

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Husbandry.

VOL. XIX.

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Job Printing of all kinds done in the most artistic manner, and at lowest prices.

The Capital will do well to resign as slate maker.

The people are wiser than the Daily Capital.

The next national republican convention might learn something about temperance planks for platforms, by reading the Kansas platform on this question.

Well, we would say there is no need of a third party state ticket in Kansas.

The republican convention did honor to the great state of Kansas. The platform adopted was an excellent one, and the ticket, although not what we desired, individually, is an admirable combination. It deserves a cordial support of the voters of the state. The following is the state ticket:

For associate justice—W. H. Johnson.
For governor—L. U. Humphrey, of Montgomery county.
For lieutenant governor—A. J. Phelps of Nemaha county.
For secretary of state—William Higgins of Shawnee county.
For auditor of state—Timothy McCarty, of Pawnee county.
For treasurer—Wm. H. Hamilton, of Leavenworth.
For attorney general—L. B. Keller, of Lyon county.
For superintendent of public instruction—Geo. W. Winans, of Davis.

Amateur photographers are specially busy and happy at this season.

Five lovers attend a Philadelphia damsel and each has the name of C. Uel.

In a single block at Burlingame, New Jersey, there are said to be 31 widows.

President Diaz has been re-elected in Mexico with only two dissenting votes.

Natives of Kamchatka fired upon a British otter-hunting schooner, July 15.

It is cabled from London that the Emperor of Germany is kept a close prisoner.

On a windy day last week, thirteen hats were irrevocably lost on Brooklyn bridge.

A quarter of a million watermelons arrived in New York from Savannah in June.

California cultivates many roses to be sold for their natural sweetness and beauty.

Copper has been found on the farm of Mr. Frank Clark, in West Rutland, Vermont.

Two large farm barns were burned at West Moreland July 13. The loss was \$29,000.

An Italian vender in New York being fined five dollars, paid the sum entirely in pennies.

A torpedo coast defence is about to be established by Japan at a cost of four million dollars.

Two prominent society men came to blows on the streets of Newport, R. I., last Saturday.

The Howe Scale Works at Rutland Vermont, were sold at auction, July 12th, for \$441,283.

Eight gas tanks exploded in Ludlow, Kentucky, July 14, injuring fifteen men and killing four.

Chinese alarm Japanese laborers by flocking to the latter country and working at reduced prices.

Rich country houses along the Hudson are furnished with contributions from India as well as Japan.

An attempt has been thwarted to blow up the new bridge on the Mississippi River near Nebraska City.

This season is said by dwellers by the sea to have been more free from fog than many a previous one.

The floods in Pennsylvania and West Virginia are said to have occasioned a loss of three millions of dollars.

Monsieur Ferdinand de Lesseps will be eighty-three next November, yet is perfectly active and energetic.

Josef Hoffman, noted as the child musician, is under treatment in Germany because of a nervous disorder.

A thousand manuscripts each month are said to be received from literary aspirants by the Century Magazine.

Annie Louise Cary, now Mrs. Raymond, has given \$250 for a free bed in the Maine State General Hospital.

A shoe factory and other buildings were burned at Avon, Mass., Saturday occasioning a loss of \$125,000.

Mrs. Lucy Sedgewick Church died at Hartford leaving an estate of a million dollars, and no children and no will.

A shoemaker at Lancaster, Penn., is serving a six days' term in jail, as penalty for working on Sundays.

United States engineers have decided that a suspension bridge between New York and Jersey City is practicable.

The anniversary of the taking of the Bastille was observed with some what elaborate ceremonies at Paris this year.

40,000 Havana cigars were seized at Montreal, July 14, by customs officials. This is an unusually large seizure.

Joe Jefferson has a summer estate in New Jersey and a winter estate in Louisiana. No other actor enjoys this luxury.

Daniel Lee, who lived the wretched life of a miser at Plainfield, New Jersey, has just died and left a fortune of \$500,000.

Willard E. Wentworth and wife, of Newtonville, while on their wedding trip, were drowned in Sorep Lake New Hampshire.

There are more houses than tenants in the upper wards of New York, the building has been overdone to such an extent.

Negroes at Atlanta, Georgia, were much frightened by a Chinese lantern tied to a kite, discovered by them when in mid-air.

It is quite probable that the Stain-Cromwell case may not be heard again until next June.

More than fifteen million dollars are expended by London annually in caring for the poor.

A Newburyport man in a quarter of a century of married life has moved thirty-nine times.

The weather is unusually fine at the mountains. The days are warm and pleasant, and the evening cool and delightful.

Everett, a three year old child of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Nute, of Gloucester, was fatally burned by playing with matches, Saturday.

Mineral springs have been discovered at Grantville, Georgia. The waters are impregnated separately with iron, sulphur and alum.

The encyclical letter of the Pope has been read in all the Catholic churches of the diocese of Dublin, and causes intense dissatisfaction.

Never were there in the known history of Kansas, such flattering prospects for a large crop of corn.

The fourth district Democratic congressional convention has nominated Hon. David Overmyer as candidate for congress.

A. W. Lacey has added to the beverages dispensed at his soda fountain all the popular mineral waters, including Waukesha, High Rock and Vichy.

Mr. A. W. Hayes, who was badly injured while cutting wheat some time ago on his farm north of town, is rapidly improving. He will not lose his hand, as was feared.

Mr. Tinsie File lost a valuable horse on Tuesday last, the animal having been struck by lightning.

Mrs. Bell Ball, of the Kansas City Times is on hand assisting in making a report of the convention for that paper.

The ladies of the Degree of Honor, A. O. U. W., gave a very delightful entertainment and lawn social at the residence of Louis Stair last evening.

There was a large attendance Mrs. G. W. Bean who started for a visit to relatives in Pittsburg, Pa. last week, stopped over in Carthage, Mo. where her sister is quite ill. She will continue her trip to Pennsylvania on Monday.

Mrs. Lowie Gesch of Kansas City, daughter of our townsman, D. C. Hewitt is visiting her parents on Van Buren st.

Mrs. Metcalf is closing out her fine stock of summer millinery at half price.

A large stock to select from.

Harry Croff who has charge of the Rock Island dining hall at Horton, was in the city visiting this week.

Judge Carey who has been spending a month or so visiting in Texas, has returned home.

Mr. Charlie Sparks, of Terra Haute, Indiana, has decided to make North side his home in the future and will go into the livery business, on Curtis street.

Miss Olie Bryan, of Holton, who has been visiting for the past week with her cousin Miss Nevada Bryan, on Logan street, will leave to-day on a visit with her uncle Mr. I. N. Georges, who resides north of the city.

Mrs. Laura M. Johns of Salina, Kan., president of the Kansas Equal Suffrage association, is the guest during the convention of Mrs. T. E. Bowman, corner Tenth avenue Van Buren street.

The following are the names of the Topeka Hancock democratic drum corps: James Dufrane, A. Barber, E. Goodwin, Frank Bromis, Fred Thompson, D. Miller, John Holiday, Frank Figure, Frank Dufrane, Louis Stanley, A. Phillips, and A. J. O'Flinn. They were admitted as members of the club, they are all bright-eyed young democrats.

We are advised by John Sebastian, general ticket and passenger agent of the C. & N. railroad, who is now in Chicago, that a series of excursions have been arranged for by the great Rock Island route for points in Kansas and Nebraska on the following dates: August 21st, September 11th and 35th, and October 9th and 23rd. Rates, limit of tickets and further particulars to be announced hereafter.

The Kansas Publishing house is in receipt of a telegram from Hon. James A. Canfield, secretary of the National Educational association, the annual session of which just closed in San Francisco, advising that house that the printing of the proceedings of the meeting had been awarded it.

Mr. Albert Judson left for his home in Wichita county last night on a visit.

Miss Minnie Cryder, of Independence, Mo., is on the North side, visiting friends on Jackson street.

Frank Hayden, of the North side, has a position in the auditor's department of the Santa Fe.

Miss Minnie Cryder of Independence, Mo., is visiting friends on Jackson street.

The North Topeka Rapid Transit company paid out about \$2,000 to its employees yesterday, and accordingly happiness reigns in many a household.

Mrs. A. Norris, who has been visiting at the residence of B. T. Payne, on Jackson street, left for Leavenworth yesterday on a few days' visit with friends.

Rev. S. B. Hyman, of Lawrence, will preach in the English Lutheran church on Friday and Saturday evenings of this week.

Died—Daniel Allison, of typhoid-malaria, at his home east of the city, Wednesday July 25. He was formerly a member of the Topeka High school.

Mrs. Salter, the lady mayor of Argonia attended the convention yesterday. She is the guest of Mrs. Doane.

Charge Stansfield is confined to his bed with chills and fever.

Miss Kate Ringer, is visiting for a few days at Pleasant Hill, north of the city, at the residence of Mrs. Bryant.

The pupils of the Sunday school of the Indianapolis school district, about two miles east of the city will give a festival, to-night. The proceeds will go toward buying an organ for the church.

The gun club failed to have a meeting Wednesday night, owing to the non-appearance of Mr. Matthews. A meeting is called for to-night, at the engine house and a good attendance is desired.

Little Ralph Owen, aged 17 months died Wednesday evening. The funeral was held yesterday forenoon, from the house, two blocks east of the Santa Fe shops, and the body interred in Rochester cemetery.

W. F. Russell, one of Atherton's artists, has executed a fine crayon portrait of D. C. Burgendhal's little boy. The picture is on exhibition in a window in Lacy's drug store, and attracts considerable attention.

A person who calls himself a newspaper man is getting pretty low down when he will sneak into a printing office at midnight by climbing over a transom and STEAL a bundle of white paper weighing ninety pounds.—MAIL.

An aged colored woman learning that two colored children were confined in the city jail, appeared there in search of her runaway grandchild. The smallest proved to be the missing child. She was dressed in whole clothes and taken home.

The child's father does not seem to be very ambitious to possess the earth or any part of it. The grandfather is a cripple, and on the grand mother devolves the care of the family and the grand family. As though her burdens were not already heavy enough, her 18-year-old son, Will Haddock, is the one who stole the \$15 from a fellow prisoner a few days ago and escaped and was captured, and now again is in prison. This good mother carries food to her sorrow-giving offspring daily. Under it all she is cheerful and happier than the average mortal.

Presbyterian Ladies' aid society will hold its next meeting, two weeks hence, at Mrs. Jamison's just north of town. A fine time is anticipated. All those who attended last year will want to go again.

A good story is told on Councilman Eversole. While the evidence in the city engineer case was being submitted to the council, last evening, and interesting expert testimony was being introduced, it was discovered that this city father was indulging in a quiet nap. The usually sprightly Second ward councilman evidently had evidently settled the case to his own satisfaction.

Many county treasurers have deferred their settlements with the state until the convention, and as a consequence, a large number of treasurers have been in the city within the past day or two, and the state treasury force is busier than they have been for months.

The hotel clerks think a few such weeks as this would turn their hair gray or to cause it all to fall out.

Harrison Log Cabin.

The North Topeka republican club is raising a subscription to get enough money to build a log cabin similar to the one used in the Harrison campaign of 1840. Judge N. C. McKibben has generously donated the use of his two lots on Kansas avenue for the erection of the cabin, which it is proposed to build 50x150 feet, making it large enough for club headquarters and for political speaking during the campaign. It is understood that if the cabin is built Judge McKibben is to make the first speech in it.

The American Antiquarian for July is an universally interesting number—not only in character but in variety of its table of contents. The subjects treated by the Antiquarian are not such as captivate the public generally, but it is doing a good work in popularizing a better knowledge of American Antiquities. S. D. Peet, Editor Mendon Ill.

Yesterday morning about 11 o'clock a deaf and dumb man named John McKibben, aged 28 years, while walking on the Santa Fe track, about one-half mile north of Meriden, was struck and instantly killed by a freight train, that arrives in Topeka from Atchison about noon. The engineer claims that he did not see the man in time to stop the train. Both of his legs were broken, and his body and head crushed in a horrible manner. He has a brother and sister living in Meriden, and the funeral services were held at their house to-day at 2 p. m., and the remains interred in the Meriden cemetery.

In conversation with one of the representatives from Pawnee county, in attendance at the republican convention, the question of candidacy of M. D. Bailey an aspirant for nomination for superintendent of public instruction, of Shawnee county, was spoken of, and it was learned from him that Mr. Bailey had occupied the same position in that county with credit both to himself and the county. Since 1857 his life has been devoted to school work, with which he is thoroughly conversant in all its various branches. Mr. Bailey's service in the army, and his social as well as educational qualifications, make a formidable candidate.

Alex Gibbs, the North side undertaker was called to Meriden yesterday to bury John McKibben, who was killed by a Santa Fe freight.

The court has issued an order to the chairman of the board of county commissioners to deliver the \$75,000 bonds issued by Soldier township to the North Topeka, Silver Lake & Rossvill Rapid Transit.

The opening article in the August MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY is an interesting and valuable study of the career of "Roscoe Conkling," from the pen of the Rev. Isaac S. Hartley, D. D., the eminent Utica divine. The text is richly illustrated with pictures of Mr. Conkling's beautiful home in Utica, including its grounds, entrance hall, and interior, while an uncommonly fine portrait of the statesman forms the frontispiece to the number. The second article is a graphic and intensely readable sketch, "About Philadelphia in 1750," by the editor, with anecdotes brightening every page. This is followed with "Personal Recollections of General Grant," by Hon. Charles K. Tuckerman, whose varied reminiscences of Lincoln, Seward, and other public men have appeared from month to month in this periodical, to the delight of all classes of readers. "The Conquest of the Mayas" is the fourth and concluding paper in Mrs. Alice D. Le Plongeon's charming historical sketches of Yucatan. "Incidents of Border Life in Ohio" is a short but well-told story of early hardships, by R. W. B. Canning. We have another chapter from the "Englishman's Pocket Note Book in 1828," and a most stirring account of his picturesque journey beyond Vera Cruz. The "Journal of Lieutenant Jereh Beekman, 1779," is a document of special value, as the writer of it was with Sullivan's expedition against the Six Nations, of which the world has heard so much. Then comes a chapter of Washington, which will attract wide attention, with an unpublished portrait of Washington, from a sketch made on the back of a king of clubs, and facsimiles of two letters addressed to his nephew, George Augustine Washington. Minor Topics this month contains an unusual number of short readable articles. Original Documents has a quaint old petition to Lord Bellingham when he was governor of New York. The Notes furnish curious data, and the editorial and other departments abound in riches as varied and entertaining as they are substantial and instructive. Price \$5.00 a year. Published at 743 Broadway, New York.

The Spirit of Kansas

TOPEKA, - - KANSAS.

It took ten tons of paper for the new edition of Ruskin's "Stones of Venice."

Mrs. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH has one hundred and fifty girl babies named after the heroines of her stories.

ISAAC BRADLEY of New Haven, Conn., has gone to England as general manager of the Gatling Gun Company of Birmingham.

Mrs. GRANT has received \$111,000 as her share in the profits of Gen. Grant's memoirs, of which \$10,000 sets have been sold.

EDWARD BURGESS, the yacht designer has been made an M. A. by Harvard. It was only a short time ago that his wife made him a P. A.

NATANIEL HAWTHORNE was a shy man. His son Julian says: "I never saw my father in the act of composition—no one ever did."

SPEAKING of international copyright, there is a multitude of American authors who would be delighted if England would sell their books.

THOMAS A. EDISON, the inventor, will send to each crowned head of Europe a perfected phonograph. Such a present will speak for itself.

STAGG, the famous Yale pitcher continues to refuse tempting offers from professional baseball clubs. His friends say he is lacking in ambition.

EX-PRESIDENT GREVY, of France, is working hard at his Memoirs. The rights of publication in London and New York city have already been purchased at a large price.

SOMEBODY who claims to know asserts that Mrs. Langtry is now worth nearly \$500,000. What a beautiful woman she is! Her figure is so well rounded, don't you know!

SUSAN B. ANTHONY announces that she is willing to retire from active work as a Woman Suffragist in favor of some one younger. This suggests the possibility that in time Patti may quit giving farewell concerts.

DR. J. LELAND MILLER, of Sheffield, Mass., has given \$40,000 to Williams College to found a Professorship of American History, Literature and Eloquence. It will be the first professorship of its kind in the country.

GEN. W. T. SHERMAN was given a great ovation at the Yale Commencement. When he remarked in a speech that he so loved Yale that he had sent his only two beloved sons there the assembled collegians cheered with wild enthusiasm.

THE Pullman family will hold a reunion in August on Pullman Island, one of the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence. Sir George M. Pullman's mother will celebrate her eightieth birthday in that month. Her famous son will present her on her birthday a deed of Pullman Island, on which he has erected a beautiful house for her occupancy.

AT Tucson, Ari., last week burglars entered the house of a man who bears the name of Julius Caesar, a name not unknown to the public. Caesar's house, however, was as empty as Mother Hubbard's cupboard, and the thieves went away unsatisfied. Upon what meat doth this Julius Caesar feed that he hath grown so impecunious?

WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE may be an old man, as his opponents assert, but he is still able to cope with the best of them. President Lincoln once expressed the regret that all his generals did not drink the same kind of whisky used by Gen. Grant. If English statesmen could all grow old gaining the same degree of wisdom which Gladstone displays Great Britain would be in a happier state than at present.

YALE has conferred the degree of Master of Arts upon Samuel L. Clemens, who is known to fame as "Mark Twain." This is the first time that an educational institution has shown any recognition of the elevating influence wielded by American humorists. By granting Mark Twain a degree Yale has proved that the professional wit has risen in the scale of intellectual endeavor since the days of John Phoenix and Artemus Ward. Hitherto colleges have shown no appreciation of jokes more modern than those of Plautus. It is just possible that a Chair of Humor may yet be established at one of our progressive universities.

RETURNED TO LIFE.

Sam Nace Falls Overboard and Is Reported Dead—His Awakening at the Station.

The misadventure of Samuel Nace is a remarkable story of apparent death and resurrection, says the Philadelphia Press.

Nace is a large and brawny young man, with an attractive face except for the absence of an eye, which was closed several years ago through an accident, and gives him a facetious cast of countenance even in his most solemn moments. At present he lives with his mother at the southeast corner of Front and Jefferson streets, and is employed as a driver for a business house at Second and Girard avenue.

Last summer Nace and his mother lived at Thompson and Adrian streets, and was employed by the firm of Stead & Murphy as a laborer. On a Wednesday in the latter part of August he was ordered with two other employees to go to the Queen street wharf on the Delaware river, to load resin into one of the firm's wagons. While busily engaged at the work, and standing on the cap log of the dock, Nace lost his balance and fell backward into the river.

It was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon and the cry of a man overboard brought a great crowd of wharf-loungers and longshoremen to the scene. The body remained in the water unusually long and a small skiff-load of rescuers were about abandoning the search when it was suddenly sighted off the bow, doubled like a ball, and caught with a boat hook just as it was sinking again. As soon as it was hoisted to the dock eager hands attempted to resuscitate the apparently drowned man. They rolled him over a barrel and exhausted every other means ordinarily used in similar cases, but without success.

A doctor was summoned and after making an examination said very positively: "This man is dead." That was enough for Nace's fellow-workmen, who hurried off to convey the news to his mother and friends uptown. The policemen who rang the patrol-box said simply: Send the wagon to the Queen street wharf for the body of a drowned man. When it arrived the patrol sergeant and his crew found a crowd surrounding the body, but no one present who knew who the "dead" man was. His official inquiry developed nothing more than that man had been fished out of the river and that the doctor had pronounced him dead.

The body was placed in the wagon and taken to the Second district station-house, where it was laid with little ceremony in the stone corridor facing the cells. The day sergeant's dispatch to the central station, based on the patrol sergeant's report, was: "Coroner wanted at Second district; body of an unknown man drowned at Queen street wharf."

While Samuel Nace was numbered with the unknown dead in the police report his aged mother, surrounded by sympathizing friends and relatives, waited in the little up-town home expecting every moment the arrival of his body. His fellow-workmen, in their haste to convey the news to the mother, had thoughtlessly left the police without any information to establish his identity, and the distracting scenes of grief had dispelled any afterthought in the matter from their minds.

When the night force came on at the Second district the sergeant and turnkey were notified that the body of a drowned man was in the corridor waiting the coroner's wagon to be taken to the morgue. The second district station-house is peculiarly built, having its cells separated from the main building by a narrow stone passage that opens at either end in the yard. Over the entrance to the corridor a dim gaslight burns at night. That night there were no prisoners in the cells.

About 9 o'clock, when the turnkey, who was sitting in the passage, heard a slight noise, like something moving in the corridor, he was puzzled, and listened intently. The second time it came more distinctly, and had the unmistakable sound of a footstep on the stone floor. It startled him, and his fear was increased when he remembered that there was nobody inside—nothing but the body of the man fished out of the river. Mustering all his courage he approached the wicker gate, and peering through he saw the figure of a man standing upright in the dim light. The next moment the turnkey ran wildly through the building, upsetting the sergeant's nerves and tobacco and crying: "That body is up and walking around!"

The sergeant laughed at him, but the turnkey declared that in his single glance through the wicket he had seen the unknown "dead" man standing at his full height with both arms outstretched and his eye fixed vaguely on the uncertain light toward which he was groping.

"Fshaw!" said the sergeant, still ridiculing the story, "you've got 'em, or else you're dreaming."

The turnkey insisted that he was telling the truth, and the sergeant consented to investigate. They had no need to go far, for already in the stone passage the "unknown dead" was slowly feeling his way with that same bewildered movement and stare, while from his lips came the almost inaudible question: "Is this a station-house? If it is what am I brought here for?"

"Why, you were brought here for

drowned," answered the turnkey a long range."

The unknown looked at him vacantly for a moment and then seemed suddenly to comprehend. "Oh, yes," he said, "I remember now. My name is Samuel Nace. I slipped on the dock, didn't I? Everything was a blank after that until I opened my eyes and saw that dim light in there. I looked at it a long time trying to make out what it was and finally I says to myself: 'Samuel Nace, you ain't at home,' when a man's face looked in and was gone before I could wink."

Nace was given nourishment and by 10 o'clock was sufficiently recovered to be put on a Third street car at Christian street and sent home. Getting off at Thompson he walked the rest of the way and as he approached his door noticed groups of neighbors standing around and an undertaker's wagon at the curb. He hurried through the crowd and a woman screamed: "It's his ghost!" The next moment he strode inside, and catching a glimpse of him his old mother fainted. The undertaker had just been saying that he had been to the morgue, but could find no trace of the body. Initial steps had already been taken to collect a death benefit of \$113 due Nace's relatives by the Prudential company. The following morning, while yet a very sick man, he read the following paragraph in a morning paper:

"An unknown man was drowned at Queen street wharf yesterday afternoon. His body was rescued and taken to the morgue. Nothing was found on him that would establish his identity, but his left eye was closed, probably through an accident."

This was all that was ever written of the case, and probably all that ever would have been had not Samuel Nace, with witnesses and references, one night last week told the story to a Press reporter himself.

Too Congenial.

"Hawkins, how do you like this part of the country?" was asked of an old negro.

"Kain't say that I likes it ertall, sah. Folks is too congenial yere fur me."

"Too congenial? What do yot mean?"

"W'y, sah, da's got er way o' pryin' inter er man's bizness an' progickin' wid his erfairs."

"Give me an example."

"Doan know wudder I ken do da erter not, sah, but I tell yer w'ut da done t'other week. Da come 'roun' yere s'archin' my house. Sez I, 'Gentlemen, go on way frum yere. Dar's er pray'r-meetin' yere, an' ef yer doan go way I'll hab yer 'rested fur 'sturbin' de worship.'"

"Did they go away?"

"No, sah, not right den. Da come in an' guntur turn things ober, da did. Old Unk Henry Sarver wuz er leadin' in pr'a at de time, an' w'ut yer think da done?"

"I have no idea."

"W'y, sah, da made him git up so da could look un'er de bed, like dat wuz de proper way ter ack at yer pr'a meetin'." Da didn't ack dat way on 'ligious erasions w'en I wuz back yander in Georgy, but ez I say, da's powerful congenial yere in Arkansas."

"What did they find under the bed?"

"Shah."

"I asked what they found under the bed?"

"Some ole cloze an' cyapet rags an' sich."

"What else?"

"Talkin' ter me, sah?"

"Of course; who else is there for me to talk to?"

"Yas, sah; yas. Wall, da foun'—now I know w'ut yer think da foun'! Yer think da foun' shoat meat, doan yer?"

"Yes you are right."

"Den ef I wuz ter tell yer it wa'n't shoat meat yer'd 'low it wuz chickens, wouldn't yer?"

"Yes."

"W'y, yerse'f is de straightforwardest w'ite man I eber seed. Now, w'ut yer think wuz un'er dat bed?"

"I have no idea, now."

"Bof shoat meat an' chickens, sah, er haw, er haw. But bless yer I didn't put 'em dar'."

"Who did?"

"I sorter 'spects my wife, sah. De po' lady ain't right bright an' it doan't pear ter me ter be in her right mine. Da tuck me up 'fo' de cent, da did, but er w'ite lawyer spained de thing so da let me go 'bout mer bizness, but it larn me, one thing, sah larn me dat dese yere folks is too congenial fur me."—Arkansas Traveler.

A Queer Liquor Law.

Lynn, Mass., liquor dealers now send the following to those persons to whom they are warned not to sell liquor, under the public statute governing the matter:

Sir—Having received a notice from your wife [name inserted] not to sell or deliver intoxicating liquors to you, or permit you to loiter on my premises, No. — street in said Lynn, I hereby notify you not to enter on said premises at any time in the future; and if you do I will take such action against you as the law entitles me to.

In some instances the more careful liquor dealers have the above form served by a civil constable; others merely mail the notice. There are many persons objected to that often the dealers do not know. If they serve the above notice and then sell to the parties, not knowing them, the dealers do not believe any jury would convict them.

THIRTEEN OUNCES OF BABY.

The Cutest, Sweetest, and Tiniest Morsel of Humanity You Ever Saw.

A gnat could swallow it without blinking. Labeled as "miscellaneous matter 4 cents postage would carry it to any part of the country. A quart cup beside it looks like a castle, and Gulliver would swear that his Lilliputians were Brobdignagians in comparison. It curls up in a roll of cotton like a chrysalis in a cocoon. It will be prettier after awhile. At present it is as red as a lobster and can kick with the hilarity and abandon of a jumping-jack.

It is a sweet, pink-cheeked, brown-eyed, tiny girl baby that weighs but thirteen ounces. It belongs to Mr. and Mrs. James Willis of 260 Kenzie street. They were expecting a baby, but were looking for something tangible and that could make a noise.

"I know it is small, but it will grow," said the angel of babyhood as he weighed it on a pair of golden scales and charged up thirteen ounces of cherub to Mr. Willis. There was another member of the family who was disappointed in the size of the baby and that was "Door-Knobs." He is a youngster who was born two years ago and was so small that his parents nicknamed him "Door-Knobs." But he is as big as any two-year-old baby now and he resented the idea of having thirteen ounces of humanity palmed off on him for a sister.

"Zut ain't no baby, it's a wa'," said "Door-Knobs" with disgust when he was given the first peep at his little sister whose head is covered with a coat of thick dark hair. "Door-Knobs" had a different idea of his sister yesterday and called her "Tommy," after the imaginary ghost that was wont to be conjured up by his auntie to frighten him into quietude whenever he became obstreperous.

The thirteen-ounce infant is the fourth child born to Mr. and Mrs. Willis. The first two who are dead, weighed eight and nine pounds respectively. The third "Door-Knobs" weighed but four pounds. But, though of small beginning, he has flourished and is in the best of health. The father, Mr. Willis, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 185 pounds. Mrs. Willis is of medium height and weighs 125 pounds. The only precedent for the diminutiveness of the baby outside of that furnished by "Door-Knobs" is the case of the mother. She is the twin sister of Mrs. Robert Willis, and both when born weighed about three pounds, clothing and all. Mrs. Willis' mother weighs 165 pounds. "Tommy" is in the best of baby health, and the physician says its chances for life are as good as if it weighed half a ton. The father doesn't allow the lack of a few ounces to interfere with his rejoicing over the latest born and takes as much pride in it as he does in "Door-Knobs." The only apprehension felt is that a hungry mosquito may sip in unawares and make a meal of "Tommy" before being discovered.—Chicago Times.

A Check on Petty Thievery.

Yankee ingenuity has accomplished surprising results in putting an inoffensive check on petty thievery in stores and public resorts.

"You would be surprised could you know how much stealing used to be done by clerks, street car conductors and wicked cash boys," said a Fulton Street business man to a Telegram reporter yesterday afternoon.

"I am interested in one of these check machines for recording the amount of checks given out and the money taken in during the day. In the course of our canvassing to sell the machines we picked up a lot of facts showing that from 5 to 25 per cent. of the receipts in stores and saloons were gobbled by the employees who handled cash in making sales under the old system. Drug clerks, for instance, we found swelling around town late at night spending money freely in the fashionable uptown resorts."

"The same was true, in a more or less degree, of barkeepers. Our money counting check machines have done away with that. Yes; there are several kinds of these machines, but nearly all of them work on the same principle."

"From strips of white paper tickets or checks are stamped with the amount of the purchase, and clipped off by the machines themselves as neatly as if the checks were made separately and printed on expensive printing presses. If Jones gets two drinks at 30 cents the machine not only stamps out a 30-cent check, but its intelligent little index keeps a record of it; and, at night, when business closes, a glance at the row of figures shows to a single cent just how much cash business has been done during the day and exactly how much cash (less disbursement) should be in the drawer."

"Down in Fulton Market one of the high-toned butchers there has the latest style of machine of an enlarged and more complicated pattern. It performs the work of cashier and book-keeper combined. It does almost everything except pay out money and carve beef for the patrons of the establishment."

"With such a machine it is impossible for the cashier, however pretty and fascinating, to 'knock down' the cash or otherwise monkey with the receipts, without discovery. If the index shows that \$75 worth of checks have been given out, somebody will have to account for the amount lacking if there be a shortage."—New York Telegram.

CURRENT EVENTS.

One-half of the Panama canal loan has been subscribed for.

The Austrian delegation at Pesh has adopted an army credit of 47,000,000 florins.

Dartmouth college has received \$10,000 from the estate of the late Judge Downer, of Milwaukee.

Two immense forests in Sweden have been destroyed by fire. The estimated loss is about \$50,000,000.

It is declared by expert electricians that there are 11,000 miles of "dead" wires in New York city.

To say bandanna handkerchief is to use tautology. Americans have not time for double naming.

At Canton, China, some 250,000 people live continuously upon boats, and many never step foot on shore from one year's end to another.

The new wire gun at Shoeburyness has thrown a 500-pound shell a distance of twelve miles, the greatest distance ever covered by a cannon-ball.

A recent English invention relates to casting packing-rings ready for use without boring or turning. The rings are cast in a chill mold around a metallic core.

Germany's official newspaper calls upon Dr. Mackenzie to explain why he withheld information regarding the cancerous nature of the late emperor's disease.

Admiral Hornby says that England would require at least 180 cruisers to protect her merchant vessels from the enemy's cruisers, and that she has but forty-two.

Dr. Henocque, of Paris, has invented a new spectroscopic for investigating the changes in the blood. It is expected to prove of importance in studying nutrition.

A sugar-refining company with \$5,000,000 capital has been started to use Henry Friend's new method of refining by electricity. The cost will be about 75 cents a ton.

A French copper syndicate has bought for three years the output of two of the leading copper-mines of Japan, amounting to seven-eighths of the total Japanese output.

Times are tough on the poor of Russia. They have but little to sell. They are heavily taxed, and *The London News* says they are actually starving to death in great numbers.

Dealers in hardwood furnishings say that sycamore wood is rapidly coming into use. It "works" well, makes an excellent finish, and is much cheaper than birch, maple, or oak.

The mystery regarding the whites of eggs after the ice-cream factories have used up their yolks is explained by a statement that they are used to make albumenized paper for photography.

The longest flight of a homing pigeon in this country was that of a hen named Alabama, which, in 1885, made the 1,040 miles from Montgomery, Ala., to Fall River, Mass., between Aug. 21 and Sept. 12.

The introduction of American watches into England has reduced the number of gold cases marked at the London assay office from 34,844 in 1876 to 20,416 in 1886, and of silver cases from 119,394 in 1876 to 95,708 in 1886.

Charley Winters, a fisherman of Helena, Ark., caught and landed one of the largest fishes ever seen in this part of the country. It was a channel catfish, weighed over 200 pounds, and was caught in the St. Francois river.

The new reign in Germany is evidently not to be distinguished by Jeffersonian simplicity. The splendor and pomp that has surrounded the recent state performances of the new emperor indicate a return to a sort of renaissance in royalty.

An authorized representative of the duke of Saxe-Meiningen expects to be in New York in the course of a month for the purpose of making arrangements for an American season of the duke's famous theatrical company next autumn and winter.

Isaiah V. Williamson, of Philadelphia, is reported to be the wealthiest bachelor in the United States. He has a fortune of \$20,000,000 and gives a large portion of it annually in charities. He is a plainly dressed old gentleman, very modest and retiring in his ways.

In the Paris prison of detention recently a person committed as a man, 54 years old, after being locked up was found to be a woman. It was found that she had put on male clothes twenty years before, and had worn them ever since without being discovered.

The question having arisen as to why the fallen branches of trees, at certain stages of decay, are more or less colored through their tissues with various shades of green, it is alleged that chemical analysts show the presence of iron as the base of the green coloring matter.

The beautiful young Hessian princess who has just been married to Prince Henry of Prussia is known here and in England as Princess Irene, but in Germany she is always called Princess Ella. She is the most popular member of a rather unpopular family, but her personal charms and worth would make her an idol anywhere.

One of the attractions of the Paris exhibition next year is to be an immense model of the terrestrial globe in the Champ-de-Mars. It will rotate on an axis, and will give some idea of the real dimensions as well as be accurately constructed on a scale of one millionth. Several able scientists have charge of the construction.

Lord Wolsey says there is a greater danger now menacing England than the possibility of a foreign invasion—the extravagance of the English woman. He has noticed, he says, ever since he was a boy an increase in the tendency of English women to spend a much larger portion of the incomes of their husbands than they were entitled to on articles of attire.

According to *The Financial Chronicle's* computation, seventy-four railroads which have made full returns of their earnings for the month of May give an aggregate of \$25,839,655, against \$21,761,397 for May, 1887—a gain of \$1,137,258, 5.23 per cent. Last year in May the gain over May, 1886, of 163 roads then reporting was 15.50 per cent. Bearing in mind the gains of last year, the further gains of May for this year, says *The Chronicle*, should be regarded as eminently satisfactory.

SCISSORS AND PASTE.

Newspaper Clippings Made by Order as a Legitimate Business.

As a general thing the patrons of the clippings bureau are only those who think they are likely to get complimentary press notices, says the New York Sun. People whose notoriety is of an unpleasant nature do not care to see what the papers say about them. Nobody involved in a scandal, a divorce suit, or a similar affair has yet asked for clippings, and one of the liveliest letters one concern has ever received was in reply to a suggestion that perhaps "Baby Bunting" would like to see what the papers were saying about him and "Bunnie." One order, and from a well-known man, too, is for "Himself and all jokes about Boston and New York society." What he wants of the jokes is a conundrum, but he gets them regularly, and at last accounts was still alive.

The growth of the business has necessitated the introduction into it of a complicated system, and has developed it in several novel directions. The leading topics of newspaper comment, such as art, literature, the drama, politics and similar subjects, are made separate divisions of the business, and every thing pertaining to each is clipped by the first readers. These clippings are then gone over by the men in charge of each department, and those which may fit the orders of any patron are sorted out at the close of each day's work and mailed to him at once. He has paid in advance \$5 for a hundred "clips," or at decreasing rates up to \$40 dollars for a thousand, and when he has received the number paid for the service stops until a new payment is made. A man's account may run along for months without his getting over forty or fifty of the thousand paragraphs he has paid for, and then he may kill his mother-in-law or do some other famous thing and get the balance of his "clips" in less than a week. Then again a man may make a speech on "The Issues of the hour" at a public banquet, and leave an order the next morning for all that the papers have to say about it, paying for the first hundred items in advance. He gets in two weeks three casual references to the fact that "Mr. So-and-so also spoke," and one humorous allusion to the disparity between the calibre of his mouth and the size of his brain. Then he comes around wanting his money back, and swearing that the business is a fraud.

Clippings are also made on speculation. If a well-known man dies, all the obituaries are collected and afterward offered to some sorrowing relative for a certain amount of cash. Notices of weddings and other events are collected and peddled in the same way, and it is said that the instances are comparatively rare in which a sale is not effected.

The latest development of the business is really a going back to first principles, according to Mr. Romeike's story of how he first got the idea. He was a good deal of a Bohemian, and at one time in Paris it came to be a serious question with him whether he should work or starve. Buying a paper of an old woman at a street stand one morning, anxious not to miss the latest scandal of the boulevards, pending starvation, he saw an artist whom he knew took several papers from her and pay her a franc apiece for them. He asked why the man paid her so much, and was told that he had made an arrangement with her by which every morning when she got her papers she looked them over, and if there was any thing in any of them in reference to a matter in which the artist was interested she marked it and laid those papers aside for him. He paid her a franc for every paper in which she had found any thing he wanted. It struck the young Bohemian that if one man was so anxious to know what the papers said, others would be, too, and thereafter he bought all the papers and clipped from them every thing in reference to art and artists. He took the clippings about among the studios, where he had a large acquaintance, and peddled them for what he could get. In time he added literature as well as art to his field, and did so well that over-prosperity broke down his health, and he had to go to the south of France to recuperate. Thence he went to London, and started to make a living in the same way there. The idea developed, however, and he soon settled down into a regular business, which was the model for the two concerns in this city.

POETIC PHILOSOPHY.

Some Remarkably Beautiful Paragraphs from Hugo's "Les Misérables."

Labor is the law; he who rejects it will find *ennui* his torment. What precipices are idleness and pleasure! Do you know that to do nothing is a melancholy resolution; to live in idleness on the property of society, to be useless, that is to say, pernicious! This leads straight to the depth of wretchedness. Woe to the man who desires to be parasite! He will become a vermin.

Man is not a circle with a single center; he is an ellipse with a double focus. Facts form one of these, and ideas the other.

To read aloud is to assure one's self of what one is reading. There are people who read very loud, and who have the appearance of giving themselves their word of honor as to what they are perusing.

To what party did he belong? To the party of humanity.

Nothing is small, in fact; any one who is subject to the profound and penetrating influence of nature knows this.

All birds that fly have round their leg the thread of the infinite. The soul of a young girl, should not be left in the dark; later on, images that are too abrupt, and too lively are found there, as in a dark chamber. She should be gentle and discreetly enlightened, rather with the reflection of realities than with their harsh and direct light. A useful and graciously austere half light which dissipates puerile and fears obviates fall. There is nothing but the material instinct, that admirable intuition composed of the memories of the virgin and the experience of the woman, which knows how this half light is to be created and of what it should consist.

The soul aids the body, and at certain moments raises it. It is the only bird which bears up its own cage. Poverty in youth, when it succeeds, has this magnificent property about it, that it turns the whole will toward effort, and the whole soul toward aspiration.

There has not been a despot, nor a traitor for nearly a century back, who has not signed, approved, countersigned and copied, *en varietur*, the partition of Poland.

That which we lack attracts us, no one loves the light like the blind man. The dwarf adores the drum-major. The toad always has his eyes fixed on heaven. Why? In order to watch the bird in its flight.

If one is not on one's guard, lowered fortunes may lead to baseness of soul.

ARTISTS' FEMALE MODELS.

Women Said to Dislike to Pose for Their Own Sex.

What a vast expanse of canvas is covered with paint every year. M. Bouguereau tells me that reckoning from the number of artists represented at the Salon he estimates that there are fully 8,000 professional picture painters in Paris to-day. Think of it! Eight thousand men and women trying to earn their living with their brushes! If they produce an average of six pictures each in a year, which is a low estimate, we have 48,000 pictures annually turned out in Paris alone. Of this army of painters more than one-third are women, among whom is scarcely one artist of importance. The "Women's Union of Painters and Sculptors" is a flourishing society, now seven years old, and boasting of more than two hundred members. But on the entire roll there is hardly a name that would be recognized outside of Paris; or indeed outside of a limited part of Paris. Most of them are estimable women personally, and clever, conscientious artists. Indeed, their work averages about as good as that of their male competitors. But simply because they are women they are sniffed at and their work is slighted.

I heard, by the way, a curious fact about them. One great difficulty under which they labor pertains to securing models. It is hard for them to get any models at all, and almost impossible for them to get models in the nude. Why this is I can not imagine. And yet it is so. The young woman who thinks nothing of posing naked for a male artist, or for a room full of young men at once, positively refuses to undrape herself for a lady painter. Male models are most obliging, though only a few of them are willing to pose in the nude for women. The result is that many lady artists who wish to paint nude subjects have to content themselves with copying from other pictures and photographs.

—Paris Letter.

Driven by Electricity.

Mr. Magnus Volk, the electrician of the Brighton (England) Electric railway, has applied electricity to propel a dog cart. The current is provided by sixteen accumulators capable of keeping up a supply for six hours. The accumulators are stowed under the seats of the body of the cart. The current works an immense electric motor of one-half horse-power, which is supported by hangers under the body of the cart and drives a countershaft in front by a steel link chain. The right-hand wheel of the cart has a number of blocks on the inside of its rim, and a second steel chain, passing round these blocks from the countershaft, turns the wheel and propels the cart. The car travels nine miles an hour on asphalt, and with a load of two persons a grade of one in thirty can be surmounted.

Life of a Locomotive.

"The iron horse does not last much longer than the horse of flesh and bones," said an old New York Central engineer to a New York Mail and Express reporter recently. "The ordinary life of a locomotive is about thirty years. Some of the smaller parts require renewing every six months; the boiler tubes last five years and the crank axles six years; tires, boilers and fire-boxes from six to seven years; the side frames, axles and other parts thirty years. An important advantage is that a broken part can be repaired and does not condemn the whole locomotive to the junk-shop; while when a horse breaks a leg the whole animal is only worth a leg the flesh, fat and bones, which amount to a very small sum in this country where horse flesh does not find its way to the butcher's market."

BIRDS FOND OF MIRRORS.

They Will Wash Themselves There and Play With the Reflected Image.

Do you know that the little canaries you keep in cages are fond of mirrors? We have seen little girls and older ones, too, who were fond of mirrors; but who ever heard of birds that used them? I will tell you about a little canary that lives in the house where I board.

Some time ago our landlady got a canary and put it in a cage alone. The little bird was taken from a large cage holding a dozen birds. He was very homesick and lonesome, just as you would be if you were taken away off among strangers, away from mamma, papa, sisters, brothers and everybody you ever knew.

Just so our little birdie cried and moaned and would not eat or sing. It wanted to go home and see its mamma. The lady did all she could to comfort it and make it feel at home. She talked to it and petted it, giving it clean water and good seed, apples and everything she thought it would like. But it was of no use; birdie kept crying and wouldn't make friends, but wanted to go home.

One day his mistress brought him a large piece of a broken mirror, as big as my two hands, and placed it on one side of his cage, where he could see it readily. Do you suppose he cared anything for that? Indeed he did. He hopped down, and, going up close, looked in, seemed to be perfectly delighted. He chirped and hopped about, singing and putting on all the airs he was master of. He was not homesick at all after that. He spends much of his time before the glass; and when he goes to sleep at night he will cuddle down just as close to the glass as he can get. You see, he thinks he is sleeping close beside that other little bird. His mistress often lets him out where he can have more liberty. She may put that glass anywhere in the room, and he will find it and spend most of his time before it.

One day the little fellow acted very naughtily. He got angry and tried to get into a fight. It all happened because he wanted his own way and could not get it. He went up to the glass so lovingly and tried to coax the other bird to come and play with him somewhere else. The looking-glass bird would not follow him, but went the other way every time. Then the canary got provoked, and, flying at the bird in the glass, tried to have a real fight with him. He tried it only once, and then he looked ashamed of it. The blame, you see, was all on one side. That shows how foolish it is to get angry and pick a quarrel.

He washes himself before the large mirror in the room, pluming his feathers and making his toilet with much satisfaction, and like all birds that spend much time before the glass, he is getting very vain. —Youth's Instructor.

A Sketch.

The moonlight drifted brokenly through a rift in the roof of a negro cabin in the Hanover slashes, and fell on Gabriel Jones' gray-bearded face. He was sitting by the fire-place, where embers were glowing intermitently, smoking and meditating. "Hannah!" he called presently. "Hannah!" Silence. "Hannah! a' say, Hannah!" a trifle louder.

There was a rustling of the straw in the bed in the corner, and a sleepy answer: "Huh?" "Hannah, did you put dat water-mil-lion I found in Mars Ben Scott's patch yesterday in de cool spring?" "Yes, I put dat water-mil-lion in de cool spring," she answered deliberately.

"Dat was right." A moment's pause. "Hannah, did you hang dat coat dat Mister Hedley 'sisted on my takin', hind de hay rack, like I tole you?" "I did, dat."

"Did you scall and pick dem chickens I borried f'om de man down on de river road de urr day?" "Well, I scall dem chickens."

"Well, fry me one de fust t'ing in de mornin', case I'se got t' go over t' Mister Chinky Claplin's t'-morrer t' lead a prar meetin' an' keep dem triflin' niggers in de right road."

Then he leaned his grizzled head on the chair-back and snored the snore of the just, and the bull-frog in the marshes caught up the sound and echoed it over the Chickahominy low-grounds. —Richmond Bacon.

Worse than He Thought.

One of the hardest things in the world is to console with anybody in a misfortune or a bereavement. If it were not that the matter is generally serious, a great many funny stories could be printed about the condolence people offer to the bereaved. But up at Sacramento some time ago a hard working Irishman fell out of a fourth-story window and broke his neck. His wife was, of course, in great distress. After the funeral a neighbor called to offer her sympathy and condolence. "It was a very sad thing indeed," "In-lead it was. To die like that—to fall out of a fourth-story window," "An' was it as bad as that?" asked the visitor. "Sure, an' I heard it was only a third-story window!" —San Francisco Chronicle.

An Author's Superstition.

Howard Seely, the Texan writer, who has been attracting attention for several years past by his clever sketches and stories of frontier life, and whose recent novel, "A Nymph of the West," received favorable comment, has some curious superstitions about literary composition; and is unique in his methods of work.

The most unique feature of his study is a human skull and femora surrounding a book-case. The thighbones are those of a man, but the skull is a woman's, said to have formerly appertained to a Mexican *senorita* of great beauty. There is some mystery about this relic, for the author is reticent about talking of it. The brain cavity is lined with black velvet, and the top of the skull opens with a hinge; for this ghastly box is a receptacle for pens and the names of his heroines inscribed upon bits of ivory. It is his custom when the name of a heroine has been selected, and her character and physical attractions are in process of development, to put this relic in the head of the skull and let it remain there until the story is finished. The eyes of the skull are provided with silver fonts to contain ink—the left red and the right black. When in the throes of composition this skull is used, and his fiction may, therefore, be said to emanate from the left eye, and consequently from the right hemisphere of the skull of the Mexican *senorita*.

Readers of Poe's "Gold Bug" may smile at this singular analogy between the finding of material and mental treasures by this sepulchral process, but in Mr. Seely's case, oddly enough, the result is neither morbid nor gruesome. His fiction is eminently wholesome, natural, and even of a humorous turn. *Cynthia Dallas*, the heroine of "A Nymph of the West," is said to have been drawn after a prominent beauty in New York society. In this respect Mr. Seely follows the tradition of Sir Walter Scott in "Ivanhoe," for *Rebecca* is currently believed to have been the portrait of a Jewish lady of Philadelphia. —Buffalo News.

No One To Protect Her.

A tall woman, with cold, clear spectacles perched above a severe, strong-minded countenance, got on at Jim River crossing "Conductor!" she said to that functionary, as she sat up very straight in the middle of the seat and held her grip in her lap; "conductor, I've been insulted half a dozen times since I came on this train!"

"Why, madame," he replied, "how was it?"

"That cornstalk dude with the black cap tried to sell me a vile book, entitled, 'Life and influence of Jesse James!'"

"Don't you 'ah' me, conductor; that don't help matters any! Your brakeman tried to take hold of my arm when I got on the train. He knew I was alone and had no one to protect me, the wretch!"

"I'm sorry, madame, but—" "S'poken you are; it don't help matters any! That man on the front seat by the stove has been drinking. I smelt his breath when I came past. He ought to be put off!"

"I'll see that—" "You'll see nothing, conductor. You know his breath smelt of rum before I told you. You think because I have nobody to protect me that you can insult me, too! Conductor, I believe you drink yourself! I know you use tobacco—there's a cigar in your vest pocket now, and you in charge of this precious trainload of human beings! Don't you say another word to me, conductor, and if you dare to smoke that vile cigar, and while you're wallowing in such beastly dissipation, we are plunged through a bridge, I'll report you to the owners of the road. I don't hardly know what a woman don't have to put up with when she's traveling alone nowadays with no one to protect her!" —Chicago Tribune.

A Relic of Other Days.

One day last week a charcoal cart, drawn by a pair of meek-eyed oxen, drove up to a clergyman's residence in this town, and the occupants alighted and marched up to the front door. The man was dressed in his working clothes and his face was covered with the dust of the road over which he had been peddling all day. The woman wore the fashion of 1850, and evidently was pinked out in the finest she could afford. They were ushered into the minister's study, and informed they had come to get married. On inquiring for the license it was found that this important document had been forgotten, and the groom and his lady love proceeded to the town clerk's office to get it. The bride was asked her age, and after a series of giggles responded that she did not know. "Oh tell him you are 40," suggested the groom; "you know you are that." And 40 was recorded. Holding the document in his grimy hand, the groom, followed by the bride, started for the clergyman's, where they were soon married. Returning to their cart after the ceremony the wife made two or three unsuccessful attempts to climb in over the front wheel. She had to give it up, and her husband led her around to the rear of the cart, where he tenderly boosted her in, and helped her to a seat by his side, her feet swinging in the air. They started southward, apparently as happy as though they were beginning their bridal trip in a palace car. —East Hartford Letter in New York Sun.

HERE AND THERE.

Elizabeth Mallet established in London in 1703 the first daily newspaper printed in the world.

Mlle. Helene Laroche, a Paris ballet girl, recently drew 200,000 francs in a lottery and donated it to an orphan asylum.

Mrs. Florence Wischniewsky, the gifted daughter of W. D. Kelley, is one of the brainiest women graduated by the Cornell university.

Blanche Maraden has determined to contest the will of her father, Fred Maraden, the dramatist, whose recent sad death will be remembered.

Pomare, queen of Tahiti, is dead. She was a good woman, and for more than forty years worked faithfully to civilize and Christianize her people.

The salaries of 100 women employees in the United States mint have been raised twenty-five cents a day. They work in the adjusting and coining rooms.

The empress mother of China has selected 800 young maidens, daughters of Chinese gentlemen and noblemen, for the harem of the young emperor.

Over 700 men are employed at present in the mines of the Braceville (Ill.) coal company, and over seventy cars, or more than 1,000 tons of coal, on an average, are mined daily.

A New York lawyer wants to see Johnny Barnes, who ran away with a circus ten years ago. Some one has left the boy \$25,000, which ought to help him turn a double somersault.

Trusts and combinations are wiping out small concerns so fast that self-preservation will compel the small manufacturer and the business man to join hands with the labor organizations.

All girls under fourteen are kept from the streets of Port Huron, Mich., after nightfall by the police. Those over fourteen are supposed to have sense enough to stay at home without official assistance.

A manager of a woman's exchange reports that during the past year she has given advice to 518 women. Some lawyers have not been more busy, and few, probably, were obliged to solve cases in equal variety.

A Presbyterian minister in a recent address in New York city told how the carmen on the Third avenue line in that city, were obliged to work longer and received less wages than other men in the business because they were not in a union.

Mrs. Sarah Ann Bullock, who died wealthy in Indiana at the age of 79, was, with her mother, made a captive among the Indians when she was 6 years old. She was rescued by her father, but her mother had already committed suicide.

John W. Mackay, the bonanza king, has a dinner service worth \$100,000. The silver was furnished from his own mines, and, upon the completion of the set, he bought the dies outright, in order that the set might never be duplicated.

Baroness de Rothschild is so fond of cruising about Lake Lemane in her yacht that she goes by the name of the "Swiss admiral." The lake is subject to sudden and dangerous storms.

Carlotta Patti has been offered by the czar a professorship of vocal music in the imperial conservatoire at St. Petersburg. She prefers to remain in Paris. Still it is gratifying to observe that the Muscovite despot takes a personal interest in matters of art.

None of the accounts which we have seen of the voyage of the steamship Savannah, the first steamer which ever crossed the Atlantic, give the tonnage of the vessel. As ships were then much smaller than now it is not likely that the burden of the Savannah was more than 350 tons. The voyage of the Savannah was made in 1819.

Absolutism was introduced into Western civilization by French soldiers after their return home from the Algerian war in 1844. It is a product of North Africa and the soldiers mixed it with their wine as a foreigner's manufacture is now one of the largest liquor trades in Europe. It is chiefly made at Neuchâtel, in Switzerland, where 2,000,000 gallons are produced annually.

The Pope Plus VII, intended to crown Napoleon, and went to Paris for that purpose, and the ceremony gained all the eclat that the presence of the sovereign pontiff could give it; but as he was about to place the crown on Napoleon's head, the latter took it from the Pope's hand and placed it on his head himself. Then lifting it from there, he placed it on the head of Josephine, his wife.

The Christian Era is the term given to the great era from which all Christians compute their time. It was supposed to correspond with the date of the birth of Christ; but, according to some of the highest authorities, Christ was born four years before the commencement of our era. The practice of reckoning time from the birth of Christ was introduced in the Christian church about the sixth century. The practice became general about the middle of the fifteenth century.

The total membership of the Cigarmakers' International Union is 20,598. The total sum paid in by the membership during the year 1887 amounted to \$488,880.78. After defraying the expenses of the international body and 300 local unions, the cigar-makers had, on January 1, a cash balance on hand of \$237,228.24. During the year the sum of \$49,281 was paid to members traveling in search of employment. Sick benefits were paid to the amount of \$63,900, and death benefits, \$8,850. They expended in strikes \$13,871.

An inquisitive newspaper correspondent has distinguished himself by presenting some facts regarding the fathers of the Presidents. It appears that Grover Cleveland is the only clergyman's son who has ever been elected President, though Arthur's father was a clergyman. Arthur, however, was not elected President. The fathers of the Virginia Presidents—Washington, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe—were planters. John Tyler's father was a lawyer and a statesman and John Adams, father of John Quincy Adams, was by profession a lawyer. Grant's father was a tanner, Hayes' father a merchant, and the father of Garfield, Lincoln, Pierce, Fillmore, Polk, Van Buren and Jackson were farmers.

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

July 28, 1888.

Fort Scott is emulating the capital city in its quarrel between the mayor and city council.

The issue before the country is not between free trade and protection. Let no one be misled by any demagoguism.

The passage of the Mills bill in the house by a majority of thirteen, together with reports that come up from all parts of the country, would seem to indicate that the national public sentiment has not been very badly blinded by the hue and cry received in favor of protection of American interests.

W. E. Sterne deserves a re-nomination according to all precedent. We opposed his election two years ago and favored the old soldier's ticket. The people voted the boys in and they made good officers. There is no reason why they should not be given a second term, according to custom.

A descendant of Hannah Dustan, who was captured by the Indians at an early day, and escaped from them by killing her captors one night, and sailing away with their canoes, is still living in New Hampshire, at the age of 83, and a local paper states that he is capable of swinging a scythe and carrying a swath with much younger men. It must be remembered that grass out there is still cut with a scythe and gathered with a hand rake.

The Crawford county system—the primary system, of making nominations is a glaring fraud. The most absurd of all nominating frauds is the one in vogue in this county where a little cabal of interested politicians meet in caucus and select delegates to be approved at the primaries. If there is any thing at all in nominating at primaries, it comes from the free action of the people, without caucus nominations, without printed tickets, and with every man free to write the name of his choice, unmolested by any cabal of interested politicians. The old caucus system is just as good.

The attack upon district clerk W. E. Sterne is another one of those small contemptible attempts at black mail that is the disgrace of ignorant ill-bred journalism. The sudden and loud mouthed opposition that has been sprung upon him might have been averted if he had consented to be bled. That is all there is of it. Mr. Sterne has answered his detractors in a frank manly way that cannot fail to gain respect. He explains the charges against him to the satisfaction of all reasonable men, and does it with dignity. His books are open for examination. They are public property. They will be found as clean as those of his predecessors. He may or may not be re-nominated, but he ought not to be injured by corrupt and ignoble influence that is always for sale.

A GENTLEMAN who had spent several months in Kansas, said recently: "The debasing effect on children which comes from a familiarity with liquor saloons was never forcibly presented to me until I went to a state where saloons were unknown. Kansas is filled with boys ten years old and under, who never saw a saloon since they can remember. They never saw a man under the influence of liquor. Being wholly withdrawn from the sight of it, nearly all of them will have no more desire for drink on arriving at man's estate than they will have for opium or hashish. Through I am not a Prohibitionist, it really looks to me as if the Kansas people were doing a wise thing in keeping public drinking places out of their state. Of course quantities of liquor reach the state in jugs, kegs and barrels, from Kansas City and elsewhere, but the rising generation is not materially affected; for the old fellows monopolize all the stuff that comes by express, and they are shy about letting people know they have it. The national government, by the way, is engaged in very small business in Kansas. It has agents there, who sell government liquor licenses to all who want them. These licenses the Supreme Court has held, cannot be used as evidence of liquor selling in state prosecutions for that offense.

Our old time friend, Henry B. Funk formerly of Illinois, but now of Kansas, is writing democratic songs. His latest, published in the Kansas City Times, is entitled, "That's What's the Matter." He used to write republican songs.

In a month from now the new Kansas Sugar Works will begin the manufacturing of sugar. It is not probable that results this year will be in all respects satisfactory, although there is no doubt that success will follow. The cane will begin to ripen in the southern part of the state the latter part of August, and it will be a little later before we can expect the Topeka works to be in operation. While the manufacture of Kansas sugar is expected to be a success this year, it is also reasonable to suppose that very much will be learned from experiments in the new mills that will go into operation this fall.

We might say to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat that practically there are no free traders in this country and that, therefore, they can hold no grudge against their own country. It is simply childish for such people and for such men as James G. Blaine and his admirers, to call tariff reform, or those who favor a reduction in the tariff, free traders. The plain truth is that quite a large portion of the republican party is nourishing a strong purpose to return to the old extreme and aristocratic idea of the old whig party. It is a move that will not be endorsed by the people of this nation. As soon as it could be fully understood by the masses of the people that the old whig principle in contra-distraction of the democratic idea is to be foisted again upon the country there will be rebellion against it. At no time within the last quarter of a century has this phase of politic thought, long since supposed to be dead and buried, assumed the shape that it is taking this campaign. The old whig party was essentially an aristocratic party. It really had little sympathy for the people. As events are moving on it becomes more and more apparent that the republican party is inspired by the same spirit. That party was a worshiper of men, the slave of classes, a sycophantic follower of aristocratic and titled characters. It can not really be said that the old whig party was dishonest and insincere. It was not very far away from crowned heads and titled distinctions. The people of a great nation were capable of governing themselves. They could therefore hold the ideas that characterized them and be patriotic as Washington and Hamilton and Adams were patriotic, but as much leaders who are misleading a great nation forward. Devotion to principles that have been outgrown by the events of the past 50 years, is a republican chestnut. The homage proposed to be shown to one J. G. Blaine on his return from England on the 7th of August next is not such as is due from one republican to another. Mr. Blaine is a representative of the extreme high tariff idea which is essentially the aristocratic idea of the nation. The claim put forth that protection is needed to benefit American labor as understood by the followers of Mr. Blaine is simply a piece of demagoguism.

Judge John Martin, the Democratic candidate for Governor, is as clean and deserving a man as ever asked for office. He has gone in and out among the people of Kansas many years, and no man has ever charged him with a meanness of any kind. He is an able man, a just man and a courageous man. Although not in favor of the prohibitory liquor law, he was the first Kansas Judge who took hold of it with unglued hands and threatened equivocating witnesses and jurors with the penalties of perjury in case of persistence in false swearing. Such a man is a power in any community. If he should be elected Governor of Kansas he will not shirk or desire to shirk any duty.—Farmer.

If ribbons need renewing wash them in cool suds made of soap, and iron when damp. Cover with a clean cloth and iron over it.

When using stale bread for puddings always soak it in a cold liquid. Bread that has been soaked in cold milk or water is light and crumbly, whereas that soaked in hot liquids is heavy.

Vegetables with a strong flavor, such as onions and turnips, will be much improved by putting them to boil in cold water, renewing this from a kettle of boiling water as soon as it comes to a seal.

Farmers who have no time to read or cannot digest more than is contained in a little cheap monthly paper must have very limited mental digestive powers. Good sensible reading is about as necessary in this age of enlightenment as wholesome food and sleep.

The Chautauqua Work.

The extent of the Chautauqua movement is recognized by the statement in cold figures of those who are in the ranks, than by the personal observation of the numbers that crowd the assembly at Topeka or wherever held.

Whoever notes this great concourse of people and remembers that this only represents one locality which is such a small part of the United States, and that when the United States are covered there remains the great numbers scattered throughout the world, has quite an adequate idea of the Chautauqua movement, the noble work of Dr. Vincent and his great corps of assistants.

The work has become so universal that no explanation of its methods and results is necessary. It is a rare occurrence to find one who is not familiar with the work. It is eminently the College of the People. Not all who wish can leave home, and go to college, so college is brought to the home. The various objections are unanswerably met.

If lack of time is offered as excuse for refusing the opportunity it is answered that the simple practice of giving fifteen minutes daily to study will accomplish the course, in the four years' time usually allotted to a college course. If lack of money is the objection it is soon shown that by the least exercise of "penny saving" this can be met. The entire yearly expense is less than eight dollars and this can be greatly reduced by the uniting of several desiring to pursue the same course, in purchasing books together. If it is urged that too many years have been gathered to the past and that the individual is too old; instances are quoted of those that have graduated, who began the work after reaching three score and ten.

Indeed, no objection can be made that is not adequately met by the successful results attained by those who have overcome all possible obstacles and graduated honorably. It confines itself to no class, condition, sex or age and its advantages are universally enjoyed.

While it does not in any sense compare with a thorough course of University training, engaged in under the instruction of the world with whom the student daily comes in contact, still it acquaints the learner with the classics, arts and sciences, and furnishes a truly liberal education. The result is apparent in more beautiful homes, more tasteful surroundings, and most of all in fraternal intercourse upon high grounds, permitting conversation on topics of worthier interest than the little matters of gossip of the town or village, and making better acquaintances, better friends, better citizens of its members.

The work may be as broad as the student sees fit to make it and it can in no sense be narrow. All the members of a family can carry on the work advantageously together so that there need be none of the unpleasant inequality that is sometimes felt when a member of the family out distances the others. The study is pursued at home, and yearly, all who can find time to do so, visit some central locality where the assemblies are held, and enjoy a series of lectures, concerts, reunions and rare treats, going away more firmly impressed with the advantages derived from the Chautauqua work, than ever before.

To remove lime from an iron pot wash in strong vinegar.

Mix stove polish with soft soap and coffee to give a bright lustre, and avoid the dust from polishing.

To clean straw matting, boil three quarts of bran in one gallon of water and wash the matting with the water, drying it well.

Trim and fill the lamps in the morning or you may add to the tale of accidents, as the unwise virgins whose lamps were not ready when wanted.

If you wish to keep a sharp knife don't put it in hot grease; stir your potatoes while frying, or turn meat with a fork or an old case knife kept on purpose.

If the flat-iron is dirty tie up a piece of yellow bees wax in a rag, and when the iron is almost hot, not quite hot enough to use it rub it quickly with the wax, and then with a coarse cloth.

One hour a day given to useful reading will make any bright man—or woman—well informed in a few years and at a cost so little that it will hardly be felt.

In boiling meats take the fat from the top of the water and save for cooking or soap. In roasting meat pour the grease out of the pan or dip it out before it gets burned. It will be excellent for use in cooking. But if it stays till the meat is done it will be nearly sure to have a burned, unpleasant flavor.

Work has been commenced on a telegraph line between Topeka and Atchison which will give connection with Nortonville and Valley Falls.

J. S. Morse returned Thursday evening from Horton. He says that yesterday contracts were let to a Horton contractor to build two public school buildings in that city to cost \$22,000.

Secretary Moon thinks the State fair this year will be the most successful exposition of the kind ever witnessed in Kansas. The attendance, he estimates, will be larger than ever before. The main reason he gives is that the crops are enormous, the farmers will be feeling good over the blessings bestowed on them, and they will feel like rejoicing, and recuperating after a year's hard work hence they will take advantage of the State fair meeting to have a good time. Then the attractions will be more numerous and novel, and the racing first class.

The secretary is enthusiastically in favor of a trades display, and he earnestly desires merchants, manufacturers and other business men to lead off in starting this enterprise. He will give all the assistance he can.

The citizens of Abilene have invited Marshal's Military band to visit that city in the near future, in a body. The band will decide whether they will accept the invitation to-night, and in case they decide to accept, they will no doubt be given a splendid reception.

George Smith, aged fourteen years, employed as elevator boy at the Copeland hotel, met with a shocking death Saturday afternoon about 3:30 o'clock. Smith's body was found lying on the floor of the compartment, with his head hanging over the edge and pinned in between the floor and an iron bar on the side of the shaft. Help was immediately called, and in the midst of the excitement that naturally ensued, it was managed to get the car to the second floor, and found life was extinct. Coroner Hibben was summoned and a brother of the unfortunate youth, who works in the Santa Fe general headquarters, was sent for. The boy's head was fearfully crushed; he had been caught squarely across the head while the body was dragged down into the baggage compartment of the elevator. How the boy met with the accident is not known, but no one was to blame but himself. Coroner Hibben immediately summoned the jury and the verdict was given in accordance with the above facts. He was the son of George H. and Ella Smith, who reside at No. 410 East Tenth street.

The second number of the Argus, Mrs. De Geer's paper, is out and will appear regularly hereafter. It is ably edited and very neatly printed.

In another place we give room for a communication on the Chautauqua assembly. It is well timed. As it has been managed it is simply a methodist chautauqua and ought to be so called. It is close communion of a close order. It ought to be changed. The methodist church is not big enough for it.

Twenty-five earloads of machinery for the sugar mill has arrived. The machinery is being placed in position with all possible dispatch, the work being under the personal direction of George W. Watson, who is devoting all his time to the work.

Extensive improvements are being made at the fair grounds, among others a new dining hall 40x100 feet in size with 20-foot veranda all around it, being in course of erection.

A new band stand is to be erected on the fair grounds.

The August number of the ATLANTIC MONTHLY is characterized by a pleasing variety and range of topics. South Carolina is the scene of the opening article, "The Mistress of Sydenham Plantation," by Sarah Orne Jewett, from which the reader is transported to the beginnings of Papal Rome, in the following article, "A Bishop of the Fifth Century," an article which we are inclined to attribute to Harriet Waters Preston, in part, at least, inasmuch as it is signed "H. W. P. & L. D." Edmund Noble is the author of "A Call on Mother Moscow," descriptive of a city far more fascinating and Asiatic than the semi-Parisian capital of Russia. In "An Enchanted Day" Julia C. R. Dorr gives a refreshing pen-picture of a delightful excursion in bonny Scotland. The serials of this number are the concluding chapters of "Yone Santo," and two further installments of the highly colored romance by Charles Egbert Craddock, "The Despot of Broomseidge Cove," a story which abundantly sustains the author's high reputation. Two exceedingly timely and practical contributions, which will be given close attention just now, are Horace E. Senned's article on "Literature in the Public Schools," and an unsigned but powerful review of the new book of "Political Essays" by James Russell Lowell—a book, as well as a Critique, which appears opportunely, in the heat of Presidential campaigning. Another practical contribution is furnished by President Eliot Harvard under the caption "Can Schools Programmes be Shortened and Enriched?" William H. Downes discourses on "Boston Painters and Paintings"; Agnes L. Carter writes about John Evelyn's Daughter; and William Cranston Lawton adds a brilliant essay on "The Prometheus of Eschylus." The poetry of this number is by Helen Gray Cone and Lucy C. Bull. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Farmers who must have hired men to help them in their farm work ought not to forget overworked wives. There is as much need of extra workers in the kitchen as on the farm.

Chautauqua Assembly.

This assembly has not, we think, been a success this year in point of numbers in attendance. Indeed some days it looked lonesome and as melancholy as if the saddest days of the year had come. I am told and my own observation confirms me in the same conclusion, that there were five times as many there last year as this. Now for this there must be a cause. We would cautiously and modestly suggest, that the cause may be, that the assembly is run on too narrow a gauge. Nowadays, the whole world, and Kansas in particular, wants things run on the broad gauge principle. We attended the assembly at Ottawa and found it a broad-gauged concern. The Presbyterians, the Baptists, the Disciples, the Congregationalists, and so on, have each a large tent there for the social and religious accommodation of their members and friends. Then their teachers and speakers are selected from all classes, having regard only to the fittest. And thus we get the best and richest cream of literature, science and art there is in the world. From such a feast the people do not, can not, stay away.

My plan, therefore, would be to have a broad-gauged, non-sectarian assembly, permanently established at Topeka. Embody the principle of the prayer of Jesus, "O Father, that they all may be one." The word union is dear to the people today as the word liberty was a hundred years ago. In union there is strength, in division weakness. All nature pleads for union.

It was voted that unless the street car company carry out its contract for permanent buildings within six months, the trustees should receive bids for relocation. It is better to break a bad contract than to keep it, hence, we hope the company will see that it is neither good for their pockets nor for the best intellectual and moral well being of the entire people of the state to attempt to advance a sectarian institution. Let the name be the Union Chautauqua of Kansas. Let it be incorporated, with directors from the various religious societies of the state; let its teachers and lecturers be chosen among the most learned and renowned of all the professions, and then will we see an assembly worthy of our great state, and grandly worthy of the times in which we live.

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

The August number of the Forum will complete the fifth volume; and during the two years and a half covered by these volumes both sides of every subject of great public concern have been treated in its pages by leaders of opinion. The list of contributors contains the names of more than 250 of the foremost writers in America, England and France. Beginning with the sixth volume a new feature will be added to the Forum (which is also new in our periodical literature). Every number will contain a signed article of literary criticism, reviewing the most important recent books in the several great departments of thought, and every writer will be a recognized authority in his department. The Forum for August will contain the second of the number of articles by Edward Atkinson on "Problems of Wages and Production." In this article he shows the insular quality of British economic thought and marks out the way for an American social science. He shows how, under republican institutions, production is gaining on consumption and the condition of the laboring class is constantly improving; and he insists that the part of human mind will play in increasing the food-supply of the world has been left out of reckoning. This is a fatal fault in the Malthusian doctrine that population will increase faster than food-production, and in Ricardo's theory of rent. The capacity of the earth's production under scientific treatment cannot even be conceived. The same number will contain a notable comparison of the Government of Great Britain and the United States, to the advantage of the latter, by a new writer for the reviews—Judge James M. Love of the U. S. District Court of the Southern District of Iowa. Judge Love is the oldest U. S. judge in service, with one exception, having been on the bench for thirty-two years.

Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine for August

Continues George MacDonald's fine story "The Elect Lady" and begins a new story the scene laid in Old France, entitled, "Genevieve; or, The Children of Port Royal." There is also a short story by Amanda M. Douglas, entitled, "Miss Brooke's Adventure." An illustrated article, "Glimpses of Mission Life Among the Maories" tells of early missionary struggles in New Zealand. "Pen and Pencil Sketches of Shadeland," depicts a charming spot in our own country, and an elaborately illustrated article on "La Fontaine's Fables" tells us much about the French fabulist and his works. This number contains many portraits: the new Methodist Bishops, Vincent, Fitzgerald, Newman, Joyce and Goodsell, the Presbyterian Moderators; Dr. C. L. Thompson, and Dr. J. J. Bullock, the Rev. J. H. M. Pollard, of Charleston, S. C. the Rev. Ezekiel Emith, the Minister to Liberia, and the newly elected Bishop W. A. Leonard, of Southern Ohio. Dr. Talmage's sermon is on "Reformation from Evil Habits," and there are many interesting short articles and beautiful illustrations. The number concludes with a fine hymn tune, "We Give Immortal Praise," by Frank L. Seely of Newark, N. J.

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

July 28, 1888.

Japanese ladies are enjoying the recreation of horseback riding.

Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, has his life insured for a million dollars.

Mr. Blaine will sail for America, August 1st, on the City of New York.

Horace Greeley's first paper in New York was the Log Cabin, supporting Gen. Harrison. We have no Horace Greeley to publish a Log Cabin now.

It is claimed that a few drops of eau de cologne, ether and chloroform, in equal parts, poured on a handkerchief, previously wetted with cold water and placed on the seat of a neuralgic pain, gives instantaneous relief. It is also very efficacious for nervous headache.

The democrats are certainly putting their best men forward when they put Judge Martin and David Overmeyer on their ticket for governor and congressman.

Mrs. Harrison, wife of the Republican candidate for president, is possessed of a great deal of artistic talent. Her specialty is the representation of flowers, and her home at Indianapolis shows abundant evidence of her skill in still-life coloring.

Miss Ramsey, the prize scholar at Cambridge, England, who surpassed all the young men of her year, is about to marry Dr. Butler, the master of Trinity College. He was dean of Gloucester, but resigned the deanery to accept the mastership of the most important college of Cambridge University. Dr. Butler is fifty-five and Miss Ramsey about twenty-two. It is sometimes said that men do not like college-educated women. Evidently men do, when they are old enough to have sense.

Since the advent of the Grange farmers are learning that they have matters of business outside of the fence lines of their farms; and that as business men, they are able to look after their own outside interests equally as well as others can do it for them, and surely, in many respects, at a much lower rate of cost. The many successful Grange fire insurance companies that have been started, and are now running successfully in many States, literally they are saving millions of dollars to farmers every year. And how simply and how plainly it is accomplished. In the old way the farmer who insured his buildings paid in addition to the amount really required to cover the risk, all these extras, viz.: local agents' commissions, general agents' commissions, large salaries of officers, cost of expensive headquarters buildings, amount added to "surplus" of the company, (undivided profits), dividends, (divided profits), greater risks and therefore expense of city fires. Under the Grange plan he only pays for the fire, and the exceedingly small sum required to run the company.

The authorized biography of Henry Ward Beecher, just published, makes no reference to the fact that he was the first president of the American Woman Suffrage Association, and all his life a firm advocate of the cause. Emerson's biographer did him a still greater injustice by printing one of his early letters, expresses various doubts and misgivings in regard to woman suffrage, and omitting all his later utterances, in which, during the last twenty-five years of his life, he steadily supported the reform. A biographer ought not to feel at liberty to conceal or misrepresent the views of a great man on an important public question, merely because he himself does not share them. This would be the case, even if the views were unquestionably erroneous. Every truly great man would say, as Cromwell did to the portrait painter: "Paint me as I am. If you leave out the moles and wrinkles, I will not pay you a penny." But it is still more emphatically true when the fact concealed or perverted is to the man's honor, and will be so recognized more and more clearly as time goes on. Conservative biographers have a great deal to answer for in this respect.—Woman's Journal.

The Temperance Agitation.

Ten years ago the consumption of liquor in Norway for every individual was twice as large as it is now. In the Southern and Western States of this country, which were especially noted for hard drinking a few years ago, the temperance and even the prohibition movement has made astonishing progress. In the political situation of the country one of the most serious disturbing forces of the two great parties is the Prohibition organization. Wendell Phillips some years ago advised the Prohibitionists to stand up and be counted. "Do you expect to make men temperate by force of law?" asked a friend. "I expect to promote temperance by stigmatizing dram-shops," was his answer.

THE DRAM-SHOP CONDEMNING ITSELF.

It was hardly a complete reply, because dram-selling is stigmatized by license no less than prohibition. The object of license laws is to make an evil that cannot be abolished pay in a degree for its own consciousness. The self-consciousness of the traffic is shown by the curtains and screens that conceal the frequenters of the dram shop from public view. It stigmatizes itself. But the facts that we mention show how general is the present movement against it. In one Southwestern State, where a few years since a temperance man would have been in danger of exclusion from the district, the district now returns a Prohibition majority. Beyond the sea in Scandinavia there are 650 total abstinence societies, with 78,000 members. Yet in that cold climate fiery liquors have been held to be almost indispensable and drunkenness was a common form of festivity.

MODERATE DRINKING.

In this country, from the days, nearly sixty years ago, when Mr. Sargent wrote "My Mother's Gold Ring," beginning a popular series of temperance tracts, until now, when it nominates a candidate for the Presidency, the temperance movement has continued with fluctuating fortunes. At first, as now, it denounced drunkenness as the chief source of crime and suffering, but it proposed regulation by license, and it tolerated moderate drinking. Presently the cry of prohibition arose in the temperance movement, like Garrison's demand of immediate emancipation in the anti-slavery crusade. Moderate drinking was anathematized in the one like "gradualism" in the other as a base and criminal compromise, and the keenest shafts of temperance denunciation were hurled at those halting and hesitating brethren who still hankered after the flesh pots in the form of the wine cup, and who were even alleged to be more truly the enemies of the good cause than the drunkard and the dramseller.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

Naturally the radical demand became, both in the temperance and the anti-slavery cause the distinctive movement. The various temperance orders were total abstinence organizations. If an orator had ventured to plead for moderation rather than for abstinence, he would have been lifted from the platform by a whirlwind of protest, and it is only recently that the associations for the strict enforcement of liquor laws have given form and practical force to the convictions of temperance men as distinguished from "tee-totalers." But the feeling is not relaxed. Dr. Crosby in New York, who is an eminent champion of a wise license law, firmly enforced, is viewed as a temporizer by the fervid prohibitionists, who would gladly annihilate intoxicating liquors itself. The question is now inextricably intermingled with practical politics. The universal agitation, the very large number of Americans who require a moral issue in politics, the prohibitory and license legislation, the Republican anti-saloon enterprise, the appeals of political leaders to "third party men," the organization of the third party and its steadily increasing vote, all indicate a growing and aggressive power, and the necessity for the old parties of relinquishing the practice of merely denouncing the liquor traffic as the great source of crime and taking up a definite position.

TWO PARTIES.

The probable result of the agitation will be a division of the temperance sentiment into a party of suppression and a party of restriction. The reasonable use of wine as a beverage will hardly be generally regarded as a moral wrong in the sense that human slavery is a moral wrong. That the use is extremely susceptible of abuse is obvious, and that it should be regulated and restrained in the public interest is undeniable. Like all such questions, however, it is one of expediency and degree. License is regulation, and if interference with the complete liberty of the liquor traffic is permissible, the degree of interference must be determined by the actual situation. Society decides for itself how far and in what manner it will restrict individual freedom. It provides regulations for the manufacture and traffic of many articles, and it is undoubtedly true that when we once

agree to license, prohibition is but a question of degree. It would, indeed, be rather startling to affirm that the moderate coffee-drinker is on the way to the opium den. But if coffee be taken as a refreshment or stimulant, who shall say whether the taste for stimulants may lead?—(George William Curtis, in Harper's Magazine.)

State Board of Agriculture.

Reports now in from about six hundred correspondents, representing nearly every county in the state, clearly indicate that the expectations of the early spring, based upon the favorable condition then, are about to be realized, a good wheat crop being already harvested, also a fair oats crop, and corn has never been in a more promising condition at this date.

WHEAT.

The acreage in wheat as shown by the assessors' returns already received at this office has been overestimated by our correspondents in the spring about 150,000 acres for the state. If the falling-off in acreage in the balance of the counties from which the assessors' returns are not yet received is about at the same rate as from those counties which have already been reported, the total acreage sown to wheat in the fall of 1887 is about 1,150,000 acres. Of this, 10 per cent. is reported not harvested. This leaves an acreage of 1,035,000 which was harvested, or in round numbers 1,000,000 acres. Of this acreage the average yield per acre is estimated by our correspondents at seventeen and a half bushels, being two and a half bushels higher than we estimated it a month ago, indicating a total wheat product for the state of 17,500,000 bushels.

The wheat generally is well filled and plump in the berry, and where threshing has been done, the yield is better than was expected.

CORN.

The total acreage in corn last year was 6,530,392 acres. An increased acreage of ten per cent. is reported for this year, making an estimated acreage of something over 7,000,000 acres. At this date the plant is in excellent condition. Since the weather has become warm, and rains abundant, it has made an unusually rapid growth. No damage from chinch-bugs is reported except in a few cases where wheat or oat fields were near the corn. The bugs, after these crops were cut, have gone into the corn and done some damage. Otherwise it is free from insect depredations.

OATS.

The total area in oats last year was 1,577,076 acres. An increased acreage of five per cent is reported this year, making an estimated acreage of 1,655,926 acres.

The crop in a good many counties was damaged considerably by chinch-bugs, but in other counties it is reported very good. While short in the straw, it is well filled, and, like wheat, will yield better than is expected.

RAINFALL AND CHINCH BUGS.

In many counties, the rainfall for the first half of June was reported light; but for the last half, outside of a few western counties, it was reported in most cases abundant—in a few excessive, in others rather light; but in none has the corn suffered for want of rain, while the oats in some cases has. Chinch-bugs are reported in nearly every county in the State, but fifty counties report "no bugs to hurt," others report "very numerous," "lots of them," "millions of them." Damage done by them so far is confined chiefly to the oats crop. Unless the weather should turn dry as well as hot, no serious damage to the corn crop need be apprehended.

Hon. J. H. Foucht the north side hard ware merchant says that he entered the senatorial race in good faith and he proposes to stay in until the last vote is called in the convention. While he will make as good fight as he knows how Mr. Foucht says that he won't kick if he loses the nomination, but will give the successful man his full support. It is probable that Foucht and Bolmer will work together in the contest and if necessary will unite on one or the other in case neither can succeed. They concede that Governor Osborn will get the south side of the river solid but Mr. Foucht claims that he will have North Topeka, Soldier, Menoken, Silver Lake and Rossville and will enter the convention with twenty-two votes of the forty-five necessary to nominate.

C. Harris was discovered by Officer Cannon attempting to pawn some tools yesterday afternoon, and he arrested him. He was discovered on the arrival at the police station that the man was nearly starved and was given a dinner. He was then locked up on the charge of peddling without license, and his case was continued in police court to enable the officers to make further search for the owner of the goods found in the poor fellow's possession, which they believe to have been stolen.

Superintendent W. L. Allen, of the Rock Island, was arrested and brought into police court, charged with obstructing the streets. The officer was instructed that the privilege had been granted the company to let certain cars stand on the street and the prisoner was dismissed.

Frank Gish, who lives near Rock Creek station, a nephew of Pete Gish, of Meridian Report, and L. G. Bainbridge, an ice man on the North side, met with an accident which may result in his death. He ran a pitchfork into his body, and is not expected to live.

Good progress is being made in the erection of the Topeka cotton mill, which it is designed to get in operation as soon possible. It is expected that the cotton crop in the southern part of the state this year will be large enough to furnish all the raw material on which to run this mill and that it will fairly boom the first year of its existence and operation.

Fred A. Healy, who for five years was chief clerk for the freight auditor of the Santa Fe railroad here, and resigned that position two months ago on account of poor health, has been appointed chief clerk for the freight auditor of the California Southern railroad at Los Angeles. Fred has a host of friends who will be very glad to learn of his good fortune.

Miss Mary L. Simpson, sister of W. H. Simpson, of the Santa Fe, has returned from Europe, where she has achieved great success in her study of the art of painting.

Attorney General Bradford promises to prosecute the social clubs now being organized at Wichita and elsewhere, and which, it is claimed, are nothing more than drinking clubs.

A. C. Sherman, of Rossville, met with an accident on Saturday which came near being very serious, if not fatal. He was coming in to attend the county convention and undertook to board a freight train while it was in motion. He was not right at the depot but on the platform a short distance this side. As he made the attempt to catch on his foot caught in a broken board and he was thrown down. By good luck he fell behind the train and escaped with a sprained ankle, but it was a close call from being hurled under the wheels and terribly mangled.

George Frisbee, of Grantville, threshed his wheat crop last week, which was the largest yield on record this season. On sixty-one acres he threshed 1,448 bushels, and twenty-eight acres averaged twenty-seven bushels to the acre, machine measure.

The city Railway company received a half dozen more of their handsome new open cars yesterday from the Pullman company via the Union Pacific. The Topeka street cars are now by far the handsomest, most commodious and altogether satisfactory in Kansas, and not a city in the country can show prettier rolling stock.

President Lowe, General Manager Parker and Treasurer Jilson are making a tour of the Chicago, Kansas & Nebraska lines in Colorado, and will return the latter part of the week.

A strong effort was made to have the city engineer's case heard by daylight but it wouldn't work. It bids fair to last thought all the remaining nights of this week, if not next week as well. The investigation last night was attended with many difficulties. A brass band played in front of the Windsor, lusty cheers filled the air at times, a colored quartet sung with lung power enough for a whole chorus, the Salvation army passed by with their hideous racket doubled and so the thing went on all evening long. At 11 o'clock the Mandolin club began to practice and God only knows what would have happened if the investigators had not adjourned about midnight.

Political Pull.

It is a rather uncertain thing to depend upon as a basis for obtaining the necessities of life. With the frequent changes of party somebody is sure to get left, so that on the whole any man of brains and ability is really fortunate if, by missing a fat public job, he is compelled to take up some such business as an agency for Dr. Foot's "Plain Home Talk," which is sure to be a good paying business as long as he will devote himself to it. A really popular medical book such as "Plain Home Talk" sells at all times and all places, and often the best ground for an agency is that which has already been plowed over once or twice by an agent. There is room for all who will apply to the Murray Hill Publishing Co., 129 East 28th St., N. Y., and "first come, first served."

Weekly Journal

For one dollar per year, The Kansas City Weekly Journal, of 64 columns of interesting reading matter goes to your address. Apply to your Postmaster, or send yourself. Sample copy free.

A medicine prepared for the general public should contain nothing hurtful in any dose. Such a medicine is Shallenberger's Antidote for malaria; it destroys Malaria as water puts out fire; and is just as harmless. Sold by druggists.

The Topeka Land and Development company are fairly settled in their elegant rooms, in the Bank of Topeka building, where all business of the company (Boston Syndicate) will be transacted. Mr. O. H. Dorrance, the manager, Mr. G. H. Nott, secretary, will be found ever ready and willing to impart any information relative to the interests of this enterprising company, rooms 23, 24 and 25, via elevator.

Rev. A. M. Pipes and wife leave for Russell and other points next week for an extended visit.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for August.

"The Battlefield of Gettysburg: Its Memories and Memorials" is most interestingly treated in the POPULAR MONTHLY for August. The famous points of the great battle, the visits paid to it by the commander and by officers and soldiers of both armies, the monuments that now mark the ground where regiments held their own under withering fire—all these come before the reader vividly. "Over the Tete-Noire" takes us to Alpine travel, and will interest all in a land that cannot be too well described or pictured. "The Spice Trade of New York" is an illustration of how "many a mickle makes a muckle." Few would suspect the amount annually invested in these trifles of the kitchen, or how the world is circled to get them. Our young men will be more interested in single-hand yachting, the management of sailing craft that one person can with a little skill direct, in fair weather or foul, sneak-boats, canoe-vauls, cruisers, etc. A sketch of Houdon, the sculptor of the best statue of Washington, makes known an artist of more than ordinary merit. "Old-time Ladies Headdresses and Mufflers" will give suggestions at least to lady friends. "Life in Pompeii" is depicted by pen and pencil. "Striking a Light," "Lightening Photographed," Stories, Adventures, and a continuation of Clarence M. Boutelle's absorbing novel, "The Grave Between Them," make up a most attractive and seasonable number to while away many a pleasant hour and give topics of conversation.

An innocent looking barrel labeled "groceries" was brought to one of the hotels by an express wagon yesterday afternoon and was taken up to the rooms of one of the prominent candidates for a place on the ticket. It aroused the suspicious of the reporter, but as no visible effects were observable among the frequenters of the room, it is supposed that the contents were sardines and crackers for a lunch at the conclusion of a solon caucus held last night. We still maintain that this is a sober convention.

—JOURNAL.

County Attorney Charles Curtis, who is a Johnson delegate, issued a notice this morning to each of the leading hotels, in which he said he had been advised that certain politicians, candidates before the convention, their friends, and other persons, too numerous to mention, proposed to dispense intoxicating liquors in their rooms. If they did, the notice declares, they would be prosecuted, as would also, the hotel management permitting it. Good, Attorney Curtis.

The Rapid Transit company has ordered several new motors and they are expected every day. It will be a coach and motor combined, the engine being under the floor. It will seat twenty-four passengers comfortably and as the weight is much less than the cars in use at present much better time will be made. The patronage of the different lines has increased so rapidly that this addition to their rolling stock is an absolute necessity. A large force of men is kept constantly at work putting the tracks in the best shape possible, and it is only a question of a very short time when the rapid transit will be given perfect service on every line, and our citizens will be proud and happy to mention it as one of our great advantages.

The excavation for the new Sells hotel near the Rock Island depot, is nearly finished.

The firm of Decker, Mullens & Berry, sewer contractors, have decided to stop all work on their contracts in Topeka until the city gives them an estimate and thus pays them money which is due. The contractors have four hundred and sixteen men engaged on the work now, all of whom will be paid off in full this evening and relieved from duty until the city's imbroglio is settled so that work can be paid for as contemplated by law and justice.

Hon. John Sebastian, general passenger and ticket agent of the Chicago, Kansas & Nebraska, arrived home this noon after a lengthy visit in Chicago. Mr. Sebastian has been arranging a number of excursions to Kansas this year and returns well satisfied with his work. He is entitled to great credit for this work, as it will undoubtedly be a cause of great benefit to the state.

The secretary of the state fair has received lithographs of the last trades display held in Kansas City. All efforts are being made to have a display of this kind in Topeka this fall during the state fair, and merchants who contemplate making exhibitions should call and explain the cuts at the secretary's office.

It will be a profitable plan to see that all the bands are quiet next Monday evening. There is a council meeting, and as long as there is a band to follow, a full council need not be expected.

AN ALLEGORY.

In a huge oak tree in a forest grand,
In the heart of a balmily Southern land,
A pair of mated lovers dwelt;
And they cooed and called, and they often sang
Till the corridors of the old woods rang;
Their blithesome spirits seemed to melt
With all the happiness they felt.

They sang and chirped in their innocent glee,
Of the peaceful home in the huge oak tree,
And the tiny ones in the nest,
Till a glistering snake crawled up one day
To where the tender nestling lay,
A vandal, uninvited guest,
With terror in his creeping quest.

Of haughty, wise and consequential mien,
High up the tree a gray owl sat serene;
Sat safe upon a sturdy limb
And saw the anguish of the parent pair,
With cold and careless, pity-barren stare;
So self-possessed, and stern, and grim,
His misery was naught to him.

A busy, brown-clad, hardy little bee,
Among the flowers underneath the tree,
Beheld the thrilling scene by chance,
And rising on his honey-laden wing,
Drove whizzing at the world hissing thing,
Till, writhing from the brown bee's lance,
Death checked the monster's dread advance.

'Tis of on thus in human life,
That lowly ones, in hard, unequal strife,
Are left to sorrows armed to kill,
While pond'rous wisdom chooses not to see;
Or coolly saying, "This is naught to me,"
Denies a neighbor's woes, until
A humbler brother stays the ill.

—Will L. Vassar, in *Arkansas Traveler*.

Cara's Bravery.

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

"For whom did you want the house, young lady?"

"For myself, sir."

Dr. Lee Leighton stood amazed. The girl before him was so young—not more than eighteen, and so pretty—golden-haired and blue-eyed as an angel. He had never dreamed that she was making the application to rent Thistle Cottage herself. But Miss Caroline Clarke took no notice of his surprise.

"The house is in good order, sir."

"It requires a few repairs, only," said the young physician, rather stiffly.

He had begun to think he was throwing his time away.

"And those you will make?"

"If I let the cottage—yes."

The young lady mused a moment.

"I think I will like it," she said then.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Clarke?"

"Yes."

"Do you quite understand the situation?"

"I think I do. The house is thought to be haunted, and the rent is merely nominal to anyone who will live there."

"Yes. But—How are you situated in regard to family, my dear young lady?"

"I have the care of two younger brothers—twelve and fourteen years old. I have only a limited income, which I use out by embroidery. I am anxious to get my brothers out of the city and there is a good academy here. I am not afraid of ghosts," with a faint smile. "We shall come."

Her words and manner were so at variance with her delicate beauty—all was so petite and yet so self-possessed and dignified. Dr. Leighton's experience in girls did not seem to serve him at all in this emergency. He recollected that his sisters, Maud and Bess, always regarded the outer walls of Thistle Cottage with an apprehensive gaze, and could not be persuaded to pass it alone after dark, and here was this girl, no older than they, proposing to live there, with two children!

"No, have no parents?"

"No."

"Relatives?"

"None to rely upon. I depend on myself entirely, Dr. Leighton; I am used to it. Would you like to let me have Thistle Cottage?" with a steady glance into the young man's countenance.

"I hesitate only on your account," he hastened to say. "It is no fable that a man was killed there. He was murdered by a son of unsound mind, after a quarrel about money. The estate was owned by my father. It is now mine. It long ago fell into ill-repute on account of the murder, but it is a very pretty place, and has been kept in repair. I will walk over it with you again and make any changes you may find desirable," thus tacitly consenting to the young lady's proposal.

What her words had failed to do, her clear blue eyes had succeeded in accomplishing. They had won the confidence of the owner of the cottage. "She can but try since she wishes," he said to himself. "I am close by at our house. If she gets frightened out she can come to us."

When they had gone over the house again, the girl asked quite coolly: "What became of the murderer?"

"He fled from justice—is probably dead. He has never been heard from, and his ghost is said to haunt this spot. If you can prove that it does not, I will give you five years rent here free."

The young girl made no reply, only smiled brightly.

"What a brave little creature!" thought Dr. Leighton.

A week later, Caroline Clarke and her brothers were settled at the Thistle Cottage.

Dr. Leighton did not fancy the boys. He told his mother that they were "whelps that wanted flogging into shape." But when he saw the gentleness and tact used by their sister in managing them, when he saw her

patience, her charming smile in encouragement of their simplest well-doing, he was ashamed of his intolerance.

"My father," she hesitated, "did not set his boys a very good example. They were much away from home before he died. They will do much better here away from harmful associations," she said.

"That's a good girl—a rare good girl, Lee," said old Mrs. Leighton. "Only wish Maud and Bess had half as much character."

But Cara, as the boys called her, did not trouble her neighbors. She was an exquisite housekeeper; she has a piano—an old one but of mellow tone; she did much work with crewels and flosses. In the evening she assisted her brothers with their studies. They were fond of her under their roughness and selfishness. They shoveled snow, when it came, took care of the poultry—she encouraged them in their ambition for prize chickens—and kept in wood and water. There was not a brighter little home in the village. Cara had finished the rooms herself with pretty artistic touches. On the pale buff paper of the sitting room she had painted, here and there, a bunch of red Burgundy roses. She had gilded the cornices and hung before a doorway a crimson curtain. As for ghosts—when people queried her, she simply answered: "No, I have not seen any."

But perhaps the air of the mountain village did not agree with Cara Clarke, for she grew pale. She was always sweet, but sometimes she had a little worried air. Dr. Leighton asked her if she did not work too hard.

"It is not that," she answered. "He wondered sometimes, with a secret disquiet, if she had not somewhere a sweetheart who did not write to her. But Cara kept her own counsel.

The fall and winter wore away without bringing any revelation to him of what troubled her. Jack and Willie, the boys, were jubilant over the prospect of a vegetable garden with peas, potatoes and squashes of their own raising. But their sister looked so ill that the young physician felt called on to expostulate.

"Cara," he said, "I want to speak to you. You must have a change or you will die."

"O, no, I shall not," she replied, incredulously.

"Your countenance gives token of unmistakable exhaustion. You are doing too much labor or you have some trouble. Cara, why do you not confide in me? Do you not believe I am your friend?"

"Oh, yes. It's nothing, only I do not sleep very well."

"Why?"

She made no reply, and seeing that his insistence distressed her, he ceased to urge her confidence at that time, though more certain than ever that she had a painful secret. He was satisfied that she had no organic disease, and her mind seemed to have no morbid tendency. But the colorless cheeks, the hollow temples, the air of languor, betrayed that something daily and hourly, sapped the young girl's strength.

One morning, Willie, the younger boy, rapped at his office door.

"Something's the matter with sister," he said. "We can't wake her up. Won't you come over?"

Dr. Leighton found Cara in a stupor and delirious, with every symptom of brain fever. He lost no time in getting assistance. Mrs. Hodgdon, the village nurse, was at Cara's bedside when she awoke.

Dr. Leighton had just left the room and was in the next apartment. He did not go in immediately, though he heard the girl talking.

"Am I so very sick?" she asked.

"No, dear. You was feverish and your mind wandered a little, and I was out of a place and told Dr. Leighton I could stay with you a day or two as well as not for my board. I hain't forgotten the jackets as Willie out-gotten that you sent to my Bobbie; and I had feeling for a young girl with no mother's hand in the hour of need."

"Oh," moaned the young girl. "I'm not sick. I'm worn out! Oh, this dreadful house! I have not slept soundly all winter."

"Why, dearie?"

"Oh, Mrs. Hodgdon, there is somebody in this house besides ourselves. Besides me and the boys, I mean. Somebody creeps about and I am always listening for that step. It is killing me! Oh, don't tell anyone! I did not mean to tell you, but I'm so weak. Don't, don't say a word to Dr. Leighton. I must bear it, because it's all the home we have, and the boys never had such a pretty, nice home before, and they are doing so well, and are so good. I was not afraid at first. I am not afraid now, only for them. There may be some evil about, though nothing has ever harmed us. But as soon as I fall asleep I start up and listen."

Cara was begging the old woman not to betray her confidence, when Dr. Leighton came into the room.

"You shall tell me the whole story, Cara," he said. "You shall not lose anything by it," he added.

But Cara broke out, crying, in her weakness giving way to her emotions, and for a time the tumult would have its way. She was brought to listen to reason at last.

"It was two months after we came here," she said, "that I first heard those creeping, creeping steps. I tried to think it was the trees, or the wind, or the cat, but I heard them when there was no wind at all, and the cat was asleep on the foot of my bed, and then things were moved from their places about the house, and lately I have missed food. That's since I would not al-

low myself to believe that a spirit haunted the place. I have searched every spot and nook in this house. There is only the space above the scuttle in the roof, and there are no stairs."

"Oh, Dr. Leighton!" groaned Mrs. Hodgdon. "Then of course, it's spirits."

"Nonsense."

Dr. Leighton contented himself with prescribing for the sick and over-wearied girl, and after a few days of care arranged a drive for her in his new buggy, with her brother Jack as attendant.

"You are to take a nice long drive, and not be back under two hours," he said, smiling.

The kindness and care surrounding Cara was new and very pleasant to her. As the wheels rolled away from the door in the brightness of the spring day, her trouble fell away from her like a nightmare, and the color came back to the pretty cheek.

Five minutes after her departure from Thistle Cottage two men were in the house with Dr. Leighton. They went rapidly through it, beginning with the cellar. Every wall was tried, with the idea of discovering any unknown space or passage. Nothing unknown was developed. At length a short ladder was brought, and the men ascended to the attic.

It was only a hollow space beneath the center of the roof, quite unlighted. But enough light penetrated the place to show an unkempt figure rising from its lair of straw and rags in one corner.

"What's this? Are you after me?" he said, in hollow tones.

The men silently gazed on this object with astonishment, repulsion and pity. It was a man, but so thick the mask of dirt and grime, so ragged the beard and hair, so grotesque the costume of tatters from which fell feathers and straw, it seemed some unknown creature instead of a human being.

"Great heavens! it is Simon Leland!" cried Dr. Leighton.

This only added to the consternation of the other men, for Simon Leland was the half-crazed boy who had murdered his father at Thistle Cottage five years before. But want and misery had given him the appearance of an old man.

"I don't care what you do with me!" cried the hollow voice. "Only give me something to eat."

"Come with us and you shall have all you want," said Dr. Leighton, not unkindly.

"Where? Down there, where the fire and the light and the girls is?" asked the wretched being, and when they nodded, he caught up a rough ladder of rope, quickly adjusted it and swung himself down before them. But he was so weak he staggered, and they were obliged to help him down the stairs to the kitchen, where Mrs. Hodgdon, shaking with excitement and consternation, placed food upon the table from which he snatched it without any pretence of eating from a plate, devouring it like a half-famished animal. When he had filled himself he would have lain down on the floor and gone to sleep, but that the unaccustomed plenty sickened him, and he began to groan and roll about. In a short time, the sheriff, who had been sent for, arrived, and he was taken away. No one believed that the poor, underwritten, half-dying creature was a fit subject for punishment, but the county jail was a clean and comfortable refuge for him in his destitution. Here he remained until consigned to the almshouse. No reliable account of his career could be obtained from him, but it is probable that he had sought refuge at Thistle Cottage in its desertion, and existed miserably there a great while before discovered. He had prowled about at night searching for food, of which he found a scanty supply, stealing from corn bins, pigs and poultry, and robbing hen roosts, eating the flesh of the fowls raw. It was the occasional discovery of his miserable figure which had called into existence the story of the place being haunted by his ghost. But so reduced had he become he would probably have died in his lair but for Dr. Leighton's discovery of him.

Dr. Leighton kindly saved Cara from witnessing so much misery. She never saw Simon Leland. Her nerves had already borne much, and that she had been willing still to suffer in secret for the sake of preserving a good home for her young brothers was a fact which became known and endeared her to many hearts. Her friends multiplied, and when she accepted as a life companion, Dr. Leighton, the oldest friend of all, hearty kindness surrounded her, and warm wishes for her happiness danced merrily at the wedding. —*Yankee Blade*.

The Higher Education.

"What did your daughter graduate in?" asked a friend of another.

"White silk, with a satin corsage and elbow sleeves," was the prompt answer. "I mean what branches," said the startled guest. "Oh, her—her—why, the usual studies, I suppose," answered the perplexed mother. —*Detroit Free Press*.

The Struggle for Fame.

Parke Rowe (who is visiting his friend, Mayne Pike, in the forlorn village of Squeehawket) "By Jove, Mayne, I can't see how you can bury yourself in such a hole as this!" Mayne Pike: "Can't, eh? Why, I'm a 'prominent citizen' here; what would I be in New York?" —*Puck*.

The Misfortune of a Dude.

Many a young dude, clad in the most fashionable and expensive of raiment, walks the streets of New York with very little actual cash in his pockets. Among the gilded youth of limited financial resources is Charlie Vanderclaw. To look at him nobody would suppose for a moment that financially he is a wreck, but that's just what he is. He has various and peculiar modes of raising the wind, one of which is to send flowers to his married lady friends and then borrow a few hundred dollars of their husbands. These floral tributes, owing to the unwillingness of the New York florist to extend credit, have been a heavy tax on Charlie's resources. He incidentally mentioned his embarrassment to his florist, whereupon a happy thought struck the latter.

"Mr. Vanderclaw, I think I can suggest a plan whereby you can get your flowers regularly, and yet not be obliged to pay any actual cash for them."

"I'd like to hear that plan," replied Vanderclaw, decidedly.

"It is very simple. You wear very fine clothes and underwear, but you do not wear them out. We are of about the same size. You let me have your cast-off clothing and I'll let you have a bouquet every day. I'll send a bouquet of flowers every day to your room."

"That's a splendid idea," replied Charlie Vanderclaw. "You will save money and so will I."

The arrangement worked to the satisfaction of the contracting parties. The florist's friends were astonished at his fine clothes, and Charlie's bouquets became the talk of the *elite*. One day Charlie received a beautiful bouquet from his florist, and he sent it immediately to Mrs. Knickerbocker, from whose husband Charlie expected to borrow a cool hundred dollars or so. Later on in the evening Charlie called at the Knickerbocker mansion, but was received with freezing dignity.

"What's the matter?" Heard any bad news?" asked Charlie.

"I am very much disgusted sir, with the note you sent my wife in that bouquet."

"Note! I didn't put any note in the bouquet. It wasn't me. I'll swear to God it wasn't me," howled Charlie Vanderclaw.

Mr. Knickerbocker handed Charlie the note which Mrs. Knickerbocker had found in the bouquet, at the same time taking occasion to remark that if he believed for a moment that Charlie was sober when he wrote it he would twist Charlie's nose until it might be advantageously used for cork-screw. Charlie seized the note with livid fingers. It was from his friend, the florist, and was about their business affair, and no wonder Mrs. Knickerbocker was exasperated at its contents, for it read as follows:

"I send you a bouquet worth at least five dollars in cash, but I'll stick to my agreement, although the last pair of stockings you sent me were very much worn. I am wearing a pair of your drawers now although they are too tight for me."

Charlie was under the humiliating necessity of taking his friend aside and explaining the transaction to him. Somehow or other, it leaked out, and now, when Charlie goes to the Windsor hotel, on Fifth avenue, the really rich dukes of Wall street snub him unmercifully. —*Alex Sweet, in New York Mercury*.

Religious Predilections of a Rat.

That part of Broadway on the west side, between Pratt Street and a half block toward Gough, has a rat whose actions has gained for it the title of the religious rat. He is seen at night and only when there are services either in Trinity Protestant Episcopal Church or Broadway Baptist Church. He seems to be in a very placid humor when there is service in but one of the churches named. But when the two congregations are worshipping at the same time, as is the case on Sunday nights, he becomes uneasy and keeps up a constant running between the two. One night when some residents tried to prevent him going into the yard of the Baptist Church, just as the Rev. Mr. Phillips began a sermon on the "Evils of Liquor," the rodent made an attack upon the party. Several ladies screamed lustily, which caused the rat to beat a retreat and soon disappear in the shadows of Trinity. Shortly after he was seen to get into the Baptist yard. He remained but a short while and he returned to Trinity, and vice versa. When there is service in but one church he remains somewhere about the edifice until it is over, never changing except to satisfy himself that there is no service in the other church. —*Baltimore Sun*.

Reprehensible Carelessness.

By an unfortunate accident one of the participants in a recent French duel was injured by his adversary. The latter promptly apologized for his carelessness, and the wounded man most graciously requested the other not to mention it, turned over, and died. The Parisian community is highly shocked over the unfortunate affair. —*Harper's Bazar*.

A Lucid Explanation.

Teacher (to class): "In this stanza, what is meant by the line: 'The shades of night were falling fast?'" Bright scholar: "The people were pulling down the blinds." —*Puck*.

PITH AND POINT.

Jay Gould does not sleep. Usually it has been the other fellow. —*Providence Journal*.

If the early cucumber is ever cramped for space it makes its wants felt. —*Georgia Cracker*.

A man with six marriageable daughters says that his house is a regular court house every Sunday night. —*Boston Post*.

Citizen (to stranger): "What are your politics, my friend?" Stranger: "I have no politics this year; I'm leader of a brass band." —*New York Sun*.

"Silence is the severest criticism," but men have been known to be willing that their wives should criticize their faults that way. —*Somerville Journal*.

Five dollars for a round-trip ticket brings Chicago almost too near for Pittsburg's reputation as a religious, moral, law-abiding community. —*Pittsburg Press*.

A young woman in Lincoln, Neb., has married a man because he had "dreamy eyes." A man with dreamy eyes usually has a dreamy pocketbook. —*Topeka (Kan.) Journal*.

Wife: "You say you shot this duck yourself, John? I can find no marks on it." Husband (who hadn't thought of that): "Well, —er—my dear, the bird was very high up, you know, and perhaps the fall killed it." —*Life*.

They were seated at the supper table and speaking about the different sorts of fruit; each one had a preference. Little Ruth, who was the last to speak, said: "I like all kinds of fruit but hash." —*Detroit Free Press*.

Speaking of that "singing shad" which was recently heard in the Delaware, if it is brought out on the stage it might adopt the name of a once famous singer, Albany; although she didn't spell it that way. —*Norristown Herald*.

Heidelimper: "Voder's der madder mit mein liddle sohn?" Davey: "Abe Levy knocked you off mein too's out!" Heidelimper: "Py chin! you vos always lucky! You gets a too't out mitout payin' noddings." —*Tid-Bits*.

Nervous Passenger (on southern railroad): "Conductor, why are you running at such a frightful rate of speed?" Conductor (reassuringly): "There's a rotten bridge, mudam, half a mile ahead and we want to get over with as little strain as possible." —*Life*.

"Ah, Clara," said a young surgeon (after hospital hours), as he sank upon his knees, "would that I could gain possession of your heart." "You can, Mr. Sawbones," replied Clara promptly, but blushing; "and without giving me either either." —*New York Sun*.

"I hear you have changed your boarding place?" "Yes; I had to do it. My old place was too luxurious. A dinner of three courses every day was ruining my digestive apparatus." "Three courses? What were they?" "Napkins, ice water, and toothpicks." —*Boston Transcript*.

"Darringer, I have come to ask you to do me a great favor." "What is it, young man?" "You've been married a good many years, haven't you?" "Yes." And three times, if I mistake not? "Yes." Well, I am on the point of marrying, and I want you to dissuade me from my purpose." —*Life*.

Alone on a Battlefield.

It was an ugly give and take. We could not see the enemy but the whizz and ting of bullets proved that they were not far away.

As the excitement increased one of my men in his haste fired off his ramrod and held up his musket that I might see what he had done. Without thinking I started to the rear, where a short distance away lay a musket.

No sooner had I left touching distance of my company than an irresistible sense of loneliness and dread seized me. Every step made the sensation more acute. Soon I was practically panic stricken. Somehow, however, I got the ramrod of the useless musket and went back to the line on the run.

With the return came assurance and courage. I never felt more alone or helpless than in those few moments of isolation. The air seemed full of hissing, shrieking demons. I was sure that each next moment would bring death. —*Youth's Companion*.

Who are the "Dunkers?"

Probably the most curious of all the religious assemblies was that held by the Dunkers or Dunkards, in Indiana. It was an immense one, said to number 5,000. The Dunkers are mostly farmers, their homes are chiefly in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana. They hold the Baptist doctrines as to immersion, and are very exclusive. Their dress is peculiar, resembling in most particulars that of the Quakers. The most important thing that this assembly did, regarded from a public point of interest, was their regulation of the mistake of the brethren. The full beard has been the rule, the mistake the exception. It is now ordered that the Dunker brethren who want to cultivate hair on their upper lips may do so, provided it is not sufficient in amount to interfere with the giving of the "holy kiss." —*New York Sun*.

A man may not have a stitch to his back, but still have one in his side. —*Yonkers Statesman*.

