lot of dirty, thieving wretches for the most part, as well as the most accomplished liars in the world.

Other People's Pie.

I have seen a dainty maiden,
Her eyes are bright and blue,
And her head with gold is laden,
Russet shadows winding through;
She is witty,
And she's pretty;
At these graces should I linger,
And to tell her faults deny,
You wouldn't think she'd put a finger
In some other body's pie.
When she trips the "light fantastic,"
Motion's just a poem;
Faction's gifts, at feet elastic,
Lovers fall would throw 'em;
She swains forlorn.
She's enchanting as a singer,
And can make one laugh or cry.
O, that she would keep her finger
Out of other people's pie!
Now—one pie was made of scandal,
'Twas with falsehood seasoned;
'Very dangerous thing to handle,'
'This she should have reasoned,
But she tried it,
Then denied it.
As 'twas hot enough to singe her;
Now she says she'd like to die,
For, poor maid! she's burnt her finger
Meddling with this scandal pie.
—Irena King, Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Doing the Profession a Service.

Well-Informed Burglar (reading newspaper)—Bill, here's a piece of news. Some smart cuss has got up another scheme for heading us off. He has invented an arrangement for taking an instantaneous photograph of a fellow by electric light as soon as he goes to work on a safe.
Second Burglar—It's kind of him to publish it. We'll know what to do when we undertake to crack a safe hereafter. But it's tough on a man with any self-respect to have to put on some low-down disguise and make a White-Cap of himself, ain't it Jim?
—Chicago Tribune.

More Than Enough.

Bessie—Does Cholly know much?
Jennie—Just enough to make a fool of himself.—New York Sun.

Rudolf's First Love.

It is an open secret that the first love affair of the late heir to the Austrian throne was a beautiful young Italian singer, Mlle. Emilia Tagliana, writes S. Aviliana in the Springfield (Mass.) Republican. She was a pupil of my dear old Maestro Lamperti, and studied with him in the Milan Conservatoire. After a novitiate in a few Italian theatres, Mlle. Tagliana was engaged at the Ring Theatre (of ill-fated memory), and it was while she was singing there that the Crown Prince saw, heard and fell in love with this little artiste. They were both very young, and for a time no notice was taken of this youthful Romeo and Juliet, but finally Prince Rudolf declared his intention of espousing (morganatically) La Tagliana, and, then, of course, there was trouble. The lovers were at once separated, Mlle. Tagliana being packed off to Italy and forbidden to set foot in Austria, and the Crown Prince sent on a tour to the Orient, guarded by tutors, etc. On his return a bride was ready and no less volens he was wedded to the blue-eyed Princess Stephanie, of Belgium.

La Tagliana in the meantime came down to Lake Como, where she passed the summer with many others of Lamperti's pupils, of whom I was one at the time. Her romance and her poise, graceful figure, with great melting dark eyes and delicate features, her air of melancholy and sweet pathetic voice, were all familiar enough to the students gathered there round the old maestro. We regarded her with admiring awe, and of course sympathized ardently with her love-idyl. After the Prince was safely wedded, Mlle. Tagliana went to sing at Berlin and finally drifted back again to Vienna. The gossip of that most gossiping city always has it that the Prince remained faithful to "love's young dream," so far as he could be, and the fair Princess Stephanie was openly jealous of the dark-eyed singer. I do not know what became of La Tagliana, as I never saw her again after that one summer on Lake Como.

Are Clergymen Cruel to Each Other in Misfortune?

Said a well known clergyman to me the other day: "My experience is that, as a rule, clergymen are very cruel to a brother clergyman who is under a cloud, just as women are pitiless to a woman in trouble, and for the same reason. Some years ago, a clerical friend of mine was accused of a disgraceful act. He was not guilty; but for a time appearances were against him. In fact, it was morally impossible that he could be guilty. And yet, not one of his friends in the ministry, except myself, stood up for him, and even I was ostracised by my brethren for taking his part. In a short time, fortunately, his innocence was clearly proved, and then his clerical brethren were very anxious to show their friendliness to him. But he never forgave them for their cowardice. The fact is, the average clergyman is so afraid of being compromised by scandal that he becomes a coward in such cases. Had my friend been a business man, none of his business friends would have believed the charge against him. But we clergymen are very childish and womanish in many things. We are credulous where we should be incredulous, and vice versa. If I had the say in the matter, I would extend the course of theological students by putting them for a year or two in some good business house, where they could learn a little of the hardheaded horse sense in which we parsons are so deficient."—New York Tribune.

A Street-car Suggestion.

The weary man, seated in a crowded Broadway street-car, who asked the conductor how much he would have to pay to secure his seat until he reached his destination, offered food for reflection. Having paid the usual fare, five cents, he was entitled to a seat, legally, but custom demands that he shall give it up to some woman whom the servants of the car company have encouraged to press in when the car was already crowded, by the cheering cry, "Plenty of room in front." Being tired the gentleman was willing to pay something extra to be able to hold his seat without being looked upon as a brute by the ladies unprovided with seats. Why not run some parlor street-cars, like the parlor day cars on some of the railroads, in which a weary man or woman can secure a seat for the whole journey by paying extra for the privilege? Such people would willingly pay double fare to insure a seat, with the understanding that no more passengers would be admitted on board than there were seats for. The same scheme might work on our elevated lines. We are far behind Paris in the manner of accommodating patrons of tramways and the like. The law there will not permit an omnibus or tramway car to take on more passengers than can be seated. But people are not in such a thundering hurry in Paris as they are in New York.—Texas Siftings.

Just a Temporary Loan.

Mrs. Angy Tupper, nee Goldlust (after the elopement)—"Oh, please, papa, do forgive us. I loved Angy so that I could not help it; but I love you, dear papa, so that I couldn't rest until I had come back to tell you all!"
Papa—"Well, well! I suppose I must make the best of a bad job. But where's Angy?"
"Outside with the cabman. Couldn't you lend your dear Caramella enough to pay the brute? Poor Angy only had enough for the minister."—Puck.

WINGED MISSILES.

A sea bass weighing 425 pounds was caught at San Diego, Cal., a few days ago. In 1860 the ladies of the country wore \$2,464,000 worth of wire in their hoop skirts.

A correspondent of Science states that holding the breath is found to control the sensibility to tickling.

The rabbit pest is again making headway in Australia. The means taken to eradicate it have proved insufficient.

According to a statistical document lately published in Paris, there are in Europe 300,000 blind people, 30,000 of whom are in France.

Adelbontophosphorilostikos is the classical name of a locomotive owned by the Lackawanna Iron & Coal company at Scranton.

An Irishman named Casey died recently in Albuquerque very wealthy. By his will he left to Gen. J. A. Williamson, of Iowa, nearly \$500,000 for a favor to Casey long ago forgotten.

Under the new constitution in Japan no men can vote unless he is 20 years old and pays at least \$25 taxes. There will be no anarchists in that country and political corruption will be unknown.

The New York retail grocers declare that all adulteration of provisions takes place before the goods come into their hands. They don't even dampen the fine-cut tobacco they sell nor sand their sugars.

Clark, the murdered druggist of Chicago, left letters to prove that he was in love with over fifty women, some of whom doubtless killed him. It was awful that his happiness was so suddenly cut short.

A Russian prince who has been arrested in York for stealing and pawing an overcoat is out in a card asking for a suspension of public judgment. He probably wants a chance to steal the rest of the suit.

According to the annual register of our naval forces, just published at Annapolis, our navy is commanded by 1,514 officers. As they are all good dancers, however, none of them need be considered superfluous.

A library is to be established in Paris in which only books and writings of women are to be admitted. "Carmen Sylva," the poetry writing Queen of Rumania, has accepted the presidency of the library.

A writer in an English journal says that he noticed recently while skaters were skimming over the frozen surface of Round Pond, in Kensington Gardens, that the ice gave forth a distinct musical note which he found to be G sharp.

The recipe for making the original eau de Cologne was discovered 200 years ago, and since that time it has been intrusted to only ten persons. The written copy of the recipe is kept in a crystal goblet, under triple locks, in a room in which the essential oils are mixed.

Four young men were fined \$5 apiece in Washington the other day for making some remarks about a white horse while a red-headed girl was passing. The magistrate did not state whether his severity was due to the antiquity of the joke or to a desire to teach the offenders better manners.

West Point cadets always attract attention and favorable comment from the public. A number of them when in Washington were thus described: "They were covered with buttons and so tightly laced and walked so straight that a ramrod looks puffy and hump-backed beside them."

Terra-cotta money jugs for saving up coin are becoming very common. Many families keep them handy, and drop into them their spare dimes and nickels until the jug is full. Then it is broken, and the contents applied to the purchase of some article long desired, but which it was thought could not be afforded.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt deprecates the publicity that has followed her announced intention to pay for a monument over Marion's grave in South Carolina, from whom she is descended. She had thought to honor the hero's memory quietly and without credit to herself, but the press has frustrated her plans for secrecy in the matter.

"Memory hoops" are the latest fad in Kansas City. A memory hoop is about ten inches in diameter and will hold thirty to forty bows or knots. And the thing for the male friends of a young lady to do is to give her a handsome piece of colored silk, which she ties on the hoop. The girl who covers the most hoops in this way is considered the reigning belle.

There is a cradle in New York that has rocked over 10,000 babies. It began to rock nineteen years ago, when the Sisters of Charity started a little foundling hospital on Twelfth street, New York, with \$5 in the treasury. Sister Irene was at the head of the cradle. As she is still, a wonderful, frail little woman, whose genius and devotion will always be remembered by those who have once beheld her among the babies whom she has saved and succored.

Concerning lobsters, experts say that young crustaceans have to be put in the sea almost as soon as hatched, and they begin to feed voraciously. They are born with sense enough to know that lobsters make delicious food, and they attack one another savagely and hungrily. For a few days they swim on the surface, where they find the food suited to their early requirements. Here their destruction is enormous. In a few days the lobster's walking or crawling members are developed, and he sinks to the bottom, where he makes his home.

It was not until last year that the Moors would permit any examination of the cliff dwellings which have been known to exist some days' journey southwest of the city of Morocco. This strange city of the cave dwellers is almost exactly like some of those in New Mexico and other territories which archaeologists have explored. The dwellings were dug out of the solid rock, and many of them are over 200 feet above the bottom of the valley. The face of the cliff is in places perpendicular, and it is believed that the troglodytes could have reached their dwellings only with the aid of rope ladders. Some of the dwellings contain three rooms, the largest of which is about 17x7 feet, and the walls of the larger rooms are generally pierced by windows. Nothing is known as to who these cave dwellers were.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Germination of Seeds.

Heat, darkness, moisture and air are necessary for germination of seeds, though they will freely sprout if exposed to light. These necessities are good subjects for consideration in preparing a seed-bed for grain sown in the spring, as upon them depends materially the successful production of a crop. Take first the fact that heat is required for the proper sprouting of a seed in the ground. As a rule soils are cold in the spring, seeing that there is a great amount of evaporation taking place from the surface, and if the soil be undrained it is all the colder, as it is more or less water-logged. Into a soil of this description the atmosphere cannot well penetrate, but when drained the pores of the soil are free from water, and air naturally follows on the principle that nature abhors a vacuum—thus air takes the place of water, and consequently the land becomes warmer, and the points necessary for germination are gained. The chemical changes which take place in the seed while sprouting are of much interest; we shall, therefore, devote a little space to their consideration. When placed in the soil the seed first absorbs moisture, then swells and softens; a small quantity of white albuminous substance is next formed at the base of the germ called *diastase*, which converts the starch of the seed into sugar, the albuminoids become soluble, oxygen is absorbed, carbonic acid is given off and heat developed. The rootlets then descend through their sheaths (in wheat) and the plumule or sprout ascends. If the time required for a plant to come to the surface in germination from inch deep is taken as 1, then at 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 inches, the times will be as 1.5, 1.6, 1.7, 1.8, and 1.9, and the percentage of seeds sprouting at 90, 80, 70, 50, 10 and 15. They will not germinate at a depth of 7 inches, but may retain their vitality for a long time. The best depth for wheat is from one to two inches, the largest percentage sprouting at that depth is from twelve to eighteen days. Much of the failure in seed corn is due not to the non-vitality of the seed, but to the conditions under which it is planted. If farmers would see that a seed-bed is prepared in accordance with the laws necessary to germination as given above, they would save themselves much expense and vexation.—Practical Farmer.

Practical Rules in Corn Culture.

The Minnesota experiment station sends out the following rules and conclusions in relation to corn culture:

Use proper rotations, where possible, including clover; economy of manures, good tillage, and drain tiles, where needed, to enable the soil to furnish the plant with an abundance of plant food and moisture, so as to push it rapidly to an early and well developed maturity.

Plough in fall to furnish more of available plant food; to secure an earlier and better seed bed and to relieve spring work.

Plow stubble in fall five or seven inches deep, if the seed germinates it will grow with vigor.

Plant in hills or "checkrows," unless labor for the one or two necessary hoeings of drilled corn can be secured very cheaply.

Plant at a depth of two to four and one-half inches, approaching the latter depth when late, or in case of very dry or very mellow soil, as in some spring plowing, and plant shallow when early, or in case of wet or compact soils, as is the case with some fall plowing.

Prof. Otto Luggen says: Soak all the seeds for some time in a solution of blue stone to prevent the growth of that injurious fungus known as "smut."

Harrow the corn twice or more, as one good harrowing is worth more than a fifth plowing. Give the last one when the corn is four inches high.

The best cultivator is one that will do thorough work without breaking many roots, is easily handled, and has the numerous other desirable qualities.

If a deep going shovel is used do not go unnecessarily close or deep. Make the "hills" or ridges about four inches higher than the furrows by hilling a little during each cultivation. Do not, under any circumstances, run deeply close to the corn the last time through.

If a shallow cultivator is in use, set it, if possible, so as to hill the corn properly and to cover the weeds in the row; also, so that after the last plowing it will leave a "dust blanket" two or more inches deep in the middle between the rows.

If a cultivator is to be purchased, procure one that will do thorough work, and, if you can do so, select one that does not prune the roots badly. But remember that a cultivator which leaves weeds in the rows, to consume food and "suck up" and evaporate moisture needed by the corn, and which also leaves a very thin "dust blanket" in the middle between the rows, also allowing great loss of moisture by evaporation, may not be so good as one that has only the fault of going too deep. Some so-called shallow cultivators may merit only fence corner room.

Produce, if possible, by means of cross fertilization, good dent and flint varieties that will ripen early and will withstand early frosts.

Farm Notes.

Grapes do best on well cultivated ground—well drained.

An old flour barrel, with the remains of flour on its sides to become musty is about the worst possible vessel to keep apples in.

To feed a sheep for flesh and bone is also to feed it for wool; but heavy grain-feeding makes yolk and grease to an amount disproportionate to the gain in fleece.

A strange phenomenon is observed in connection with the natural gas supply at Montpelier, Ind. Six hours out of every twenty-four the gas runs down to a minimum, and six hours daily it reaches a maximum. The movements coincide with the ocean tides.

A New York dairyman says he can get more milk from cows fed on beets, two bushels per diem to the cows, than from ensilage. The milk yield ran up to twenty quarts. He asserts he can produce beets at a cost of four cents bushel, one thousand bushels to the acre.

The worst evil which the telephone has to contend with is the induction from other telegraph or electric-light wires, which produces the loud, humming sound frequently heard in the telephone, and confuses the tone sound of the instrument. In cities this evil is constant, and there is no perfect remedy for it. Therefore, in the country telephone utterances are more distinct than in the city.

Begin right in getting out as many of the Asiatic chicks as possible in February, March and early April. Then, before the show season, they have nearly reached maturity, and if they have been kept in a thrifty, growing condition from the start, and are (as they should be) bred from large, healthy stock, they will require very little fattening to make them tip the scales at from seven to twelve pounds.

All warm-blooded animals maintain their heat by a slow combustion within their bodies, for which their food is the fuel. Man supplements this natural supply by kindling a fire in his house. The lower animals make no fire; they have no fuel but their food. It is true economy, therefore for the owner to husband their supply of heat by providing shelters which will protect them from the cold winds and the chilling rains.

It does not require much more time to take care of one hundred sheep at this season than it does for one or two cows, yet they need to be looked after every day. They need fresh water where they can go to it when they please. Sheep drink but little at a time, but drink often when not feeding upon green grass or eating roots. They need fresh bedding frequently. They need a shed that will protect them not only from snow and cold rain, but from drafts of cold air. The sheep shed should be open upon the south side to admit the sunlight and allow of the escape of the effluvia from the manure under them, but it should be protected by a board fence high enough to shelter them from the wind when lying down.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Hints to Housekeepers.

Scatter sassafras bark among dried fruit to keep it from becoming wormy.

When flatirons become rusty, black them with stove polish, and rub well with a dry brush.

Lamp wicks give a better light when cut squarely across, and should not be pecked off, as some advocate.

If soap is purchased in large quantities, and kept in a warm, dry place, half the usual amount will be required.

A sure and safe way to remove grease spots from silks is to rub the spot quickly with brown paper. The friction will soon draw out the grease.

As a dressing in the bath, two quarts of water, with two ounces of glycerine, scented with rose, will impart a final freshness and delicacy to the skin.

There is nothing better for a cut than powdered resin. Pound it until fine, and put it in an empty, clean pepper box with perforated top; then you can easily sift it out on the cut, and put a soft cloth around the injured member, and wet it with cold water once in a while. It will prevent inflammation and soreness.

To the consumptive a panacea is found by daily use of glycerine internally with proportion of one part of powdered willow charcoal and two parts of pure glycerine.

There is scarcely an ache to which children are subject so hard to bear and so difficult to cure as earache. A remedy which never fails is a pinch of black pepper gathered up in a bit of cotton batting, wet in sweet oil and inserted in the ear. It will give immediate relief.

In the Air.

The scent of a blossom from Eden!
The flower was not given to me,
But it freshened my spirit forever,
As it passed on its way to thee!

In my soul is a lingering music;
The song was not meant for me,
But I listen, and listen, and wonder
To whom it can lovelier be.

The sounds and the accents that float by us
They cannot tell whither they go;
Yet, however it falls of its errand,
Love makes the world sweeter I know.

I know that love never is wasted,
Nor truth, nor the breath of a prayer;
And the thought that goes forth as a blessing
Must live, as a joy in the air.
—Lucy Larcom.

Either Very Dull or Very Sharp.
Slippery Sam (in Philadelphia)—
"Say, Jerry! 'tain't no use. I'm goin' back ter York."
Cool Jerry—"What's der matter, pard?"

"I worked a chump for a thousand down on Chestnut street, an' so help me! when I got back ter th' hotel I found they was Confed'rate bills. Folks here ain't heard that th' war's over."
—Judge.

THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

A Balloonist's Remarkable Adventure at Buenos Ayres.

I built two new balloons for the grand fetes at Buenos Ayres. I filled one on the morning of the 23d of May at the gas works, situated about one mile from the plaza, on the banks of the Rio La Plata. When sufficiently inflated the balloon was towed along the river, while I was seated in the decorated car, to the Plaza Victoria, where a vast multitude was waiting patiently to see the ascent.

President Mitre, all the foreign Ministers, Consuls and other distinguished men, with their families, were assembled in the municipal buildings, on the west side of the Plaza. I went into the building and bade them goodbye, shaking hands with many of them, who wished me a happy and safe voyage. A young gentleman from my own native state, New York, expressed a wish to ascend with me. I consented, and gave him the Argentine flag to wave, while I unfurled the stars and stripes to the breeze.

We arose swiftly above the city, and with a fair breeze soared away toward the lofty Andes, chased by hundreds of men on horseback. We could see across the mighty Rio La Plata, thirty miles in breadth, the Republic of Uruguay, and several beautiful islands on the bosom of the majestic stream. At three miles in height we beheld a beautiful sight. Away to the west, where the brilliant orb of day was fast declining, could be seen the cloud-capped peaks, or glittering mountains of snow, piercing the heavens, to the south the broad Atlantic, its billows breaking on the shore, while the rich pampas of one of the finest valleys on earth stretched away to the Republic of Paraguay on the north. Thousands of horses, cattle, and sheep were feasting on the rich pastures.

We descended about fifteen miles from the city, near some farm houses, and were well received by the people. Refreshing ourselves, we permitted them to attach several horses to our guide rope and tow us back to the city, while we remained seated in the comfortable car. After riding in this novel manner several miles the wind increased so much that the horses could not pull any further. Then we let out the gas and had the balloon transported to town, so as to be ready for the next day, which was also the anniversary of the birthday of the Queen of England. That day I made a number of "captive" ascents. As the second or last day of the fetes proved to be stormy the next ascent was postponed to another national fete in June.

In the mean time, I had determined, if the wind was favorable, to cross the river to Uruguay. Several gentlemen desired to take the chances of crossing with me, but I concluded to take plenty of ballast and go alone. War was then going on in Uruguay. Fighting appeared to be as fashionable in that part of the world as in Mexico. The weather was so favorable I believed I should land safely on the other side of the river in less than two hours. Among the vessels in the harbor lay a French steamer, from which I received a salute, which I returned with the American and Argentine colors.

When nearly across the river the wind ceased to carry me eastward, and I was left suspended several thousand feet above the stream. Whenever the aerostat lost its force I descended gradually near the river; then I threw out some sand to keep me from touching the water, and rose again. I continued to do this several times until my ballast was all gone. Then I threw overboard a light anchor, and later the other, having only my car left. The setting sun appeared to melt away beyond the distant horizon, dissolving into a gold-landscape with gorgeous color. I concluded that something must be done to extricate me from my perilous situation. Not desiring to remain in my car floating down the stream all night, and he could not tell me. He said he was standing like everybody else looking on, and all at once he felt as if some angel or spirit was carrying him through the air. The probability is that he unconsciously put his foot through one of the strong meshes of the net while the crowd was eagerly pressing around him and was lifted up before he knew it. As the wind carried us over the river I told him to hold fast to the parachute, for if he should drop into the river he might get drowned. I was somewhat fearful lest he might grow dizzy and come tumbling down on my head, but he hung like a leach while we went a few thousand feet in height and descended in a few minutes about a mile from shore.

I was supported in the river by my life belt, while the lad was held in the air until a boat came to our rescue. Hundreds of excited persons came out in boats to meet us and escort us back to the long pier which extended some distance into the water. Then the shouts of the people rent the air. The little fellow had become a hero.—Rufus G. Wells, in Philadelphia Press.

Before reaching fifteen thousand feet I saw the sun apparently rising, instead of setting, in the west! It was a glorious spectacle. The earth soon became clothed in inky darkness; while the golden rays of the sun shining upon the balloon, which had been recently varnished, made it show like an asteroid to the people on the western shore, who were all anxiously waiting. I expected to find a current in the higher atmosphere which would take me to one shore or the other. A light southern breeze from the Atlantic came up and wafted my frail bark up the river toward an island inhabited only by South American tigers. At the immense height to which I had risen I soon began to feel the effects of the cold, and in a few minutes the balloon cords, which had been in the water, were covered with ice.

In the west I beheld a beautiful cloud, like an angel or a lovely bride standing before the white altar of the lofty Andes, as it were, blushing at the departing kiss of the setting sun. The light-house and illuminations of Buenos Ayres appeared as if one of the bright constellations had fallen beneath me, and like a spirit I was wandering in the unfathomable regions of space. After remaining half an hour, sitting upon icy ropes, with my gas-bag suspended by a strong cord sixty feet in length, I began gradually to descend, because of the condensation of gas. By

this time the moon had risen. Perhaps there is nothing more surpassingly sublime than in the silence of the night, thus to float alone high up in a cloudless heaven, bathed in the silver beams of the full moon.

Descending into the river I soon perceived that a light wind was coming from the east, which would be very likely to carry me to the same shore that I had left. In order to keep the balloon out of the water I tied my valve-cord to the hoop, and taking hold of the cord attached to the flat gas-bag I let go of the hoop, whereupon the wet cord slipped rapidly through my hands until I came in contact with the bag, which was about half full of air, and formed a very good seat. Suddenly, to my great surprise, I felt myself pulled out of the river by the balloon, which had gained considerable force. I was carried several hundred feet in height, at the same time whirling around like a top. It was the first time that I was ever pulled out of a river like a fish. I soon found myself again in the water up to my waist. The wind presently increased, causing the balloon to act as a great sail, and it towed me along quite rapidly over the surface of the stream, while I was seated upon the flat bag with my feet projecting in front with the rope between them.

Now and then I was lifted a few feet from the water and sent dangleing perpendicularly under the aerostat, and striking against the waves sometimes on my back, when it required considerable exertion to regain my position upon the bag. Rockets were sent up by the people on the shore now and then, doubtless to cheer and encourage me and let me know where the country was inhabited. At last my feet touched the bottom of the river as I rapidly approached the coast, and a few minutes later I was dragged upon the bank. Finding it was impossible to hold the balloon, and not willing to run the risk of being thrown violently against a fence or some other object in the dark, I let go of it.

It was very soon lost sight of, taking with it my overcoat, flags, and gas-bag. I had securely tied my coat and flags to the net before descending into the river. I had been dragged twenty or thirty miles over and through the water, any thing but a pleasant means of locomotion, on a dark, cold night.

This was the last hazardous adventure I had in my grand balloon Washington. It went off toward the Andes, and I never heard of it again. It was made during our great rebellion, when the material used to construct such machines was quite expensive, especially in South America. Although it was a great loss to me, I was more delighted with my unique experience than pained at the loss of my aerostat.

On my return to Buenos Ayres I proposed to show the people the most daring feat that an aeronaut can perform—a descent from a mile in height with a parachute. This was first performed successfully in France by a French aeronaut, and afterward by his daughter many times. The balloon I used on this occasion was named the Buenos Ayres. It was seventy feet in height and fifty feet in diameter. As on the former occasions, immense multitudes from the country and other towns assembled. Many came from Montevideo, on the other side of the Rio La Plata.

Standing on a small board, with my rubber life belt on, I gave the signal to let go the ropes. I was soon arising with the swiftness of the wind. Saluting the public with my hat and flags, I looked up at the aerostat, and to my great surprise I saw a small boy hanging in the net, which I had placed over the parachute to strengthen it and keep it from flying apart should it burst while descending. I perceived at once that it would be impossible for me to carry out my promise to the public without killing myself or the boy, and perhaps both. I asked the boy what mysterious agency had transported him fifty feet above my head, but he could not tell me. He said he was standing like everybody else looking on, and all at once he felt as if some angel or spirit was carrying him through the air. The probability is that he unconsciously put his foot through one of the strong meshes of the net while the crowd was eagerly pressing around him and was lifted up before he knew it. As the wind carried us over the river I told him to hold fast to the parachute, for if he should drop into the river he might get drowned. I was somewhat fearful lest he might grow dizzy and come tumbling down on my head, but he hung like a leach while we went a few thousand feet in height and descended in a few minutes about a mile from shore.

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True Stories About Animals.

"How did you come down so early?" asked the dog, addressing the duck, who was usually the first to get down. "Oh," she replied "I came in on 2." "Didn't know that train was due in the morning," replied the dog. "Two wings," explained the duck, "but how did you come up?" "Oh," said the dog, with a hoarse laugh, for he was a great wag, "on the great four track route." And thus with light rally they went into breakfast, the duck first, while the dog contentedly remained outside, with a few of the feathers.—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

MARK TWAIN.

A Charitable and Stupid Compositor Makes a Fool of a Fly Reporter.

"No," said Mark Twain a week or two ago as he sat in his room at the Murray Hill hotel and dreamily watched the smoke from the pipe which he was puffing. "No; I would not say that it was the best thing that I ever wrote, but I remember that I was pretty proud of it at the time and was decidedly disappointed when it didn't come out the next day. I didn't know until you told me that the story had ever reached this part of the country. But you haven't got it just right; it wasn't the foreman at all; it was a fool of a compositor who ruined the story. Poor devil! I suppose he is dead now, and it doesn't much matter what we say about his stupidity. But he was certainly an awful fool.

"You have one part of it right," continued the humorist. "It happened when I was a reporter on the Virginia City Enterprise. I was assigned to report a dinner given by a party of some of the most notoriously hard drinkers in town, and Virginia City was not supporting many temperance unions at that time. Everybody knew that the dinner was going to resolve itself into a glorious drunk, and the result proved that everybody was right. Of course I didn't want to be too hard on the boys in reporting their dinner, and yet, as a truthful reporter, I had to give the public to understand just what had taken place there. In a happy moment I conceived the idea of conveying this information in a delicate way without really saying that all hands were drunk. My plan was to begin my report in the regular cut-and-dried way. After giving a few sentences in this way I grew a little more careless in my style. Gradually I became more and more mixed up in my language, until at last the words were written without any real or apparent connection with each other. I tried my best to give the reader the idea that as I wrote the report I became more and more intoxicated, until I wound up in a stupidly drunken condition. I was greatly interested in carrying on this plan as well and naturally as I could, and when after an hour's hard work the report was finished I felt that I had written the very funniest thing that had ever appeared in that paper. The copy went out without being read, and the first part of it was set up just as I had written it.

"The fool compositor got hold of the last part and of course couldn't make head or tail of it. Instead of setting it up as he found it and leaving the rest to the proof-reader or editor he made up his mind that I had really been drunk when I wrote it. He was a kind-hearted man and he never liked to see one of the boys in trouble. So he calmly proceeded to change my copy and put in little connecting words so as to make sense of it. It was all done with the kindest intention in the world. He didn't want to see me discharged for being drunk. Then he destroyed my copy so that it couldn't be brought in evidence of my damning guilt.

"I wouldn't care to say how fearfully disappointed I was when I picked up the Enterprise the next day and looked for my funny report. It was as coldly stupid as a 10-year-old patent office report. I wept scalding tears and left the office. On the street I met the compositor who had taken such pains to fix my story for me. He looked so happy when he told me how he had been the means of keeping me out of trouble with the managers of the paper that I hadn't the heart to tell him what a fool he actually was. I was sorry afterward that I didn't do so, however, for I discovered that for years he told the story of how he saved me from disgrace in half of the newspaper offices west of the Mississippi river. He was an old man and so I think that he must be dead by this time. If he isn't he is probably telling his version of the story yet."—New York Evening Sun.

Benefit of a Sponge Bath.

A prominent physician, speaking of special baths and their uses, mentioned the sponge-bath, the form of bathing where the water is applied to the surface through the medium of cloth or sponge, no part of the body being plunged into the water. He says the practice of systematic daily sponge bathing is one giving untold benefits to its followers. Let a person not over strong, subject to frequent colds from slight exposure, the victim of chronic catarrh, sore throats, etc., begin the practice of taking a sponge-bath every morning, commencing with tepid water in a warm room (not hot), and following the sponging with friction that will produce a warm glow over the skin and take five minutes' brisk walk in the open air. See if you do not return with a good appetite for breakfast. After having used tepid water for a few mornings, lower the temperature of the bath until cold water can be borne with impunity.

A Greater Than Sullivan.

Indianapolis barroom. John Sullivan and Patrick Sheedy filling up at the bar. Sullivan (rather hilariously)—"Pat, I can lick any man in the—"
"Sh—shut up."
"What's the matter with you?"
"Do you see that man at the other end of the bar?"
"Of course I do."
"Well, he's a member of the Indianapolis legislature, and he'll knock an eye out of you if you don't keep still."
—Chicago Herald.

A Naval Officer's Yarn of a Man-Eater's Remarkable Caution.

"We have often had a great deal of amusement out of the Jackies whenever they caught a shark. When we entered a harbor where sharks were plenty there would always be a hook hanging over the stern, and it was not long before a great big fellow was hauled up to the rail. Then the old Jackies, who had been there before, all crowded close around the carcass with their knives, ready to cut it up, thus keeping the greenhorns back out of sight. They would have their blouses stuffed with all sorts of things; and as soon as the body was ripped open they hauled the stuff out of their clothes, and, after dipping it in the shark's blood, passed it up to the greenies. You can imagine their astonishment when they saw a bloody pair of shoes, or a piece of cloth, or a stained cap-ribbon bearing the name of some other ship, come up, apparently from the body of the shark. Of course they would think at first that some poor fellow had fallen overboard and had been gobbled up by the fish. All the time the old Jackies would be cutting away solemnly, without a smile."

Although the year 4900 will be divisible by four without a remainder, it will not be leap year'. Twelve years must elapse before the interesting event takes place, but it was just the same in 1800 and 1700., but not in 1600, for that was a leap year, and the year 2000 will be a leap year also. Why this should be is a problem. To explain in detail would be a tiresome task, but it rests on the principle that a difference of 11 minutes per day exists between actual time and calendar time. Thus a year is computed at 365½ days, three years being 365 days long and the fourth year 366 days. In fact the year is 365 days 5 hours and 45 minutes long or 11 minutes short of 365½ days.

Mary had a little watch
Full many years ago,
And everywhere that Mary went
That watch was sure to go.

She took the watch to school one day,
To let the scholars hear,
And great was their delight to see
The works and winding gear.

Next day the watch would go no more,
She hastened to a shop,
The jeweler looked quite wise and said:
"You forgot to wind it up."

Now she would not eat nor sleep;
Began to wind and fret,
And if she hasn't died since then
You'll find her winding yet.

Jewelry Weekly.

Landlady (meeting her boarder in the hall)—Mr. Borroww, I think that it is really time you should be thinking about a settlement.

Mr. Borroww—Perhaps it is, and if you are willing, Mrs. Pancake, to let things go on for a while as they are I would be truly glad to settle down here for the winter.—Texas Sittings.

Mrs. Popinjaw never uses slang, but she came near it the other day when she caught her lazy chambermaid sitting at ease in the parlor and exclaimed: "Now you get up and dust!"—Burlington Free Press.

The Listener witnessed this morning an interesting little ceremony—the removal of three charges from an old revolver which had been borne, and evidently used, by an officer on the field of Cedar Creek, on October 19, 1864. On that day Capt. G. F. W.,—of the Thirtieth Massachusetts had, as he charged with his company the stone wall behind which the rebels were entrenched, drawn this old five-shooter, of the most approved ante-war type, which looks about as much like the ordinary Colt or Smith & Wesson of this day as a Revolutionary firelock does like the latest pattern of magazine rifle. The revolver was loaded, but the captain had discharged two shots from it. Then he himself was shot through the heart, and fell. The men pushed on; the rebels were driven from their position, and defeat turned into victory; but when Gen. Sheridan rode before the reformed line, and complimented the troops upon their bravery the gallant captain lay back upon the field, among the dead and wounded. His revolver, with the remaining three charges in it was sent home to his family, and from that day to this the charges remained in it, like a sheathed weapon ready for service. Occasion had arisen, however, to pass the old pistol on to a still younger hand, and it was deemed best to draw the old charges at last. So the three percussion caps, that looked as old-fashioned as a flint-lock itself to this generation, were removed. The bullets, with their paper cartridges, were carefully drawn and the powder fell out of them, some of it as bright and doubtless as energetic, if one were to test it, as when the captain loaded his revolver before the battle of Cedar Creek. To one who was there the sight of those old cartridges must have brought back a grim and moving spectacle of as gallant a charge as the war had known.

—Boston Transcript.

The following incident appears in the "Proceedings of the Linnean Society," having been communicated to that learned body by an observer in Australia. The writer saw a large number of ants surrounding some that he had killed, and determined to watch their proceedings closely. Accordingly he followed four or five that started off from the rest toward a hillock a short distance off, in which was an ant's nest. This they entered, and in about five minutes they reappeared, followed by others. All fell into rank, walking regularly and slowly, two by two, until they arrived at the spot where lay the dead bodies of the soldier ants.

In a few minutes two of the ants advanced and took up the body of one of their comrades, then two others, and so on, until all were ready to march. First walked two ants bearing a body, and then two without a burden, then two others with another dead ant, and so on, until the line was extended to about forty pair, and the procession now moved slowly onward, followed by an irregular body of about 200 ants. Occasionally the two laden ants stopped, and laying down the dead body, it was taken up by the two walking unburdened behind them, and thus by occasionally relieving each other, they arrived at a sandy spot near the sea.

The body of ants now commenced digging with their jaws a number of holes in the ground, in each of which a dead ant was laid. Then they all fell to and filled up the graves. This did not quite finish the remarkable circumstance attending this insect funeral. Some six or seven of the ants had attempted to run off without performing their share of the task of digging; these were caught and brought back, when they were at once attacked and killed on the spot. A single grave was quickly dug, and they were all dropped into it.—*Cape Argus.*

An Akron man, who drives a fast team of horses, recently gave his family, his hostler and his hired girl strict orders to see that the barn was securely locked each evening. It happened that this careful liege lord came home with his steeds one evening, and while he was in the barn unhitching, some member of the family noticed that the front doors of the barn were open. A regular ague chill struck the spinal column of the person who had made the discovery, and he at once cautiously and quietly proceeded to the barn, closed the doors and locked up for the night. The husband did not show up until the hired man went out to feed the horses in the morning. Duplicate keys have now been provided.

Those who would like to have Depew secure the Republican Presidential nomination think that it is a good Chauncey bag.—*Boston Post.*

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