

LIVE IT DOWN.

Has your life a bitter sorrow?
Live it down.
Think about a bright to-morrow,
Live it down.
You will find it never pays
Just to sit, wet-eyed, and gaze
On the grave of vanished days;
Live it down.
Is disgrace your galling burden?
Live it down.
You can win a brave heart's guerdon;
Live it down.
Make your life so free of blame
That the lustre of your fame
Shall hide all the olden shame;
Live it down.
Has your heart a secret trouble?
Live it down.
Useless griefs will make it double,
Live it down.
Do not water it with tears—
Do not feed it with your fears—
Do not nurse it through the years—
Live it down.
Have you made some awful errors?
Live it down.
Do not hide your face in terror;
Live it down.
Look the world square in the eyes;
Go ahead as one who tries
To be honored ere he dies;
Live it down.
—The Sunny Hours.

"A DAUGHTER OF THE GODS."

I.

A young lady and a young girl stood in the dusky passageway of the fourth floor in an old studio building in New York. They had traversed crooked passages and steep stairways innumerable, and were now breathless and puzzled, not knowing which way to turn.

"Well, if this isn't a delightful hole to drag one up to!" the girl exclaimed, glancing disdainfully into the dingy distances on every hand. "Margaret, we must have gotten into the wrong building. Hans never in the world could have stood this sort of thing. Why, it's—detestable!"

She was hardly more than a child, and her serious, charming face was gathered into a frown of much displeasure and disgust.

"But I'm afraid he has stood it," said Margaret, with a look of hopeless conviction. "Artists don't seem to mind—that sort of thing, you know," rather doubtfully.

"What nonsense you are talking!" retorted the uncompromising Olivia. "A man may live in a garret alone, and all that, but I don't believe he likes it one bit! I'm very sure Hans Vischer doesn't, Bohemian though he calls himself. No wonder he's in a hurry to marry you, Margaret; you've got money enough to keep you both from starvation, at all events."

But Margaret Rogers was studying the numbers over the doors, and she discreetly let her sister's last remark pass unheeded.

"Why this is number ten," she said, "and here's Hans' name on a brass plate. Since the door is half open, let's step in and surprise him at his work." But Hans' cheery presence was missing from the room, and the studio offered them but a sombre and silent welcome. Margaret drew her shawl about her with a little shiver. She felt as if a chill had fallen on her. And where in the world was Hans? He certainly knew that they were coming, for he had asked her particularly to come and inspect his most ambitious work, a figure piece called "A Daughter of the Gods," before sending it off to the fall exhibition of the academy. She had never visited his studio before, and had expected a warmer welcome than this certainly.

"What a queer place an artist's studio is!" said Olivia, in an awed tone, walking about gingerly and inspecting everything that came in her way. Sit down and wait for Hans, Margaret, while I take some impressions—if that's what you call it."

Thus instructed, Margaret sank listlessly into a curiously carved chair, and began to gaze abstractedly out of the window at the blank wall opposite. You would have called her a very handsome woman, I think, as she sat there tapping the floor nervously with the tip of her parasol. She had unusually fine eyes, and her well-clad figure expressed both grace and dignity.

"Do you know, Margaret, I think I should like to be an artist!" Olivia rattled on, making a telescope out of her hands in order to properly see a "skied" picture. "They are always planning and making such charming things, don't you know? I don't think I should mind the stairs—much. Why, if that stupid Hans Vischer hasn't stuck his 'Sunset in New Jersey,' which I thought the prettiest landscape in the spring exhibition, away up in that dusty corner, where it's half hidden by a piece of nasty yellow drapery. If that's all he thinks of it, he might give it to me."

"Here's a new picture of a road and some gees. Ever so much atmosphere and feeling, and all that sort of thing, Margaret. The sky is perfectly lovely! And here's the Death of Laertes, which the critics called a screaming absurdity. You remember how furious Hans was when we showed him the paper, and how he called a critic a 'howling idiot?' I don't remember ever seeing Hans angry before. Poor fellow! He doesn't seem to sell many pictures, does he? They are all here yet, even to that charcoal sketch of an old woman smoking a horrid black pipe, which Hans declared was the best thing he had ever done. But as he's always saying that of the last thing, I didn't put much faith in his statement. Artists do say such ridiculous things!"

"Oh! Margaret, do come and look at this lovely, lovely fugal! That must be

"A Daughter of the Gods"—and isn't she charming! I'll take the prize, I know, and Hans will wake to find himself rich and famous yet."

Margaret, to tell the truth, had not been giving her sister's remarks on art the attention they undoubtedly deserved, but she rose at once on mention of the new picture, a little eager flush rising to her face.

"Charming, indeed!" she murmured with a proud and pleased smile, as she gazed, and gazed at her lover's last picture, which was certainly, "the best he had ever done." "The pose is perfect, and the face—Heavens! how beautiful it is!"

It was indeed a beautiful face—rich, Southern, with red, curving lips, and eyes that glowed and burned, and yet it was soft and tender, too, like an innocent child's.

As Margaret stood before the picture, and gazed in those luminous eyes, a delightful vista of fame and honor for Hans opened before her. If she thought of herself as a humble sharer of these honors, who can blame her? She had always believed simply in Hans' talent, and had responded warmly to his most enthusiastic hopes and dreams; but she had never imagined that fame was so near. Indeed, she had often thought how good a thing it was that she had money to help him out with, since Hans had none. His life after their marriage would be made lighter by the loss of many a sordid care, she knew, and she rejoiced in the thought.

Olivia, in the meantime, had plunged her inquisitive head into a portfolio of etchings, and Margaret was left to dream on in happy abstraction.

Suddenly, as she loitered near one end of the long dim studio, she was startled by the sound of a passionate little outcry which came from a door slightly ajar, and glancing through was astounded to see a strange woman throw herself into Hans Vischer's arms, with a gesture of utter despair.

Margaret clung to the heavy portiere for support, a horrible sick feeling stealing over her. She could not see his face, but she noticed that Hans stroked the girl's hair gently with one hand, while he tried to lead her to a chair. The confusion of noises in the street below prevented Margaret from hearing what they were saying, even if she wanted to hear, which she most assuredly did not. She would not play the eaves-dropper, no matter how false her lover might be to her.

She looked again at the pictured face on the easel. Yes, there could be no doubt about the matter—the woman in the next room was the original. Margaret turned away with a white, set face. She felt as if her heart were turning to stone in her bosom, and that if she stayed in the studio another minute she should begin to hate Hans Vischer. The smell of paint seemed stifling and unbearable, and the floor heaved beneath her feet.

She walked rapidly up to her sister, and spoke in a low, quick tone. "Olivia," she said, "let us go home at once. I—I am not well."

Olivia threw down the etchings with an exclamation of alarm. "Why, Margaret, what has happened? You look wretchedly, that's a fact."

"Nothing has happened," said Margaret impatiently, feeling that all her powers of endurance were slipping away from her. "Only let us go home at once—do you hear?"

She hastened toward the door, and Olivia followed her with a look of amazement on her face. "Well, Margaret, I must say—" she began, but her sister was already out of hearing, and Olivia followed her with a very bad grace. She assumed a portentous air of injury when she caught up with Margaret at the bottom of the last flight of stairs.

"What did the boy say was the matter with the elevator?" she said, apropos of nothing in particular merely to show that she meant to pass Margaret's behavior in silent displeasure.

"That he had stuck somewhere in the shaft," was Margaret's mechanical and listless reply. "Isn't that our car? Signal to it, will you dear?"

Olivia performed this duty with impressive dignity, then seated herself opposite her sister, and stared at her all the way home. But Margaret's face, though pale, expressed nothing of the tumultuous emotions which were seething within her, and Olivia got off the car in a dudgeon. If Margaret had a secret, or if something unusual had happened to her it was clearly her business to tell her younger sister all about it. Then why in the world did she close her mouth as tight as a clam? Olivia had never been treated so before and she wasn't going to stand it—so there!

Hans Vischer came back to his studio rather late that evening. There had been animated discussion in the Rembrandt Club rooms on the worn-out theme of "the ideal and the real in art," and the arguments had waxed long and warm—so much so, in fact, that it was past 12 o'clock when Hans lit the gas and turned over the small heap of unopened letters which had accumulated during the day. There was one in a creamy, white envelope which he pounced upon at once with a pleased smile of anticipation.

"From Margaret," he said, postponing his enjoyment of the note, as we are all so fond of doing, long enough to roll and light a cigarette. This duty done, he broke the seal and adjusted his eye-glasses—Hans was a trifle near-sighted, he said. "Dear girl!" he murmured tenderly. "Of course she's going to explain why she didn't come up this morning. That vicious old aunt of her's wouldn't let her, I suppose, because of some fancied impropriety in the thing. What

a bore maiden aunts must be! Heigh-ho! precious glad am I that I haven't any to worry the life out of me. If Margaret only knew how cheerfully I shall take her excuses! But it would never in the world have done to have had them here when Marie was storming about in that reckless fashion. Poor girl! I'm awfully sorry for her. But I can't help wishing she wouldn't throw herself into a fellow's arms—its rather embarrassing, on the whole. And I don't believe Margaret would like it I certainly don't myself."

Hans' jaw began to drop, and his near-sighted eyes stared into vacancy with a commercial air of amazement.

"Mr. Hans Vischer"—why this can't be from Margaret!" he exclaimed—"and yet it is, by Jove! I return you your engagement ring and all the letters you have written me. If you desire an explanation, ask your own conscience for it. I shall give you none! Short—but sweet; damnably sweet, by Jove! Why, I must be dreaming—this is some hideous nightmare!—Ask my own conscience for it!"

What in the name of—But pshaw! this must be some practical joke—and in very poor taste it is, too. I wonder that Margaret could be guilty of such a thing. I shall give you a piece of my mind to-morrow."

But the longer Hans stared at the innocent-looking envelope, the more did the consolation of a joke fade from his mind. He turned it over in his hand, and gnawed his blonde mustache with much energy, but the mystic became more impenetrable than ever. At last he threw it down with a gesture of impatience.

"Well, I can't make it out," he muttered. "Margaret must have taken leave of her senses. I'm sure I've done nothing to deserve this. So let it be, then, there are plenty of other fine women, I suppose. I'm going to turn in and forget all about it; I can't put two thoughts together to-night, anyway."

But no sleep visited his eyes that night, and he tossed about with an ever increasing sense of baffled impatience. He was very much in love with Margaret, and her note, inexplicable though it was, had cut into his heart like a dagger.

He dressed himself at daybreak with a dismal conviction that after all life was hardly worth the living. Between his love affairs and his encounters with strongly obtuse art committees, a poor devil of an artist might as well be out of it all—there certainly wasn't much fun in it.

After his chop and cup of coffee, however, Hans' reflections began to lean towards cheerfulness. After all, there must be an explanation to all this; he had done Margaret no conscious wrong, and if he could find out wherein the trouble lay, he would explain it to her satisfaction. Margaret had always shown herself to be a woman of sense and reason—she wouldn't be found wanting in this case.

Hans groaned aloud as he looked at his watch. "Oh, hang it all, I'm due at Mrs. Bleeker Onderdonk's at 2 for another sitting, and I can't paint in this state of fatal imbecility. I should go wild if I had to stare into that old woman's fishy eyes all the afternoon. I shall have to put her off till to-morrow. I hate to offend her, for she can give me a good many other sitters of Knickerbocker blue-blood, who wish to be handed down to fame—but I can't help it. O Margaret, Margaret! if you only knew how you have undone me!"

But Margaret was not at home that afternoon; she and Miss Olivia had left suddenly for Albany, the servant said, to visit a maiden aunt for a few days. ("Confound the maiden aunts!" Hans muttered, *sotto voce*.) Begging his pardon, did he speak? No? Did he want their address? Miss Olivia had left it on a card, and had whispered, all unbeknown to her sister, that it was to be given to Mr. Vischer the minute he called.

Hans took the card mechanically, and walked away like a man dazed. Gone to Albany were they? This affair was certainly assuming the complexity of a sphinx's riddle, and Hans Vischer hardly knew whether he was standing on his head or his heels. Of one thing he was sure—he would strike while the iron was hot. He meant to take the first train for Albany on the morrow, and demand an explanation—he was tired of being trifled with.

Take the first train he did, and Margaret was never so surprised in all her life as when she saw coming up the garden path, Hans Vischer! Even his eye-glasses seemed to express the determination that lay behind them.

Margaret had been cutting astors, and she opened and shut her scissors nervously, as Hans drew nearer, and her breath came in quick gasps. Hans, I regret to say, was selfish enough to enjoy all these symptoms of distress. But his heart melted in a moment, and he stretched out his hands eagerly to Margaret.

"Oh, Margaret," he said reproachfully, "how could you hurt me so by sending me this note!" holding it out. "What does it mean? I do not understand it. You surely do not mean what you say—that all is over between us?"

This is not the denouement Hans had planned. He had meant to be stern, reproachful and unyielding, but somehow all his dramatic phrases refused to be uttered when he looked into Margaret's averted, unhappy eyes.

"I don't know what you think of yourself, Mr. Vischer," said Margaret, speaking in a tone of stirring scorn, and glancing coldly at him. "But I consider you—beneath my notice."

Hans grew as pale as ashes, and his blue eyes burned with anger and resentment. For a full minute he stood

there before her without speaking. "Margaret," he said at last, in a low, suppressed tone, "for your sake and mine weigh well your next remark before you utter it. I cannot stand any more like the one just made to me. Your conduct demands an explanation, and I will have it. Why did you send me back my ring?"

"Mr. Vischer, your assurance is sublime," said Margaret with a bitter laugh. "Pardon the suggestion, but I'm sure you'd make your fortune on the stage, should the goddess prove fickle in painting. You demand an explanation of me? Go to the original of your 'Daughter of the Gods'—she is explanation enough."

"The original of my 'Daughter of the Gods'?" Margaret, for Heaven's sake explain your meaning—I am tired of these mysteries! Why, you are the original of that picture, and I had meant to show it to you and tell you so the other day, had you come to my studio."

"I was at your studio," said Margaret, a look of perplexity creeping over her face. "There was a picture on your easel, and a—young woman in the other room, and—O, Hans, I saw it all, and you have broken my heart! Oh, what shall I do! what shall I do!"

The "proud, pale Margaret" had broken down at last, and the bitter passionate tears trickled through her fingers.

"Margaret! and you believed that of me? Why, that was the young French girl, or child rather, for she is only that, who has been posing for me as Hebe. She has a wretched time of it at home with a drunken father and two brothers who are no better, and she always comes with all her troubles to me, confound her! I—I mean, God bless her! She seems to think that I can help her, though it's very little I do. She calls me her brother, her protector—and—er—seems to think a good deal of me." Hans blushed like a girl as he made this frank confession. "She had had an unusually bad time with that cursed father of hers, the other day, and was—rather demonstrative, in fact. I don't wonder that you were a little—surprised. You believe me, don't you, dearest?"

But Margaret could not answer just then. She had thrown herself into Hans' forgiving arms, and was sobbing as if her heart would break. She did not care if fifty inquisitive maiden aunts and a hundred sharp-eyed Olivia's were in the windows looking at her. To think that she had wronged and hurt and insulted a man so good and true as this one was? Could he ever forgive her? Could she ever forgive herself?

"Your picture is the one I mean to exhibit, dearest, and if you like I shall send poor Marie Larue's with it," said Hans, after he had assured Margaret again and again that all was forgiven, and that her conclusion in regard to his conduct in the studio had been the most natural in the world. "Ah, Margaret! I could paint you blindfolded—I know every tint and curve of your dear face!"—Anthony E. Anderson, in Milwaukee Wisconsin.

New House Decoration.

A house decoration which is bound to supersede paper hangings for the walls is painted tapestries, even among our only moderately well-to-do people. I dropped into the American Art school, in Twenty-third street, on Monday, and spent a very delightful hour. I was shown some splendid specimens of painted tapestries, closely resembling the old Flemish work. One piece in particular was a superb example of coloring that will last for ages. It represented a stream with a boat floating upon it. In the boat were youth and maiden in love's dalliance. A cupid at the prow steered them on, mayhap to the land of eternal love and flowers. But it was not the scene so much as the workmanship that appealed to me. The actions of the figures, the vivid richness of the background, and the solid brilliancy of technique were wonderful.

I understand there will soon be some of this work on exhibition at Pittsburgh. It is work that will wash, never fade and is, in fact, lasting. The method of preparing the paint for applying to the canvas so that it cannot be scraped off or washed out is a secret known only to the principals and workers of the American Art school.—Pittsburg Letter.

Tansy as a Cure for Rabies.

M. Pasteur is threatened with rival. Dr. Peyrand, a consulting physician at Vichy, claims to have discovered an efficient method for treating rabies. By injecting into rabbits the essence of the familiar herb called "tansy" he produced what he calls hydrophobic intoxication, or some thing very similar, and with virus thus obtained he mingled 10 per cent of chloral. He injected several animals which had rabies with this prophylactic, and he professes to have cured four out of six. This limited experience, however, can scarcely be regarded as a sufficient test of the success of the new mode of treatment.

Another Old Standby Overboard.

A scientific iconoclast, careless how many hearts he will make ache, says that the elephant of Noah's time had no trunk. And then all the jokes that have been made about the elephant carrying his own trunk into the ark are null and void and of none effect. Well, there is one good thing about jokes and science; they don't have to depend upon facts for their statements, nor for their existence.—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

WON BY A CHILD'S PRAYER.

The Touching Ending of a Case in a California Police Court.

There arrived in this city from San Francisco yesterday morning, says a Fresno, (Cal.) letter to the San Francisco Chronicle, a young man accompanied by a middle aged woman and two children. They went to the Grand Central hotel, where they registered as Duliss Bayswater, sister and children, and were assigned rooms. During the day the party went into the country and returned toward evening accompanied by William Chrisman, who for the last two years has been foreman for Dr. Eshelman. The two young men were around the hotel together in the evening, and about 8 o'clock went up to the room of Mrs. Bayswater, who registered as the sister of the younger man.

About 11 o'clock the guests of the hotel were aroused by a terrible noise in the lady's room, and it was discovered that the brothers were fighting, for brothers the two young men proved to be. One of them—the eldest—was taken to jail, and the younger one was allowed to remain at the hotel.

Complaints were filed against both boys for disturbing the peace before Recorder Prince, and this morning at 10 o'clock they had their trial. The testimony developed a sad story of domestic strife, and in brief it was as follows: The names of the young men are William and Duliss Chrisman, and that of the woman Bayswater. Some eight years ago William Chrisman met her and fell in love with her. She was a grass widow, her divorced husband being alive, and when Chrisman and Mrs. Bayswater went to get married they told their story, being Catholics, and the priest refused to marry them, Catholics not allowing the marriage of a divorced man or woman. This apparently made no difference to Mrs. Bayswater and Chrisman, and they went to living together as man and wife. She bore him two children, both girls, and they lived happily together until two years ago, when Chrisman left her.

Mrs. Bayswater keeps a tavern at 310 Townsend street, San Francisco. After leaving her, Chrisman went to work for Dr. Eshelman, and has continued in his employ. On one or two occasions the woman has come here, begging Chrisman to go back to her, and this was the purpose of this visit, the brother accompanying her to beg his brother to do right and return to his children. In a dispute which arose the lie was passed and a fight ensued.

In court today William Chrisman seemed to be bitter against his brother and the mother of his children. He accused her of keeping a dive and she denied it vehemently, retorting with other accusations. This was kept up until the mother said, in answer to some charge made by Chrisman, "Don't believe him, judge. I have raised my children as they should be."

This was all Recorder Prince wanted, and he said: "I'll test it, madame," and turning to the youngest girl, a little tot no more than 3 years old, he said: "Can you say your prayers?"

Then ensued a most touching scene. The little girl without a word climbed from her chair, knelt on the floor of the court-room, with the policeman, spectators, judge, and her father and mother around her, and, folding her tiny hands and lifting her eyes to heaven, she made the grandest defense of a mother's word possible. Slowly, but distinctly and without a tremor in her voice, the innocent little darling, born with the stain of shame upon her and discarded by her father, lisped in childish accents the "Lord's Prayer."

As she proceeded, utterly oblivious to her surroundings and thinking only of Him who said: "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not," as she uttered that prayer which many, strong men bowed their heads and sobbed aloud. Finishing her prayer she added: "God bless papa and mamma and Uncle Duliss, amen," and rose from her knees.

The case was settled, and had William Chrisman sworn a thousand oaths that his wife was bad he would have been disbelieved. It was several minutes before any one spoke, and then the recorder fined the two brothers \$15 each and dismissed the court.

Farm Life in China.

A farmer may be hired by the year from \$8 to \$14, with food, clothing, head shaving and tobacco. Those who work by the day receive from 8 to 10 cents, with a noon day meal. At the planting and harvesting of rice, wages are from 10 to 20 cents a day, with five meals, or 30 cents a day without food. Few land owners hire hands, except for a few days during the planting and harvesting of rice. Those who have more land than they and their sons can till, leases it to their neighbors. Much land is held on leases given by ancient proprietors to clansmen whose descendants now till it, paying from \$7 to \$14 worth of rice annually for its use. Food averages little more than a dollar a month for each member of a farmer's family. One who buys, cooks and eats his meals alone, spends from 50 cents to \$2 a month upon the raw material and fuel. Two pounds of rice, costing 34 cents, with relishes of salt fish, pickled cabbage, cheap vegetables and fruits, costing 14 cents, is the ordinary allowance to each laborer for each day. Abernethy's advice to a luxurious patient, "Live on sixpence a day and earn it," is followed by nearly every Chinaman. One or two dependent relatives frequently share with him the sixpence.—Popular Science Monthly.

HUNTING THE TIGER.

A Sportsman in Hindoostan Has a Remarkable Series of Hair-Rising Adventures.

While tigers are to be found in almost every part of Hindoostan except the mountain ranges in the north, there is one particular region which is a sort of garden of Eden for them, and from which they will not be driven for the next hundred years. It is the Bengalee district, lying between the Ganges on the north and the headwaters of the Walawala on the south. Here is an expanse of country 600 miles long by as many wide, without a railroad, only three or four towns of any size, and not over three government highways. It is a country of hill and valley and creek and jungle and extensive forest, full of fever and subject to epidemics, and any increase of population is prevented by natural causes. A direct line from Calcutta across to Bombay would cut this district in two and open it, but they refused to run the railroad across it.

I put in four months in that district in company with two English naturalists and a party of army officers, and every day brought its adventure with reptile or wild beast. Getting as near as we could by the railroad, which runs from Indur to Allahabad, we struck out on foot and were soon beyond civilization and in the midst of primitive nature. We had not gone five miles from the railroad when a panther which had made his lair in a thicket was driven out in alarm by the noise of our march, and three or four of the hunters fired and dropped him. We had been out a week before I caught sight of a tiger, and it was then under such circumstances as to make me doubt whether I should ever see another. We had four army tents, which were packed in sections on the backs of the natives when we were on the move. These were for the use of the whites, and I was one of three who occupied one of them in camp.

We had been out four days when I got thoroughly wet and was taken with chills and fever. Quinine would break it inside of two or three days, but in the meantime I must go slow and not overexert myself. I stuck to camp, and on the third day, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, went sound asleep in my hammock. This was slung under the tent, about two feet from the ground and within three feet of the rear wall. It was a warmish day, but with a delightful breeze, and, as the fever was gone, I fell into a deep sleep. Just about the time I went to sleep Capt. Williams, who had been out for a couple of hours with his gun, came in and reported a tiger in a dry ravine about a mile away. He had had two snap shots at the beast, but had missed him. He had carefully marked down the location and after getting a bite to eat most of the party set out with him to finish up the beast. One naturalist remained behind to overhaul some of his effects, the other took a native and went off after birds, and three of the natives were left to mind the camp. The party had no sooner gone than the trio stretched out in the shade and went to sleep. The native of India is like the native of Africa in that respect, and never loses an opportunity to catch a nap.

When the party reached the spot where the tiger was last seen, the beaters were sent in, but they worked for half an hour and failed to arouse him. He had done what tigers often do—bolted at the first alarm. They turned out a big hyena, however, and it was concluded that the officer had mistaken this beast for a tiger. He contended to the contrary and was not satisfied until the beaters had examined every lurking-place in the ravine. When the tiger bolted he must have made direct for our camp and he must also have been pretty badly frightened. Something broke my sleep and I opened my eyes. I was lying on my right side, facing the open doorway, and in that doorway, not over five feet away and looking full at me was a tiger. My heart bounded into my throat, the blood rushed to my head, and for a moment I thought I should suffocate. Then I went to the other extreme and was as cold as ice. I had not made the slightest movement aside from opening my eyes. It was not from nerve, however, but simply because I was incapable. I was not sure for half a minute but that my eyes were playing me a trick. When I knew that the dreaded beast hovered over me I could do nothing but stare at him. Had I not been so badly upset I should have observed that he was sulking. He stood there with his tail down for a couple of minutes, uttered two or three whines of anxiety, and then bounded straight over me and crouched down between my hammock and the tent. I had my back to him now, but I could hear his every breath and movement, and I grew so weak that everything turned dark for a few moments and the tent seemed to be whirling around. Far away I could hear the row created by the beaters. The tiger probably heard more of it than I did, for he moved uneasily and continued to whine.

The storm had long been gathering, and its blackness brought night at once. As soon as lightning began to play I could see the interior of the hut by the flashes. There was only one room, with the usual mud floor, and the only article left behind was a hamper, such as the natives strap to their backs to carry loads. This stood in a corner, and I supposed it contained some personal effects to be carried away at the owners convenience. Had I

not seen this hamper, and thereby got the idea that the hut had just been vacated, I should not have dared cross it and sit down on the floor with my back to the wall to wait for the storm to cease, as every hut is taken possession of by serpents as soon as abandoned. The roof was in pretty good repair, and I had nothing to worry about. The thunder and lightning were soon over, but the rain continued to fall at least two hours. Then it ceased almost in a moment, and the clouds rolled away and allowed a new moon to show its face.

Men tell about how slowly time ticks away in moments of peril. The tiger, as near as I could calculate, was in hiding about fifteen minutes, and no week ever spun out so much time for me. When he got up he put his nose against my back and sniffed and just when I expected to feel his teeth he walked around the foot of the hammock, stood in the door for a moment, and then bolted for the nearest cover. It was well that I had witnesses, or I should have been set down as light-headed from the fever. The naturalist and his man, who had been prowling around the outskirts of the camp, both saw the tiger leave the tent, and both came running in expecting to find me a victim.

About three weeks later, when I was in the best of health, Capt. Williams and three more of us left the camp to rid a village ten miles away of a man-eater. The weather was oppressively hot, and in following a ravine to keep its coolness as long as possible we lost our course and went several miles out of our way. We were still two miles from the village, and it was nearly sundown, when a thunder-storm came up. We were in pretty open ground when the first flash of lightning came, and knowing that it would soon be followed by a down-pour of rain we made a dash for a grove to our right. I fell before I had gone ten steps, and as I got to my feet thunder shook the earth and the raindrops began to patter. I rushed ahead in what I supposed was the direction my comrades had gone, but as it afterward appeared I bore off to the right, missed the grove entirely, and just as the flood gates of heaven opened I dashed into a native hut on the edge of a clearing. I did not see the hut until close on it, and entered it supping it to be inhabited. Even when I called aloud and got no response, and knew by the sound of my voice that the hut had been abandoned, reasoned that I was on the outskirts of the village, and that my companions had taken shelter in huts near by.

The remainder of the party had taken shelter under the trees, and as soon as the rain ceased they came out into the open and began to call for me. I was resting easy and half asleep when I heard the first call, and at the second I drew my feet under me and stiffly pulled myself up. As a did so I heard a snarl and a growl, followed by the fall of the hamper and a rush, and I was thunderstruck to see a tiger spring out of the door. As subsequent investigation proved, he was crouched between the hamper and the wall, and had been in hiding all the time I was in the hut. Why did he not attack me? He might have been frightened at the storm, as many savage beasts are, or my boldness in walking in upon him may have rattled him. Unfortunately he recovered his courage as soon as he left the hut. The searching party was directly in his path to cover, and he charged right among the men and knocked one of the natives down, and stopped long enough to inflict a bite which resulted in death.

On a subsequent trip a year later and farther to the south I had a rather odd encounter with a tiger. It ought to have cost me my life, and why it did not no tiger hunter has ever been able to satisfactorily explain. We had been in the village of Syderpuri for three days, three white men and a dozen attendants, seeking to destroy a man-eater who had created great havoc, when the beast came out of a jungle just at sundown, seized an old man seated in front of a hut not 200 feet from us, and reached cover with his prey before we got the alarm. We raised a great shout and discharged our rifles after him, but he replied with a growl and kept on. In this case, and in this alone, I saw the tiger's method of carrying off a human being. He seized the man by the shoulder and gave the body a twist until it rested on his back, and he trotted off under the burden as if it did not weigh ten pounds. There was a howl all over the village, and the old man's relatives, who were many, set up such a walling as made evening hideous.

We could do nothing that night, but were astir early next morning and were not long in tracing the tiger to a dense thicket in the bed of a ravine a mile away. He had not carried the body there, however. Being either shy or set with hunger, he had stopped within forty rods of the village for his horrible feast, and only some fragments of clothing and a few bones were left to tell the poor man's fate. Our beaters not only found the tiger at home, but he was defiant and ready to fight. Twice he charged up the steep bank to find that his tormentors had taken refuge in trees and escaped him. He finally retired to the center of the thicket to bide his time. We flung stones at him and fired several bullets into his retreat, but while he growled his rage he planned to wait until he could get an advantage. The leader of our party was afraid the beast would sneak off unseen, and he stationed us to prevent such an occurrence. I went to the head of the ravine and there found a great rock. I took my station on the left of it, looking down upon the

thicket, and the beaters redoubled their exertions to drive the tiger out. I had been at my station about ten minutes when I felt, rather than heard, the presence of something, and I wheeled about to find that man-eater standing before me and hardly arm's length away. We looked square into each other's eyes, but that was the only effort I could make. I was seemingly frozen to the earth. I had been perspiring as I turned. Within ten seconds I was as cold as a naked man in midwinter. I don't know how long we stood there, but I presume it was not over a minute. The beaters were yelling and shouting and ringing bells, but my ears did not take in a single sound. The tiger dropped his lip and growled, or seemed to growl, advanced one forefoot as if about to spring, and then suddenly turned and bolted across the open into the jungle. Then, like a woman, I fainted dead away, and it was ten minutes later before I came to and found myself flat on the earth and three or four of the beaters standing over me and crying out that sahib had been mauled to death by the retreating tiger. I was not injured in the slightest, but the scare I got unnerved me for long weeks.

The Water Lily.

The Summer morning opens cool,
A subtle freshness fills the air;
And see! upon the cloistered pool,
The lily opens her bosom there.

Of all the buds and blossoms rare,
No fairer one the eye may bless;
She feels the zephyr's kindly care,
And trembles at his fond caress.

Through all the loathsome mud and slime,
She sends her roots to search below,
And undreamed beauties upward climb,
And in her petals throb and glow.

Send down thy rootlets, O my soul!
With darkened lives thy sunlight share,
And seek in miry depth and shoal
God's beauteous image buried there.

So, in some fair, divine hour,
When risen free from sin and crime,
Thou shalt preserve life's perfect power
Above the sluggish pools of time.

—John Franklin Kelly, in *Christian Register*.

Seattle and Tacoma.

These two towns are rivals. They are not remote from each other, and their booms are in constant collision. They are in a small way what St. Louis and Chicago were a quarter of a century ago, and what Minneapolis and St. Paul are at the present time. Each "works" the school census for totals of populations for all they are worth. Each sniffs with real or affected contempt at the pretensions of the other. Their papers wage a deadly war of words and felicitate themselves and decry the others.

Seattle seems, for the moment, to have the lead in the attention of the country. It has managed to get itself mostly burned up, and thereby has secured an enormous amount of free advertising. Thousands of people will hear of the town for the first time when they read the accounts of its destruction. They will be astonished to learn that there is such a town, and then to learn that it had so many buildings to burn; and they will conclude that Seattle was considerable of a place and may be a good point in which to invest some money.

Seattle probably took a hint from Chicago. This city would never have amounted to much had it not been for the upsetting of Mrs. O'Leary's lamp and its immediate incinerating consequences. The destruction of Chicago by fire was a most beneficent emanation, and was followed by an instant resurrection into an immortal body. The same may occur in the case of Seattle. Its destruction may be its salvation. It may furnish the world with another instance of the bird which rises, full-feathered, full-winged, and with beak and talons in complete fighting order, from the flames which consumed it.

Tacoma would do well to demolish its wooden shanties. Unless something of the kind shall be done, Seattle will take the lead in the race and will be liable to keep it.—*Chicago Herald*.

A Transition or a Craze?

It is not so much a condescension of society to literature as it is a discovery that literature and art, in the persons of those who produce both, may be sources of amusement, or perhaps, to be just, of the enlargement of the horizon and the improvement of the mind. The society mind was never before so hospitable to new ideas and new sensations. Charities, boards of managers, missions, hospitals, news rooms, and lodging houses for the illiterate and the homeless—these are not sufficient, even with the superfluities of the tea, of the superfluous generation; there must be also radical clubs, reading classes, study classes, ethical, historical, scientific, literary lectures, the reading of papers by ladies of distinction and gentlemen of special attainments—an unremitting pursuit of culture and information. Curiosity is awake. The extreme of social refinement and a mild Bohemianism almost touch. It passes beyond the affectation of knowing persons who write books and write for the press, artists in paint and artists in music.—*Harper's Magazine*.

No Mosquitoes.

Summer Guest—"The mosquitoes were terribly bad last night. Look at my face."

Jersey Landlord (reassuringly)—"Oh, there's no mosquitoes here, sir, none worth mentioning. Them's bugs."—*New York Weekly*.

IN A TIGER'S DEN.

Exciting Adventure of a Party of Hunters in a Chinese Wilderness.

A huge tiger was killed near Amoy in March last, the hut being marked by a number of exciting features, says a Shanghai (China) letter to the New York Herald. The hunting party consisted of Messrs Cullinson, Des Vaux, Harding, and Leyburn, and eight native hunters, the latter armed only with spears and torches. They were out several days, beating many ravines unsuccessfully and finding only tracks and traces of tigers. Then they reached a place where Leyburn had shot a tiger a year before, wounding him severely but failing to secure him. The following account by one of the party refers to the same den in the rocks to which the wounded beast retreated:

"It cleared up about breakfast time and we proceeded leisurely to the cars about 11 o'clock. Cullinson took 'Allen's rock,' Des Vaux 'Harding's rock,' and Leyburn and I placed ourselves near the 'bridge entrance.' The native hunters went in below the bridge. From the marks they made out that a tiger had been laying down below the bridge, but had shifted higher up.

"After they had been in half an hour some of them came out much excited and said they had 'cornered' a big tiger. A few remained in the cave holding torches in the beast's face while the rest carried in bundles of brushwood and gradually built him in. This 'building in' took a long time and consisted in closing up with brushwood all the holes by which the tiger could charge.

"Then we were invited to waltz in and kill the beast. I must say that I did not feel a bit inclined for this part of the program, but old Quartermain (Leyburn) was right on it and after much discussion in we went. We went down into the cave from the bridge entrance by a ladder about 12 feet long and scrambled on, mostly on hands and knees, for about thirty yards, lighted by torches. It was very wet and muddy and the atmosphere was stuffy and ill-smelling.

"At last we got to where the tiger was built in and the first thing we saw was the skull and bones of the old tiger Leyburn had killed at the bridge entrance in January 1888. In front of us were two piles of brushwood closing the two holes, behind which was the live tiger.

"Leyburn scrambled and was pushed up a bit of a slippery, sloping rock, and then one of the hunters removed a fagot and Leyburn found a big tiger with his head about five feet from him looking dazed at the glare of the torches. He aimed as well as he could by the uncertain light between his eyes and fired, knocking the beast down.

"The hunter instantly replaced the fagot and we heard the tiger roaring and scuffling about behind the brushwood. In a minute or so all was quiet and we all waited and listened and could hear the brute breathing heavily.

"We had to crouch behind the brushwood nearly an hour before the hunters ventured to peep in over it. Then they began a cautious investigation, removing a little brushwood, looking in and then quickly replacing the brushwood. At length they seemed satisfied that the tiger was not killed, but had gone on. They took down part of the brushwood and rushed in with torches and spears, we following as well as we could.

"After moving about ten yards we came up to two more holes or passages, and the men shouted that they could see the tiger. I was hoisted up on a nearly perpendicular rock and saw a yellow head about five feet below my right hand. I fired into the center of it, and as soon as the smoke cleared the beast appeared about five feet above my right hand, so I could nearly touch him with the barrels of my guns. He was close to a hole a little to my right, where Leyburn and Quilp (two of the hunters) were standing.

"I fired into his neck this time and dropped him, and he fell with his ear close to me, and as he still moved I fired into him right beyond the ear, finishing him off.

"Leyburn's shot had gone in above the nose, knocking his head about awfully, and my first shot had entered about three inches below the eye, and yet with these two awful wounds in the head from bullets he had managed to move about.

"The atmosphere in the cave was by this time simply suffocating and we were glad enough to get out, after being in there an hour and a half. All the men came out and had food before dragging the beast out. He was a very heavy built tiger, measuring eight feet ten and a half inches as he lay, his skin two days after measuring eleven feet three inches. We had a triumphal procession back to the boat, but managed to keep the natives off, and then began the grewsome operation of skinning.

A Boy's Chances Spoiled.

Farmer's Boy—"Father, why cannot I rise in the world the same as other men? For instance, why cannot I some day become Secretary of Agriculture?"

Old Farmer—"Too late, too late, my son, you know too much about farming."—*New York Weekly*.

Dumby—"Whew! A mine in Wilkes-barre, Pa., settles and kills a number of men." Mumley—"If you should settle with me I think it would kill me, with surprise."—*Lawrence American*.

BEAUTIFYING THE HOUSE.

How a Woman's Skillful Needle May Ornament the Household Furnishings.

Willow chairs, rattan divans and rustic couches of Georgia pine, such as are used in the furnishing of country houses, can be made delightfully picturesque, as well as inviting, by the addition of a few gay pillows and slumber blankets. You don't want one, but a multitude of bags, pillows and robes for comfort, as well as effect, and the cost of providing them will depend entirely on the fancy of the housekeeper. The other day a box of pillows was sent from a Sixth Avenue store to a Newport cottage that had been prepared at an expense of only \$12. There were pillows of various shapes and sizes filled with feathers, swan's down or balsam buds, and all covered with French cretonne. The order came from a man who stated that he wanted something nice enough for a parlor and not too good for a hammock or a snooze on the beach. Mrs. Harrison has ordered a similar supply of pillows for the parlor and piazza of Deer Park cottage.

The bags that are filled with orris root, sweet clover or sachet powders, and are hung on chair corners to perfume the apartment, are usually covered with some rich silk or bits of stuff of historic value. For instance, there is in every dressing-case a flag, scarf, piece of drapery or sash preserved as a souvenir of some German festival or tournament, which wives and sisters are only too glad to work into chair sachets. Then there are strange silk mufflers and handkerchiefs that accumulate in every hall tree where there are young ladies, and as no one claims or identifies them they are sent to the dyers for a golden brown or deep crimson coloring, and appear later as a top cover for a pillow or a casing of a hanging sachet. A ball of kismet and some free hand sketches will make the handkerchief drapery as artistic as a specimen from the Kensington school. Young men who lay their hearts where the feet of the foot-light stars tread, and who pierce dramatic shoulder and scarf and lyric sashes are envied by their friends, for it isn't every fellow who lives in apartments who can rest his weary head, smoke his cigar and dream away an odd hour on a sofa pillow covered with the satin ribbons cut from a diva's opera wrap.

Some of the swan's-down pillows are as costly as a perfect pearl, but the buyer has or believes he has a veritable piece of Louis some member's court coat or a bit of the identical ecclesiastical embroidery that draped the altar of a Peter, a Gregory or a Chrysostom. Odds and ends of pretty figured silks can be bought for a couple of shillings and the 30-cent India tissues are admirable for encasing the fragrant pine, fir and balsam pillows.

Fancy carriage robes of leopard cloth, silver, crimson or russet plush, are frequently seen on willow couches, but if a purchase is to be made there is nothing more desirable than a swan's-down slumber blanket, for the weight is slight, the colors sure to be pleasing, and when not thrown across my lady's pretty feet or his lordship's rheumatic shoulders, it will make a striking background draped over the back of the sofa. Red silks are abundant, and if a body cares to be her own seamstress a saving of 50 per cent. can be made on the retail price. These red silk slumber blankets are exceedingly nice to spread on the rocks, the sand or the lawn for the comfort of children, or the luxury of a flirtation, and where a business is made of napping in a hammock a soft silken robe and a big sofa pillow make the swinging couch an ideal bed.—*New York World*.

Cat and Rat.

A rat and a cat may be seen playing together almost any day at a lively stable in this city says a Louisville letter. The cat is a big black Tom, with long whiskers, a short tail, and yellow eyes. The rat is a sleek and fat specimen of the genus rodent, and has a cunning but prosperous and contented look. The cat is fierceness and savagery itself, and bears the scars of innumerable battles, not alone with rats and other felines, but with dogs as well, and he has never been whipped and he has never been known to decline a fight. The rat was caught in a wire trap one night last week. He was so uncommonly large and looked so ugly as he stood up on his hind legs and rattled the wires of his cage that his captors resolved to have some sport with him and Tom. The cat and he were, accordingly, taken over to a neighboring saloon, the doors closed, holes stopped up and a select few gathered to witness the fight.

When the rat was turned loose from the cage Tom was ready and pounced upon him instantly. To the surprise of all however, he did not hurt him. His claws were sheathed and he plainly invited a romp. The rat did not understand his advances at first, but was soon reassured and would finally run from the men to the cat for protection. In a short time they became fast friends. They now play together constantly and seem to understand each other perfectly. The rat climbs all over Tom's back, pulls his ears and tail, and treats his big friend with the utmost freedom. Both spend the greater part of their time under the stove in the stable office, and large numbers of visitors go there to witness the unusual friendship between such natural enemies.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 10.

Prof. W. L. Graham of Baker university has sent in his resignation as professor in Latin and will accept the position of dean in the College of Liberal Arts at Fort Worth, Tex.

The first harvest excursion starting from the east, ran through this week. Others will follow later on. Kansas visitors will find desirable lands and towns worthy of a visit on the Union Pacific and along the Rock Island route.

The latest freak of English capital is that of making a corner on ballet girls. A ballet girl trust has been formed with headquarters in Chicago. Heretofore it has been a popular theory that ballet girls could not be trusted.

Only four Julys of the past twenty-two years have been cooler than this (in 1869, 1880, 1882 and 1887). The rainfall was 1.99 inches above the average. The wind velocity was below the average. Pronounced haze reddened the face of the sun on seven days.

There is no room in Lawrence for three daily papers, if they are to be supported by legitimate patronage. In fact there is no room for two, and even one imposes a tax upon the business community. Still if there are factions who will dance, they can be accommodated if they pay the fiddler.

The Lawrence Journal commends the Hutchinson banks who offer to loan money to farmers at ten per cent. At another time we are told how to meet the sugar trust, as they did the twine trust, by cutting down the use of the article. The government can get money for less than three per cent. When banks and money lenders want six per cent, it is a good way not to borrow. Meet the money trust just as you are advised to meet any other.

Some favorable comment is made over the action of some Kansas bankers, who have generously offered to loan farmers money at ten per cent, to enable them to buy stock to feed their corn, instead of shipping it. This entitles no banker to credit. They ought to loan plenty of money for five per cent, or less, if at all. If money monopolists had not tied up our bonded debt, we might not be paying not over three per cent on national bonds. Money is not now worth six per cent, and the money lenders who want more should be boycotted.

It is said that Ex-Auditor McCabe, who is in Washington, has become very sore because more colored men are not given office in the north, and it is said the secession of the colored vote is threatened. This is very foolish. The colored people are very foolish to want office. They will not get them. If they go over to the democrats it will do them no good. The policy of all parties is to let the colored vote go to itself. Then as neither party will gain by it, neither will be accountable to it. We have been for a year or two trying to impress this upon the colored minds.

Albert Griffin has been deposed from his chair as editor of the New York Weekly Mail and Express. He refused to advocate high license, as all prohibitionists must do. The republican leaders are making a fatal mistake, and if a change is not made the party will be disastrously defeated in 1892. The temperance question cannot be ignored, nor can the party win on a high license platform. The whiskey interests are now content with high license and the temperance battle cannot be waged from the same ground. The republican party cannot save itself by retrogression. It may be saved by advancing.

James G. Blaine jr. is a bright boy. A few weeks ago it was announced that he had gone into a machine shop to work. That was really commendable. It is well for the young man to learn a trade. He may, perhaps, need it. It is the Scientific American, however, that now says he has mastered the business in all its details. Hence we say he is a bright boy. It takes a common lad four or five years to learn a machinist's trade in all its details, and then he would have more to learn. But the son of his father is bright. A week or two ago it was said that he had gone to firing on a locomotive. By another week he will probably graduate a first-class locomotive engineer. But Dennis O'Sullivan's boy Mike, who went on the same day, which the papers failed to mention, will fire for a year or two, perhaps for five, and may do well if he gets a plug to run them. Mike is not so bright as James, and so fails to master details so readily.

Atchinson girls carry their money in their stockings, it is said. So the Atchinson girl is always well heeled.

Spokane Falls, another leading city of Washington territory, has been destroyed by fire.

The English syndicate has finally succeeded in buying up the breweries of Paterson, N. J., representing \$2,330,000. It is now trying to obtain a controlling interest in the hop market of this country.

Last Sunday, the prisoners in the Shawnee county jail, were permitted to eat all they wanted of baked potatoes, cabbage, green corn, roast beef, bread, apple pie and coffee. Who wouldn't be a prisoner?

Iowa is "ruined by prohibition," yet last month she paid the final dollar of her state debt, \$90,000, and now taxes are to be reduced one fourth. Decrease of drink, and hence decrease of crime and pauperism, always reduces taxes.

The total taxable value of the state is as follows: Taxable land, \$173,801,010; taxable town lots, \$76,530,671; taxable personal property, \$53,187,371; taxable railroad property, \$57,494,849; total, \$360,813,901. Shawnee county is the wealthiest in the state, the total valuation being \$16,405,509.29. Sedgwick county is a close second with a total of \$16,100,942.06.

A prohibition tent which was cut down by saloon keepers in Orient, Dak., July 25, led to a sudden revolution in temperance sentiment. Strong resolutions declaring the saloon a nuisance, and expressing a determination to enforce the local option law were drawn up, and within fifteen minutes were signed by every business man in town. The result was the immediate closing of every liquor place.

According to the last report of the Bureau of Statistics of Illinois, only seven per cent of the mortgages now in force in that state, are held by non-residents. The bulk of the mortgages are to building and loan associations, by the aid of which thousands have secured good homes. In a few instances, and comparatively few, considering the number of mortgages, the mortgagee has been compelled to foreclose; and in all cases a return of the amount loaned would have been preferred.

Workmen near Holton recently unearthed a monster jaw bone of a mastodon. The bone is nearly perfect, only a small portion having fallen away by decay, and that portion back of the grinders upon which the enamel is still intact. The jaw bone which has no front teeth measures eighteen inches back to the rear of the grinders, and about the same distance crosswise. The teeth are four inches wide and altogether twelve inches long, measuring lengthwise of the jaw. The whole weighs about one hundred pounds.

At this time of the year when a farmer's table should be supplied wholly from the garden, the following bill of fare is the rule in about three places out of four: Old potatoes, salt pork or fish, white bread, and some kind of boughten dried or canned fruit. Compare this with the fourth, where they "have time" to tend to a small garden: New potatoes, green peas, beets, radishes, onions, string beans, strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries and currants, and later, water and musk melons, plums, etc. The farmer with the garden can have some kind of fruit or vegetable every day all summer.

There is such a thing as atmospheric fertilization; also increasing its fertility within itself when brought under proper conditions. When the soil is loosened and moist it has the power of absorbing from the atmosphere some nitric acid, and also of holding that acid when brought to it by the rain. The gain of fertility from atmosphere when the conditions of the soil are favorable, is appreciable; but it is much smaller than the gain of fertility from action within the soil. The productiveness of a soil, it should be remembered, does not depend upon the absolute amount of plant food it contains, but upon the amount of food available to plants. Decomposition is an essential operation in making plant food available. As long as the food is in organic compounds, it is locked securely from plants. These compounds must be decomposed.

The price of cattle still rules low, lower than a year ago, and the question is being asked all the time, Why is it? The boy's reason is pretty nearly the best that can be given, viz: Because it is. We confess that we expected to see the price of cattle better before this, but some of our most intelligent cattle breeders who have called upon us, have said all along that they expected little or no improvement in the prices this year. Unquestionably we still have too many cattle in the country, and it is likely that the drought in some of the ranges of the West has been the cause of sending many cattle into the market. In some sections there has been neither grass nor water, and stock has been driven hundreds of miles on the Indian reservation in Montana where the drought has not been so severely felt. We do not know that we can advise our cattle breeders otherwise than to wait and hope. We believe that there must be an end to low prices sometime. Western Rural.

Kansas Crops.
The following official report issued by the secretary of the state board of agriculture, Hon. M. Mohler:

Reports now in from correspondents of this board presenting 105 of the 106 counties of the state, indicate that during the month of July conditions have been highly favored to all growing crops. Corn, sorghum, millet, potatoes, &c., made an unusual growth, while on the other hand excessive and continued rains in many sections of the state have very materially damaged the wheat and the oats.

Wheat.—In the southern half of the state where the harvest was early there has come but little complaint of the damage to wheat from rust. In some counties, however, in that section damage in the shock which interfered with stacking or threshing out of the shock. On the whole, however, while the actual condition of the wheat can not be fully determined until threshing is further along, yet it is believed that the damage is not serious.

The average yield per acre when threshing has been done, our reporters say, in nearly all cases exceeded their expectations.

In the northern half of the state and especially in the two northern tiers of counties, the soft wheat varieties particularly on bottom lands, have been seriously damaged by rust. The Turkey varieties of wheat, such as the Turkey, passed through the ordeal all right and are making heavy yields. The same difficulty in stacking was experienced in the north as in the south, and in some cases damage to the crops resulted.

The damage to the crops from both these causes, rust and exposure in shock according to our correspondents, is greater in the northern than in the southern portion of the state and will amount to considerable in the aggregate, yet, how much cannot be determined now.

On the other hand, the average, product of wheat per acre where threshing has been done is shown to be higher than the estimate previously placed upon it and will compensate in the part for the loss sustained. As the damage by rust is confined to a comparatively small portion of the state, the loss to the crop in the aggregate for the state will probably not be large.

Oats.—The oats crop in many counties of eastern Kansas has been lost. Many fields badly rusted and were not cut at all and others which were cut could not be stacked in consequence of continued rains, and our correspondents say the crop is practically of but little value. In the western half of the state the crop is generally good and a very heavy yield is reported. The loss in the aggregate can not be estimated now but enough is known to place it at not less than 40 per cent of the aggregate promised a month ago.

Corn.—The loss in the oats crop according to our correspondents reports largely compensated by the extraordinary corn crop which seems to be assured at this date. The copious rains which fell at regular intervals during the month of July with the hot suns made the conditions most highly favorable to a rapid and vigorous growth of corn and the plant which a month earlier was backward has recovered lost ground and is making ears at the usual time. The only drawback reported is that some fields were neglected in cultivation and weedy. But for this condition would be reported still higher.

With the exception of a few counties in the western portion of the state, rain is reported abundant for the month of July and chinch-bugs have practically disappeared. Yet with favorable climatic condition it would become evident, no doubt, that they are not all dead yet.

M. MOHLER,
Secretary State Board of Agriculture.

George Beach, recently convicted in the Shawnee district court of manslaughter in the third degree, was sentenced to serve one year in the county jail. Beach is about 30 years old, and the crime he was sentenced for was committed last January, in Monmouth township. The children of Beach and Stewart were schoolmates, but they quarreled on the way home, a feeble son of Beach's being abused and ill-treated. Mr. Beach went to accompany them home, and when passing the Stewart homestead, was savagely attacked by Mrs. Stewart and her husband. In self defense Beach shot the latter, killing him instantly. Beach immediately gave himself up to the authorities.

The Shawnee district court adjourned Saturday until the first Monday in September. The docket was never in a better condition, the proceedings of the session filling over 600 pages closely written in the journal. Judge Guthrie has been on the bench almost constantly for eleven months, but left this week for the Rockies, to enjoy a month's vacation.

G. A. R.
The National Encampment of the G. A. R. will be held this year at Milwaukee, Wis., Aug. 26th to 31st. Agents of the Union Pacific Railway will sell tickets to Milwaukee and return at the lowest one way first class fare in Nebraska and Kansas August 21st to 28th inclusive; in Colorado and Wyoming August 20 to 27th inclusive; limited to return leaving Milwaukee August 27th to September 5th, wauke August 27th to September 10th. For those final limit September 10th. For those who desired to return later than Sept. 30th on application to the joint agent of terminal lines at Milwaukee, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado and Wyoming should be well represented at this encampment and all should go via "The Overland Route." For further information apply to any agent of this company or
E. L. LOMAX,
G. P. A.,
OMAHA, NEB.

Leave the well water in tube or troughs exposed to the air a few hours in summer. The cows will drink more freely, give more milk and do better every way for it. Filthy water they should not be allowed to drink, at least while giving milk.

Western Foundry —AND— MACHINE WORKS. R. L. COFRAN, Prop'r

Manufacturer of Steam Engines,
Mill Machinery, Shafting, Pulleys,
Gearings and Fittings, Etc.
WRITE FOR PRICES Topeka, Kans

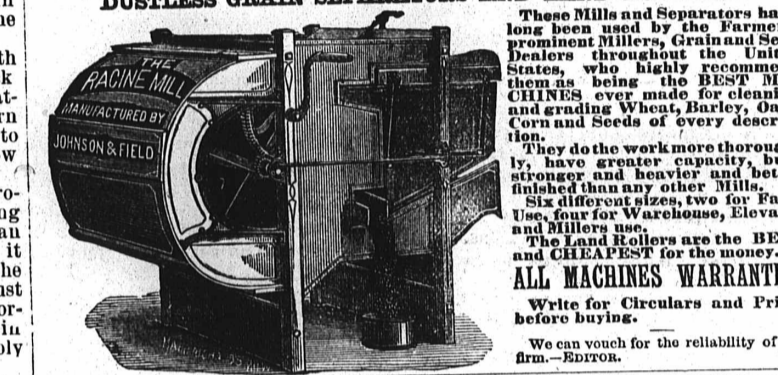
INTER-OCEAN MILLS. PACE, NORTON & CO. —NORTH TOPEKA, KANSAS.—

Millers and Grain Merchants.

Manufacturers of the following celebrated brands of Flour: WHITE LOAF, High Patent; DIAMOND, High Patent; BUFFALO, Straight Patent; IONA, Straight Patent LONE STAR, Fancy.

JOHNSON & FIELD. RACINE, WISCONSIN.

MANUFACTURERS OF
"THE RACINE" FARM AND WAREHOUSE FANNING MILLS
DUSTLESS GRAIN SEPARATORS AND LAND ROLLERS.



These Mills and Separators have long been used by the Farmers, prominent Millers, Grain and Seed Dealers throughout the United States, who highly recommend them as being the BEST MACHINES ever made for cleaning and grading Wheat, Barley, Oats, Corn and Seeds of every description. They do the work more thoroughly, have greater capacity, built stronger and heavier and better finished than any other Mills. Six different sizes, two for Farm Use, four for Warehouse, Elevator and Millers use. The Land Rollers are the BEST and CHEAPEST for the money. ALL MACHINES WARRANTED. Write for Circulars and Prices before buying. We can vouch for the reliability of this firm.—Editor.

CORPUS LEAN. Will reduce fat at rate of 10 to 15 lbs. per month without injury to health. Send 6c. in stamps for sealed circulars covering testimonials. L. E. Marsh Co. 2515 Madison Sq., Philadelphia, Pa.

ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS. Simply stopping the fat producing effects of food. The supply being stopped, the natural working of the system draws on the fat and reduces weight at once. Sold by all Druggists.

THE GATES OF WONDERLAND THROWN WIDE APART.
The Towering Mastodon of Tented Shows.
Reigning by Right of Eminence, by right of Merit, by right of Superiority and by Popular Will the Exalted Rulers of the American Realm.

SELLS BROTHERS

Famous Roman Hippodrome,
3—RING: CIRCUS—3
Elevated Stage and 5 Continent Menagerie in Mighty Union with
S. H. BARRETT'S
MONSTER WORLD'S FAIR.

WILL EXHIBIT AT TOPEKA
Saturday, Aug. 17.
At Lawrence, Tuesday, Aug. 20



The Two Leading Shows of the Nation now Traveling and exhibiting as one.

2 Big Menageries. 2 Big Elevated Stages.
2 Big Hippodromes. 2 Big Circuses.
2 Big Museums. 2 Big Parades.
2 Big Railway Equippages. 2

The only show in America having anything new to offer. Entirely reconstructed, vastly improved, greatly enlarged, and absolutely, undeniably and indisputably the great Amusement boom of the country. No long haired bull whackers chasing lazy nitty Indians around the ring and called a Wild West, no nerve shocking and dangerous shooting under our canvases, but a clean, well conducted bright, new and popular exhibition of the splendors of the Orient and the wonders of the Occident.

A FLOCK OF OSTRICHES.
A GENUINE
Bun Yip or Devil Horse from Corea

A Pair of Midget Samoan Cattle, 4 years old, 24 inches high, and weighing but 90 pounds.
Pair Full Grown Giant Living Hippopotamuses, that have gained for Sells Brothers fame and fortune.
Eminent, Costly and Unparalleled Menagerie.
The Greatest Hippodrome ever Canopied under Canvas.
The Standard Circus Exhibition of the Universe Most Comprehensive Ornithological Collection Traveling.



Only Aquarium of Monster Marine Marvels in America.
The Home of Merit. The Birthplace of Novelty. A Circus as pure in its character as the home circle. Chaste Elegant and Refined.
A most remarkable display of Japanese, Arabian and other foreign Acrobats and Athletes in a series of wonderfully thrilling acts and feats.
Forty horses reined and driven by one man.
50—Roman Hippodrome Riders.—50
300 Phenomenal Performers.
The children's dream of fairyland stuporously exemplified.
Most wonderful exhibition of trained animals ever seen.

THE WHOLE MANHOLE SHOW PRESENTED AT ONCE.
Circus, Hippodrome, Menagerie, Museum, Aviary, Aquarium, Arabian Caravan, Japanese Village, Puppets and a world of startling novelties and thrilling features.
The Finest Street Parade Ever Given in America.
Two performances daily at 3 and 8 p. m. Doors open one hour previous.
Admission to all only, 50c. Children under nine yrs, 25c

Western Farm News.

A Splendid Offer!

Having made special arrangements with the publisher of the Topeka Weekly Capital, a splendid 8 page family newspaper, published at Topeka, and worthy of patronage, we are enabled to offer our paper and The Topeka Weekly Capital, both one year, for \$1.00.

We venture to say that no such offer has ever before been made. Send to Kansas News Co., Topeka, Kansas.

The New Era Exposition.

There are active preparations going on at St. Joseph, Missouri, for the New Era Exposition to be held in that city from September 3 to October 5.

The grounds comprise a tract of forty-five acres in blue grass, and are amply supplied with stately elm, oak, ash and other shade trees. A winding stream of water courses through the grounds longitudinally, and dams and rustic bridges will be thrown across the stream at frequent intervals, affording water-falls, and making all parts of the ground accessible.

The new era marked by this exposition is that in which the agriculturist is recognized by the forming of the national department of agriculture and the introduction into the cabinet of its chief officer. The exposition promises to be a grand success.

A Constitutional Convention for New Mexico, with a view to statehood, is to be held next September.

Sullivan has been arrested in New York and will be taken to Mississippi for trial. Kilrain ought to go with him.

Senator Ingalls says some good things about prohibition in Kansas, but he could not close without showing the Artful Dodger.

Some of the Topeka CAPITAL's reporters or proof-readers "had ought" to study a little grammar. No matter whether North Topeka is annexed to Missouri or not.

Women will be women, and its nothing out of the usual order if Mrs. Harrison does snub Mrs. Blaine a little easy. It was long ago remarked that chickens come home to roost.

Fanny Field says that if farmers who have only common fowls would just take hold and give their flocks just as good food and care, and just as much of it, as breeders bestow upon their favorites, the result would be surprising and gratifying.

Missouri had another train robbery last Saturday night. Two masked men going through one sleeper, getting \$175 and two gold watches. Then they ran against the conductor on a platform, where in a fight between a lantern and two revolvers, the robbers were driven from the train while moving thirty miles an hour.

The St. Paul Press says that a gentleman well posted in Dakota has recently visited the wheat region and says that a thorough personal examination of the wheat crop along the lines of the Manitoba system is good. He says that if the weather continues favorable the amount of wheat shipped from Northern Minnesota and North Dakota will be a great surprise to those who have been predicting a crop failure.

As a rule milch cows get tepid water to drink in summer and live in a warm atmosphere; and most dairymen must have observed that the largest flow of milk is on the hottest day, while a cool day, especially if accompanied with rain causes, or witnesses, a decrease in the flow of milk. This shows that the change to cooler weather and from dry to wet, in some way lays a tax upon the system of the cow which she pays by taking it out of the milk. There ought to be in this fact a hint to dairymen to provide suitable shelter for their cows at all seasons of the year, and to endeavor to make it as comfortable for them as possible. Hoar's Dairyman.

Four years ago, I was living with a cousin in southern Minnesota. He kept a large colony of bees. I went out one hot July afternoon, to see if a certain hive was ready to swarm, and two of the bees, evidently resenting my investigations, stung me on the top of the head. In less than five minutes, I was deadly sick. The physician was 10 miles away, and my distress was so great that the family said it would be no use to send for him, as I would have to be relieved immediately or die. My cousin came in from the field. He lived in the rattlesnake region, and symptoms were the same as those of a snake-bite. He gave me teaspoonful doses of common spirits of ammonia, 10 drops to one-half glassful of water, every 10 minutes. The whole family worked over me, rubbing the puncture with ammonia, and laying a cloth saturated with it on my stomach. At the end of two hours I became quiet, but was covered with large scarlet blotches, as if snake bitten. I speedily recovered, and ever since have kept ammonia on hand for all kinds of venomous bites and stings.—K. V. V. B. in American Farm News.

Farmers are discovering that oats yield better than they anticipated.

Pigs can be reared so as to have seventy-five per cent of lean meat in them by feeding bran and middling. Skin-milk may also be fed.

Early corn is made and there will be an abundant crop. Some damage was done a few miles south of town by the recent hail storm. This is the best crop year since 1885 in this country.

The Cucumber Fleas-Beetles, which defeated the Rural New-Yorker in its famous potato contest, defy every insecticide. Unleached wood ashes alone seem to drive them away. So says the paper referred to.

The Golden Wyandottes are beauties indeed. Their combs are bright red-rose, legs orange-yellow, feather lacing black and golden yellow. This new breed originated by crossing Wyandottes on a large black-red variety, found in the West and known as Winnebagoes.

There are being gathered at the New York experiment station specimens of calves of all breeds, two heifers and two steers of each, that are to be developed to certain age of each, charged with the weight and kind of food of each, with a view to ascertain which makes the best return for the food consumed. Several breeding associations have put in calves. —N. E. FARMER.

Two ladies came to do some shopping and both had about ten pounds of butter to sell. The storekeeper bought both lots at the same price and when the ladies were gone the merchant called attention to the two lots of butter. The one was firm, yellow, well-grained and sweet, and would have readily brought 25 cents per pound in most private families. The other was greasy, soft and had a good deal of buttermilk yet in it. The first lot was nicely put away for shipment to the St. Louis market, while the other lot was dumped in a soap grease barrel. The merchant was asked why he paid both the same price for their butter. "Why," he said, "these ladies are neighbors. Had I not paid as much for the second lot as for the first I should have lost that lady's trade, because I could not have made her believe that her butter was not as good as the best, because she was no judge of butter and did not know how to make it." The merchant went on to say that he took all kinds of produce in exchange for goods. He paid the same price for good or bad butter, the same for small and large eggs, the same for good beeswax and bad, and in fact all the way through the list. This whole practice is wrong. The lady who made the good butter has no incentive to excel. The lady who made the soap grease said, "Why what is the use of my working myself to death, making butter. I get just as much for it as my neighbor does for hers." Country merchants who take produce in exchange for merchandise should grade the goods and pay different prices for butter and soap grease.

Housekeepers Should Learn.

That to wash smoothing irons in dish water, after washing your skillets, will make them smooth and prevent rusting.

That if you fold your clothes as you take them from the line, they will iron much easier.

That your copper wash boiler, if well rubbed with a cloth dipped in coal oil, will be clean and bright.

That you can sweep a rag carpet much cleaner sweeping crosswise of the width.

That if you want to keep your house free of moths, never put down your carpets until the floor is thoroughly dry.

That to keep your bedding pure and wholesome, open your beds to air the first thing in the morning.

That in making unbleached muslin, allow one inch to the yard for shrinkage.

That one part suet to two parts lard rendered together, is much better for frying purposes than all lard.

That to have good coffee your coffee pot must be bright and clean inside.

That to stir a little flour in when making mush will prevent it breaking to pieces when frying.—Household.

William Johnson, one of the best known men in Wichita, Kan., wore he has long been in the live stock business, fell dead from heart disease while at dinner with his family Monday.

Governor Humphrey has received a warrant from the treasurer of the United States for \$43,790.32, which he turned over to State treasurer Hamilton. The amount is 5 per cent of the net proceeds of the sales of lands in the sundry Indian reservations embraced within the limits of the state during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1885.

Secretary Mohler, of the state board of agriculture, has received complete reports for July from all parts of the state, and issued his advance sheet of the August report. The reports show that the wheat yield will be very large, and that while there was some damage to wheat by the wet weather the increased yield of wheat above the previous estimates will go far toward making up for the loss. The soft wheat suffered the portion of the loss. Turkish and other hard varieties not effected. Oats were more or less damaged, but all the reports indicate that the corn all over the state is as one correspondent puts it, "simple immense." Sorghum, millet and potatoes are equally fine.

The New York Times is authority for the statement that wealthy brewers of that city contributed one hundred thousand dollars to defeat the Pennsylvania amendment, and that the brewers of Pennsylvania contributed two hundred thousand dollars for the same purpose.

Horticultural Department.

B. F. SMITH, Editor.

There are several ways of making a tree bear. One writer says: "Make it believe you are going to kill it and it will bear." An older gardener that I knew thirty years ago put it in this way: "Stop their growing and they'll go to blowing." He had reference to summer pruning, which when properly followed up, will bring about the desired end.

The late E. P. Roe used to say that the secret of success in small culture might be found in two words, stimulation and restriction. By stimulation he meant a thoroughly pulverized and enriched soil. This is especially essential to the strawberry, the foreign raspberry and all the currants. A rampant growing raspberry, like the Cuthbert or Turner, and our vigorous blackberries, do not require stimulation, but they do restriction. By restriction he meant the development of fruit rather than wood or vines. Set out a strawberry plant in very deep rich, moist soil, and its tendency is to follow the great law of nature and propagate itself; but to the degree that it makes plants it cannot make fruit. Cut off every runner, and enormous fruit buds developed. The sap is dammed up as a miller restricts a stream, and the result is strawberries that are double in size and quantity. This is equally true with raspberries—Currants bushes crowded with wood bear but little fruit.—Orchard and Garder.

The value of old orchards, when properly treated, is hardly appreciated by one who has not had some practical work in getting them to yield the greatest profit possible. Some years ago I came into possession of an old, neglected orchard. It was a forlorn-looking place grown up to bushes, and moss and dead bark covering all the trees. I began pruning the trees at once and cutting down the bushes when the ground was plowed, and seventy-five bushels of unleached ashes applied to the acre, after which I seeded the whole place to grass. The result was astonishing. The yield for fruit in two years far surpassed my anticipations, and in three seasons I had harvested enough fruit from the orchard to make my speculation pay. From this experience I am inclined to believe that many old fruit trees that have been condemned as being too old and far gone to bear good fruit could be rejuvenated and made profitable. Of course, the trees will not do well if tall grass is allowed to grow up in the orchard. What I seeded the place to grass I did it with the express purpose of cutting it, and not letting it absorb all the strength of the soil. An orchard, whether young or old, should not be allowed to grow where heavy crops of grass are taken off every year; it is weakening to the soil and detrimental to the trees. It is well if sheep are turned into the orchard and allowed to graze on the grass. Otherwise, the grass should be cut and allowed to rot on the soil, a top-dressing once a year would greatly improve such orchards.—C. S. WALTERS in N. E. Farmer.

The Household.

CORN CAKE—Yolks of two eggs, half a pint of cream or milk, two teaspoonfuls of melted butter, one spoonful of yeast and meal enough for baking. Let it rise over night and bake in a loaf in the morning. This is for experienced cooks to try.

CORN FRITTERS.—Take two cups grated corn, add three eggs well beaten, a tablespoonful of milk, enough flour to make the batter just drop from a spoon, then fry in boiling lard.

It is wise, if you are going to put English turkeys into cake, to dry them on a cloth by the fire after washing them, as sometimes the cold water will cause the cake to fall.

APPLE CUSTARD.—Pare and core the apples, stew in a little water until tender, pour over them a custard made in the usual manner, and bake until the custard is done.

CHEESE CAKES.—Take equal parts of flour, grated cheese and butter; season with pepper and salt, and mix with one or two eggs; bake in small cake or patty pans.

Entire wheat flour is said to require less shortening than ordinary flour. It is a wholesome food, makes good hasty pudding, gems, bread, cakes, and even pie crust.

To remove the shiny look from black clothes wash well, then dip black cloth in hot tea and coffee, equal parts of each, and sponge clothes.

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

When you want to take out a broken window pane, heat the poker. Run it slowly along the old putty and soften it loose.

The best way to mend torn leaves of books is pasting them with white tissue paper. The print will show through it.

Soft tissue paper is the best for polishing mirrors. This may also be used for polishing or drying window glass.

Clothespins boiled a few minutes and quickly dried once or twice a month become more durable.

A few drops of extract of lavender will prevent mullage from molding or becoming sour.

Eggs shells burned in the oven and placed upon the pantry shelves will keep bugs away.

To prevent cakes from adhering to the tin, after greasing tin dust thoroughly with flour.

Leather chair seats may be revived by rubbing them with well beaten white of an egg.

Remove stains from cups and saucers by scouring with fine coal ashes.

Boston is preparing to entertain President Harrison most royally during his visit to New England.

Why we sell Cheaper and Better Goods than other Clothiers.

Our ability to buy cheap and our willingness to sell at the lowest living prices, fills our store from day to day with both old and new customers. The straightforward manner in which our business is conducted, the cheerfulness with which we exchange goods or refund money, and the enormous assortment of goods we show, makes our store a desirable and homelike place to trade. We work with untiring energy to buy Clothing cheap so as to sell it cheap. Ours is a store where manufacturers cost cuts no figure. Why, we can show you to-day 100 lines of suits that we are selling for a good deal less than manufacturers' cost. The reason we can sell you better goods cheaper than a good many stores is because we are not tied to any one manufacturer, but have them all to select from. We are very careful of the make, fit and quality of our clothes, and don't buy poor fitting stuff nor crash at any price.

Branch Stores

Junction City, AND

St. Marys, Kansas.

CRAINS & URBANSKY, The Boston Square Dealing Clothiers.

738 Mass. Street.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

C. W. SMITH, 808 and 810 Massachusetts Street LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

FURNITURE DEALER & UNDERTAKER.

Telephone 126.

Best Stock of

A Large Stock of

Fine and Medium Furniture

Wood and Cloth Covered Coffins and Caskets

In the City!

Always on hand.

And at the

Enbalming a Speciality.

LOWEST PRICES.

Goods delivered anywhere in the city Free of Charge. Call on us when in want of any goods in my line, at 808 and 810 Mass Street.

I have an elegant new hearse, and having two can attend to all calls. For night or Sunday work call at residence, 1004 Kentucky street.

Don't Miss The Opportunity

To visit Ogden and Salt Lake City, Utah, or Hailey, Idaho

A Grand Excursion to the above named points will leave August 20th via the Union Pacific, "The Overland Route," and for this occasion the exceedingly low rate of \$30.00 to Ogden and Salt Lake City and return and \$35.00 to Hailey, Idaho, and return, has been made from Missouri River terminals.

This excursion affords our patrons a magnificent opportunity to visit Garfield Beach on Great Salt Lake, the finest bathing resort in the world, and also visit Hailey Hot Springs famous for their medicinal properties. Tickets good for medicinal properties. Tickets good for thirty days.

For further particulars address, E. L. LOMAX, G. F. A. Omaha, NEB.

An alligator and an English sparrow were seen engage in a battle near Darien, Fla., the other day. The sparrow provoked the fight by snapping at the bird, which in turn flew furiously at its ugly antagonist, aiming with precision at the sparrow's eyes. The sparrow finally gave up the contest and sought safety from the sparrow's attacks by hiding itself under water.

Many children hear from their parents nothing but words of censure and reproof day after day. They would smile with intense joy, if told at night how kind and helpful they had been, and what comforts they were to their parents. They would go to sleep and dream of angels and bright and happy things. Ah! how little it takes to make hearts happy, and how little also to make them miserable!

Sells Brothers and Barrett.

Our columns to-day conspicuously display the advertisements of this remarkable amusement coalition, whose speedy coming they announce. We use the expression, "remarkable amusement coalition," advisedly, for we know of no traveling exhibition enterprise which presents so many acceptable phases of attraction. It is scarcely necessary to say to amusement patrons that for eighteen years the Sells Brothers have been noted as have been noted as having an equestrian, zoological and hippodromatic entertainment everywhere recognized as being at the head and front among reputable tented exhibitions. Mr. S. H. Barrett also has been not a whit behind the Sells Brothers in catering to the amusement of populace. The circumstances that these two formidable shows have joined their forces, and the two exhibitions being consolidated as an entirety, at once and effectually this organization, in point of magnitude and attraction, head and shoulders above all competitors, and enables the joint management to offer the best hippodromatic, equestrian, gymnastic and zoological exhibition in America. This exhibition is advertised to be in Topeka Saturday August 17.

Not long ago the Department of Agriculture made an estimate of the total live stock productions of the world. Or swine the estimate was 100,000,000, over one-half of which are in North America, mostly in the United States. Other countries outran North America in cattle, horses and sheep, but in swine we lead the world. Our natural advantages are such that we are destined to hold this lead. With the facilities for improved stock we have we can supply the world with pork. Corn is king and the Great American Hogs is prime minister.

Harvest Excursions via the Union Pacific Railway.

The Union Pacific R'y takes pleasure in announcing that it will run Harvest Excursions to Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho and Montana on the following dates:—August 6th and 20th, Sept. 10th and 24th and October 8th. For these occasions a great reduction in rates has been made, thus giving you a splendid opportunity to visit nearly every place in the great west. Do not miss it. It affords the business men, stock raisers, mining prospector and farmer an unequalled chance to see the unlimited resources of the western country.

For tickets, rates pamphlets, etc., apply to your nearest ticket agent.

HOW'S THIS!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale

Druggists, Toledo, O.

E. H. Van Hosen, Cashier, Toledo National Bank, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle Sold by all Druggists.

PIANOS.

The Weber, Starr & Co. and other first-class pianos.

ORGANS.—The Newman Bros., Organs, the finest in the world.

Call and see them and be convinced. All instruments bought direct from manufactory, and sold at lowest prices.

E. B. GUILD.

108 West 8th street, TOPEKA, KANS.

Established in 1875.

TO ADVERTISERS!

For a check for \$20 we will print ten-line advertisement in One Million issues of leading American Newspapers and complete the work within ten days. This is at the rate of only one-fifth of a cent a line, for 1,000 Circulation! The advertisement will appear in but a single issue of any paper, and consequently will be placed before one million different newspaper purchasers or FIVE MILLION READERS. If it is true, as is sometimes stated, that every newspaper is looked at by five persons on an average, five lines will accommodate about 75 readers. Address with copy of ad, and check, or send 20 cents for Book of 25 pages.

SEND TO: J. W. WALKER, & CO., 105 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK.

ADVERTISING AGENCY. We have just issued a new edition of our Book called "Newspaper Advertising." It has 250 pages, and among its contents may be named the following:—List and Catalogue of Newspapers; DAILY NEWSPAPERS IN NEW YORK CITY, with their Advertising Rates; DAILY NEWSPAPERS IN CITIES HAVING MORE THAN 25,000 POPULATION, omitting all but the best; DAILY NEWSPAPERS IN CITIES HAVING MORE THAN 20,000 POPULATION, omitting all but the best.

A SMALL LIST OF NEWSPAPERS IN WHICH TO ADVERTISE every section of the country, being a choice selection made up with great care, guided by long experience.

ONE NEWSPAPER IN A STATE. The best one for an advertiser to use if he will use but one. BARGAINS IN ADVERTISING IN DAILY Newspapers in many principal cities and towns, a List which offers peculiar inducements to some advertisers.

LARGEST CIRCULATIONS. A complete list of all American papers issuing regularly more than 25,000 copies.

THE BEST LIST OF LOCAL NEWSPAPERS, covering every town of over 1,000 population and every important county seat.

RETAIL LIST OF LOCAL NEWSPAPERS, in which advertisements are inserted at half price.

172 VILLAGE NEWS-PAPERS, in which advertisements are inserted for \$1.00 a line and appear in the whole lot—one-half of all the American Weeklies sent to any address for THIRTY CENTS.



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

W. G. WHIDBY, of Atlanta, Ga., has a Scotch terrier who sails under the name of Jim. Recently Jim caught and killed in a branch a mink weighing two pounds and a half, and a few moments afterward he ran afoul of and killed a rattlesnake's pilot by shaking him as limber as an old rag.

The Crown Princess Stephanie of Austria is soon to leave Vienna for the Riviera and for Switzerland, where a villa is being built for her on the shores of Lake Lucerne. The house in which her dissipated husband killed himself at Meyerling has been pulled down by the order of the emperor, with the hope that the midnight tragedy may be the sooner forgotten.

J. H. HOLLENDER, an American who published a paper in Guatemala, was expelled from that country last May by a cabinet council decree as a "pernicious foreigner." Hollender had charged in his paper that an unlawful overissue of Guatemalan bonds had been made and the proceeds divided among several high officials, including Henry C. Hall, United States minister to Guatemala.

MRS. BOULANGER is said to be devoting herself more than ever to religious practices and observances at Versailles, where she occupies a modest suite of rooms in the Rue de Satory. It would not be surprising, in fact, if the general's wife and her daughter Helene, who is also extremely devout, were to take the veil or retire permanently to some convent where ladies are received as boarders.

MRS. CLEVELAND has kindly consented to have her name used by Mrs. Chapin, of Brooklyn, as a "patroness" of a fair to be given for the benefit of the Brooklyn Home for Consumptives. This "patroness" business is quite the English fad now. The supposition is that when a society woman attaches her name to a charitable enterprise as a "patroness" the people who are not quite so fashionable will be moved.

HORACE WALKER of Marlborough, Mass., has experienced many disappointments. He tried paris-green, but took too much; jumped out of a second-story window, but failed to land with fatal effect. The next time he put a bullet in his brain, and, much to the surprise of the medical fraternity, he lived. His last suicidal act was to cut his throat from ear to ear, but he failed to sever the jugular vein and is still alive.

ACCORDING to the latest educational report—1884—only 1,466,913 of 15,000,000 children in the Russian Empire attended schools. About 90 per cent, therefore, of young Russia receive no instruction at all. In sixty governments there is only one school for secondary instruction to every 18,000 boys and 22,000 girls. Only 63 per cent of the boys of any age to attend a public high school can be accommodated. For girls the number of such schools is even more insignificant. The schoolmaster cannot be said to be abroad in Russia yet.

ANOTHER device or method has been added to those heretofore proposed to prevent the burning of cotton when being conveyed in vessels. The safeguard now brought forward consists in wrapping each bale of cotton in wire gauze instead of the usual covering of jute bagging. It has been, it is claimed, subjected to all kinds of tests, including hooks and compressions, and, it is alleged, has proved itself equal in all respects to jute bagging, the cost of the new material at present being about the same as that of jute bagging. The principle involved is that flame will not pass through very small holes, according to the well-known construction of the Davy safety lamp.

A CURIOUS legend is associated with the birth of Mgr. Richard, one of the French cardinals to whom the pope has just sent their hats. The father of the cardinal archbishop of Paris, a distinguished doctor at Nantes, lost, when over 60, his only son—a young man who had in his short life developed all the virtues. The mother of the deceased had passed her 55th year, and the story goes that as the youth lay dying he called his father and mother to him and said: "Console yourselves, another son will take my place!" And sure enough before the first anniversary of their son's death came round the spouse of the worthy doctor had presented him with another son, who was always known as "l'enfant du miracle." This second son—Richard Francis Marie Benjamin—is now cardinal archbishop of Paris.

BATHING COSTUMES.

Why Novices Walk Queerly--Mrs. Rosalie Bloodgood's Aquatic Attire

"What makes all those girls walk so queerly?" asked an innocent youth last Thursday as a crowd of them came down across the white strip of sand and plunged into the sea. "Oh," explained his companion, who was reposing about in his scant bathing suit and striking attitudes to display his shape and muscled, "they are trying to add the eight of an inch to the length of their skirts by keeping their knees bent; but you give them time; they will get over that and walk all right before the summer is done." Indeed, by the second week in July they will forget all about their earlier emotions and will step on the beach to bow and chatter to their acquaintances or take a stroll up and down before they go into the water, allowing their best young men to make arrangements with them for dances at the Casino that night, or to introduce to them his best friend, a perfect stranger, who arrived from Philadelphia on the night train. She makes no apology and feels no embarrassment about the brevity of her attire.

The bathing costumes this season, says the New York World, are to be somewhat more elaborate and brilliantly colored than ever before. Most of the fashionable girls took a flying trip abroad this spring to get a glimpse of the French exposition and to replenish their wardrobes in Paris. The French make a great specialty of elaborate bathing dresses and the French women wear the most striking colors and combinations in the water, so the fashionable girls who brought toilettes de mer along with their other toggery from Paris will give a rainbow tint to the sands this summer such as they never had before in this country. Mrs. Rosalie Bloodgood, the well-known amateur actress whom people on Narragansett Pier beach call the "Pocket Venus," has a new French bathing dress for this season of white serge. She is very small, very plump, and very pink and white, and before the season is over one of the little dressing-rooms at the Pier will open wide to let out a little vision of white and rose. Her yellow hair will be knotted high on her head and covered with a fisherman's cap of fine white knitted silk; it is lined with oil silk, but this does not show through the meshes and its tasseled end dangles gayly behind one ear, while it is held in its place by an elastic band set on the inside. There are close white serge trousers to the knee, fastened there by a strip running through the silver buckle and meeting long white-ribbed stockings. The shoes are of white canvas tied with white silk strings in a big knot over the instep. The tunic is all in one piece and does not reach quite to the knee, being edged with many rows of white silk braid and having the wide, square collar turning over and embroidered with anchors. It opens in front nearly down to the waist over an inside vest of heavy white silk covered all over with embroidery. It is confined by a heavy white silk sash drawn around and knotted low on one hip; there are only puffs at the armholes, leaving the round, pretty white arms perfectly bare. It is needless to say that this expensive garment is not going to see a great deal of wear, as Miss Bloodgood displays more fondness for sun baths than for plunges into salt water. The last foamy fringes are sometime allowed as the wave recedes to play about her round ankles but for the most part she likes better to sit on the sand in the sun and talk to those who have been down to the sea in commonplace bathing-dresses and will come out to sit in the sand around her and admire her snowy immaculateness while the water drips out of her hair.

The Gallows Good Enough.

Some persons, whose sympathies are so strongly moved toward murderers that they have none to spend on their victims, have for years been trying to abolish the gallows and to substitute in its place a sugar-coated instrument for causing instantaneous and painless death. In New York they thought that they had succeeded. They obtained the passage of a bill which provides that persons convicted of the crime of deliberate murder shall be put to death by electricity. No sooner was such a sentence passed on Kemmler, who murdered his wife in Buffalo in a most cruel manner, than an attempt was made to prevent his execution. An appeal was taken to the supreme court of the state to test the constitutionality of the law by the last legislature. His counsel raise the point that death by electricity is a "cruel and unusual" punishment, and cite the constitution of the state and that of the United States, each of which declares that "excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted."

It is not pretended that death caused by the passage of a current of electricity is more cruel than that caused by slow strangulation, or by the sudden breaking of the spinal column on a fall from a trap by a rope placed around the neck. It is admitted that the new mode of punishment is an improvement on the old one, but it is argued that it is new, or "unusual." Such, indeed, it is, or at least was at the time the two constitutions were formed, for the nature of electricity was not then known, and no application of it had been made. The result of this appeal will prob-

ably be to put a stop to the punishment of murderers in New York for at least two years, or till the legislature shall again meet and enact a different law. In truth, it may result in the abolition or suspension of capital punishment in New York for a longer time. It is reported that if the state court of appeals sustains the law the case will be carried to the supreme court of the United States. This august tribunal is now over four years behind in its work, and cases are accumulating faster than they are disposed of.

Persons whose reason has not been impaired by sentimentality, which is generally the result of bad digestion or the reading of Mr. Howell's novels, are of the opinion that the gallows is quite good enough for the execution of murderers. In truth, they think that "hanging is too good" for the wretch who brutally kills the wife of his bosom and the mother of his babes. Their sympathies are not for the murderer, but for his innocent victims. Till the former buys a dynamo and a discharging battery to use when he has occasion to murder a helpless woman they will advocate old-fashioned hanging, without modern improvements,—Chicago Herald.

Who supplied the money?

Martin Burke, now held at Winnipeg awaiting the results of a demand by the United States for his extradition, was an ordinary laborer without other resources than his hands. For some time prior to leaving Chicago he was out of employment. Subsisting apparently on the fruit of his toil he would not have saved more than enough money to support him through some period of idleness. He determined upon returning to Europe. The tide of travel setting thither is this year unusually large, but almost without exception tourists from inland, though men of means, and leisure, go directly to a seaport. Burke concluded to make the journey by a roundabout and unusual route. To go to Winnipeg from Chicago increased both the distance from the seaboard and the cost of reaching it, but money was apparently no consideration with this laboring-man. He wanted to see Winnipeg, but oddly enough concluded upon reaching it to take the first train eastward. Arrested and held upon a criminal charge Burke hires a high-priced lawyer to argue against and defeat, if possible, the extradition. An absolutely innocent man would incline to the same course, but an absolutely innocent man who had been a day laborer might find some difficulty in commanding the necessary means. Burke appears to be well supplied with money. Where did he get it? He is supplied with the best legal counsel in Manitoba. Who foots the bills?

It was desired to ascertain from Dr. Cronin's own lips all the facts in his career. A bogus lawsuit was begun, counsel were employed, the doctor was brought in to testify as a medical expert, and was subjected to a rigid cross-examination, not as to his skill, but as to his life. A stenographer made notes of the examination. The presumption is that the motive was sinister. Otherwise why this prostitution of a tribunal of justice and this examination under oath? Whatever the motive the proceeding involved considerable expenditure. The legal costs were discharged, counsel were paid, the witness was given a fee, the stenographer had his reward. It all cost money. Where did it come from?

Enough is known of the circumstances attending the murder of Dr. Cronin to disclose that preparation for the crime cost no small sums. The perpetrators were supported in idleness, leases were made, rigs hired—all the incidental expenses attending months of preparation were discharged. Men do not commit crime in cold blood unless they have a fund of money to draw upon to facilitate their escape if for no other purpose. It may be their own or it may be provided by the instigators. And men are not ordinarily so free with money as to pay it out without some motive and some knowledge of the payee and the purpose.

First and last the conspirators in the Cronin case have used no inconsiderable sums. Where did they get them?—Chicago Times.

The King Spoke.

"There is a divinity doth hedge a king," says the poet. But the following shows that a baby king is very much like ordinary babies.

The King of Spain is called Alfonso XIII. He is a very small King, not yet three years old, and as some one has well said, he has the most comfortable throne in Europe, on his nurse's lap. The Spanish government pays \$1,800,000 annually for his maintenance, so you see a king is a very expensive luxury which we can very well do without. His Austrian mother, Queen Christina, however, is very fond of him, and thinks he is worth more than all the gold in the world. When grave ambassadors come to visit her, she will run out of the room, bring in the little King, hold him up proudly, and display his plump arms and pretty little feet.

Once she went on a journey to Northern Spain. The chief magnate of the district, a duke, prepared a courteous address of welcome, which he commenced to read. Just then the baby King began to cry; the Queen blushed; but the duke was both quick-witted and kind-hearted, and he stopped reading with the remark: "When the King speaks his subjects should keep silence." This made the Queen laugh, caused everybody to feel good-natured, and the cry soon ceased.

Western Steamboat Routes.

From a profusely illustrated article on Inland Navigation in the July Century we quote the following: "It is perfectly true that the western steamboat interest has been seriously impaired by competition with the railroads, and that the number of fast boats has greatly decreased. For the position of steamboat property in the past was peculiar. Large numbers of the boats were owned by the captains or their families, and in case of hard times or a cut rate war with the railroads the boats could be seized for debt and traffic stopped. The competing railroad, on the other hand, might be equally in debt, but in the hands of a receiver it went on doing business while the poor boat owner was tied up with his boat."

"This is the common and the darker view taken of the steamboat interest on our great rivers. To offset this is the fact that the larger rivers are now well lighted, and more lights are added every year. The millions spent on the rivers have wonderfully improved navigation, and there are fewer wrecks than ever before. The slack water navigation, as on the Kanawha and the Monongahela, has greatly extended the season in which boats can run, and has thus extended the earning time of every boat on these waters. The ownership of the boats has also changed, and in place of single 'tramp' steamers there are now regular incorporated companies owning large fleets of boats and having abundant capital. These companies are enabled to furnish better, cheaper and more regular service, with less danger of ruinous competition with the railroads. Formerly the steamboat service was extravagant and costly in management, while rates were high and profits large. The companies now conduct their business with more economy, and seek to attract business by regular departures and arrivals, more comfortable boats, and better table and stateroom service. The lines now more nearly approach the eastern lines, both in equipment and management, and while the old racing captains, who threw their freight into their furnaces rather than be beaten by a rival boat, are passing away, the new men are real captains of safe and comfortable boats. The romantic days have gone from the rivers forever, but the travel is safer, and in a way, more civilized. The last of the famous racing machines, the Natchez, was wrecked only a few months ago. The competition with the railroads has demanded a wholly different class of boats, and the tourists will compel a better passenger service on all the lines in the future."

"In the opinion of those competent to speak on the matter, the prospects for the passenger traffic on the rivers is far from discouraging. Once all the world had to go by boat or stay at home. Now the larger number take the cars, and in order to retain any traffic at all the boat lines must offer superior inducements in the way of price, comfort, and attendance. This they seemed prepared to do; and it is safe to say that the time will come when many of the river routes of the West will be as popular as the Hudson River or Long Island Sound, and a trip on these great waterways will be regarded as quite as important to a right understanding of the country as a day on the North River."

He Had, Indeed.

The Man About Town of the St. Louis Republic has a friend who is decidedly convivial in his habits, but who has at the same time a wholesome regard for his wife's opinions. The wife is a most estimable lady, but inclined to deal rather severely with her husband's shortcomings, which lead him at times to practice deception in order to avoid the reprimand which awaits him when he has strayed from the paths of domestic duty.

A few evenings ago he chanced across some friends on pleasure bent, and he, forgetful of home ties drank long and deep. The beverage was brandy, for whose strength he has a great weakness. After numerous potations he hid him to a fashionable restaurant, and before starting for home regaled himself with a luscious beef-steak of huge proportions. This done he heaved a sigh and turned his face homeward, when it suddenly occurred to him that it might be well to disguise the fumes of the brandy with a little mixture of spice and lemon peel—not that he feared the discovery of his delinquencies, but just to prevent any embarrassing questions. Happy thought! The lemon juice and the spice were soon disposed of, and he hastened home, and was soon ensconced in a big chair talking over the events of the day with his wife. The latter stirred a time or two, and finally fixing her gaze intently on him, said: "John, I believe, on my soul, you have been eating mince pie."

About Time For It.

The Oklahoma boom has dropped through a crawfish hole, and the land of alkali and sand is now inhabited by the few people who can't get away from it, and sure as fate they are beginning to demand admission of the territory as a state. Oh, pshaw! let's take in the whole country, make separate states of Coney Island and the base ball grounds, and be done with all this bother, once and for all. And if the Ute reservation wants to come in as a state let her come. Couldn't be worse than some states we have in already.—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

WINGED MISSILES.

Russia has proposed a military convention with Servia.

The beauty of Catherine of Russia it is said consisted in her green eyes.

A large deposit of tin ore is reported to have been found in Pecos county, Texas.

Customs were collected upon merchandise in England under Ethelred II., in 970.

One ton of coal is capable of yielding an amount of force equivalent to that of 6½ men.

At a ball in Paris recently a lady wore shoes each of which had a watch inserted in the leather, near to her toes.

It is said that nearly 5,000,000 persons in the United States depend for their living on the sale of liquor and tobacco.

Files were a very early tool with handicraftsmen, and are mentioned in the Old Testament (1 Samuel, xlii, 21, 1093, B. C.

It is stated that members of the English Iron and Steel Association will visit the iron districts of Alabama and Tennessee this summer.

It is reported that a Boston syndicate intends to purchase the Magdalen Islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and erect on them a second Gloucester.

An Ottawa (Ont.) dispatch says that it is understood there that negotiations for a settlement of the Atlantic fisheries question will be reopened shortly.

It is rumored that frauds have been discovered in the contracts for Montana's territorial purchases, and that at least \$80,000 has been diverted from its proper channel.

Grapes were first cultivated about 1276, and previously to the reign of Edward VI. were brought in large quantities from Flanders to England. The vine was introduced into England in 1552.

A Chicago attorney has been requested to secure for the London Times a certified copy of the evidence taken in the Cronin inquest. The evidence makes eleven hundred pages in typewriter print.

According to Voltaire, forks were in use on the continent in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. This is disputed. They were not introduced into England until the beginning of the seventeenth century.

King Macbeth was defeated at Dunsinane, Perthshire, Scotland, by Siward, Earl of Northumberland, July 27, 1054. After this defeat, Macbeth, it is said, was pursued to Lumphana, in Aberdeenshire, and there slain in 1056 or 1057.

Official returns from every county in Pennsylvania show the majority against the prohibitory amendment to have been 189,029. The majority against the suffrage amendment providing for the repeal of the poll-tax qualification is 235,540.

A test has been made in France to see whether the color of a horse had anything to do with his characteristics. It has been demonstrated that any such idea is all nonsense. Pedigree and early training have all to do with it, and color nothing whatever.

A letter proposing marriage to a Castile, N. Y., girl remained in the coat-tail pocket of the proposer for eight months, he supposing it to have been mailed. When he finally did mail it she was married, but she gave her husband the shake and eloped to far off Connecticut.

A new clock just placed in the tower of Glasgow University is a tremendous affair. The main wheels of the striking and quarter trains are twenty inches in diameter, and the weight of the hammer that strikes the hours is 120 pounds. The bob of the pendulum weighs 300 pounds.

Irish names out of Ireland are not all found in America. Spain has had O'Ryan, the late minister of war, O'Donnell, O'Donoghue, and as Governor of Cuba, O'Reilly, and as vice president of the Spanish senate, O'Donnell. France has its MacMahons, O'Neills, O'Connors and Nugents. St. Patrick's Day is celebrated each year by the Franco-Irish.

David Jones was the first settler of Baltimore, in 1632, and his name is borne by a small stream that runs through the city. In 1730 a town was laid out on the west side of this stream, and called Baltimore, in honor of Cecil, Lord Baltimore. A town called Jonestown was laid out on the east side in 1732, and this was united with Baltimore in 1745, dropping its original name.

The collections of internal revenue during the first eleven months of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1889 were \$129,028,908, being \$5,934,208 more than the collections during the corresponding period of the last fiscal year. The receipts were: On spirits \$63,475,205, on tobacco \$29,246,202, on fermented liquors \$21,868,018, on oleomargarine \$855,654, on banks and bankers \$6,028, on miscellaneous \$77,243.

In 1782 Robert Aitken, printer and bookseller in Philadelphia, published the first American edition of the Bible in English, the publication being in quarto form. In 1791 Isaiah Thomas of Worcester, Mass., printed in folio form an English edition of the Bible. This was the second edition of the Bible in English to be published in America, and the first to be issued in folio form in this country.

A dispatch from Lincoln, Neb., says that Governor Thayer recently received a request from the British-American Association of Boston that he assist in securing the name of Minister Egan from Chili, and in reply wrote a letter rebuking that organization sharply for attempting to blacken the name of Mr. Egan. The governor defends the minister warmly, and is very bitter in his denunciation of the course of the association.

In the fall, when the ice in the Penobscot prevents the running of the ferryboats, and while the water in the channels on each side of the island of Oldtown runs so swiftly that it will not readily freeze unless the Indians, who live on the island, aid it, and make a safe bridge at small expense. They get a big cake of ice from the nearest still water, and swing it across the channel in a narrow path. In a few nights it is frozen hard enough to bear the weight of persons crossing, and comes into use for a number of weeks before the other ice is ready.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Cultivating Small Areas.

The general desire to cultivate as much land as possible has prevented the thorough tillage of the soil in many respects; but the labor usually bestowed on large fields would be more remunerative if applied to smaller tracts. It often happens that in the attempt to work over large surface the plowing, harrowing and seeding are not performed in a manner to secure the best results in germination and growth. It is known that a larger amount of produce can be raised on a garden plot, in proportion to space, than in the fields, which is not due so much to the rich soil of the garden as to the excellent cultivation. The seed-bed of a garden is made as fine as possible, the manure used is well decomposed, and the grass and weeds are kept down from the start.

The same attention that is given to the garden may be applied to the fields, but more labor will, of course, be required. It is in the proper use of labor (not land) that farmers derive their profits. They value their fields as the source from whence comes the wealth, when in reality the soil should be considered as only the receptacle of that which is to be changed in character and rendered marketable. It is by labor that the soil is made to yield generous crops, but that labor may be misapplied or wasted. A farmer may work industriously to secure a crop from twenty acres planted in corn, though a larger yield may be secured on ten acres with the aid of fertilizers and the same labor that was used on the twenty. The larger the yield on any given space the lower the cost proportionately of the crop. A crop can not be valued according to the space it occupied, but in proportion to the cost of production, and the first item to be considered is the rental, or interest, on the value of the land.

It is contended that sometimes circumstances prevent the restriction of the labor to small fields, as the yield would be sufficient with some crops, but the aim in such cases should be to occupy the ground with those crops which permit of thorough cultivation, as the bestowal of the labor, if done intelligently, is equivalent to a certain amount of capital, and will get its reward when the crop is marketed. What is intended here is to impress upon the farmer the importance of more thorough tillage. But few fields have the seed-beds made as fine as a garden, and yet the preparation of the soil before the seed is sown is more important than any other duty connected with growing a crop. Labor is often supposed to be saved by not using the cultivator until compelled by the rank growth of grass and weeds, and the harvesting is often postponed to as late a period as possible, owing to too much land being cultivated.

No farmer should cultivate more land than he can well attend to. There is nothing gained by distributing the labor and manure. Everything in the way of thorough cultivation should be removed, and every yard of distance saved in traveling over the ground to grow a crop, by concentrating the labor, lessens the cost. Small areas may be made profitable and remunerative, and, in proportion to capital and labor required, give good returns to the farmer when large fields can only be cultivated at a loss.—Practical Farmer.

Another Potato Pest.

Last year we found stems of potatoes, here and there, fallen over and either dead, wilted or wilting. Examination showed that in some cases the stem was rotten about an inch under the surface of the soil, while in others it seemed to have been eaten in to as if by a borer of some description. This year so many of these wilted or dead vines were noticed that a more careful investigation was made. The result was that the wire-worm or thousand-leg worm (*Julus or Iulus*) was found to be the apparent cause. In some instances the vine was girdled; in others from one to four of these millipedes were found eating into the stem. The vines at length rot about the infested part, or become so weakened that they fall over and die. The vines are attacked always just beneath the soil, or from 1 to 1½ inches underneath.

We now learn that potato vines in certain parts of Monmouth county, New Jersey, are similarly attacked. The growers attribute it to blight or something caused by damp weather. In some sections the damage is said to be serious. We advise the use of powdered sulphur blown or sprinkled about the stems.—Rural New Yorker.

Farm Notes.

Clear off the pea vines, and put the ground in late potatoes. Corn grows fastest on very warm nights, and thrives with frequent cultivation.

The cabbage delights in being well cultivated. Hoe around them and keep the soil loose.

Don't pull your lettuce up, but cut them off, as they will shoot up new sprouts and give a continued supply.

Lima beans should be fastened to the poles with strings as soon as they begin to run. They will then grow more rapidly and permit of working the hills.

Moldy or dusty hay will cause heaves in horses. Such hay is only fit for bedding. If a horse shows signs of the heaves it is best to cut and moisten all hay fed to it.

Broilers at this season are not sent

to market dressed. They are dry picked, cooled in ice water and packed in ice, in barrels or boxes. They should be shipped by express.

It is a waste of time to attempt to preserve eggs unless they are known to be strictly fresh. An egg that is over a few days old will not keep if packed in warm weather.

Tomato vines should be staked, or tied up in some manner, in order to prevent the limbs falling on the ground and rotting the fruit. It is best to arrange the stakes or other supports while the vines are young.

Butter can be made cheaper now than at any other season. Less labor is required in caring for the cows, and the best yields of milk and butter are when the cows are on grass.

Mistakes in cultivation are made in not doing the work at the proper time, which increases the labor, and causes the work to be repeated sooner than is necessary. The best time to use the cultivator for the purpose of destroying grass is when the heat of the sun is high. If done before rain occurs some of the grass will take root and make new growth. Very young grass may be cleaned out after a rain, but where the growth is heavy the work can be made more effective if done in dry weather.

A liberal application for a mixture of equal portions of air-slaked lime and wood ashes will often cause the ground to produce grass when other methods have failed. It is difficult to secure a stand of grass under trees, as the trees take all the nourishment of the soil from the grass. Lime and ashes will prove beneficial to shade trees also, and as such fertilizers are cheap they should be used more extensively.

The Household.

COFFEE ICING.—Take half a pound of fresh butter and a quarter of a pound of powdered sugar, and beat them to a cream in a bowl, adding drop by drop during the process half a teaspoonful of the strongest coffee that can be made.

GINGER BEER.—Boil half an ounce of hops, half an ounce of ginger root, bruised, in one and one-half gallons of water for twenty-five minutes. Add 1 pound of brown sugar and boil ten minutes longer; then strain and bottle while hot. When cold it will be ready for use. It must be kept in a cool place.

CONSERVE OF STRAWBERRIES.—Prepare the fruit as for preserving, allowing half a pound of loaf sugar to one pound of fruit. Sprinkle the sugar over the fruit at night. In the morning put on the fire in the kettle and boil until the berries are clear. Spread on dishes and put in the sun until dry, after which roll in sugar and pack in jars.

RASPBERRY SHORTCAKE.—Make a crust as for tea biscuit, sweetening it a little, and bake it in two or three layers, rubbing a little butter on the lower layer before putting another on. When baked, butter and cover with sugared berries. Cream is a valuable addition to this as well as to strawberry shortcake, but they both can be made very palatable without it.

PICKLED APPLES.—Prepare a peck of sweet apples, but leave them whole; take 3 pounds of brown sugar, two quarts of vinegar, one-half ounce each of cinnamon and cloves; mix together, boil part of the apples till they are tender, but not broken. Take them out, beat the remainder of the vinegar and sugar well together and pour over them. Seal up the bottles till wanted.

DUNDER MARMALADE may be made by using one and a quarter pounds of sugar to every pound of grated orange (grate only the colored peel of sour orange); squeeze the oranges themselves over a strainer and put the seeds into a pitcher, with a pint and a half of water, to stand all night. Boil the white peel in several waters until clear and almost free from bitter taste. Let all stand for twenty-four hours, then cut into thin strips and add it, with a half pint of water, to the sugar, the juice and water from the seeds. Boil one hour, taking off the scum as it rises. Put away in jelly tumblers.

Eight-day Clocks.

How often I've sustained a shock,
Since I have owned my eight-day clock!
At first, I wound it once a week,
(Bless me! how the key did creak!)
And then I pondered: "Where's the need?
The thing would go at even speed
A whole day longer, if neglected;
And I, for one, can't be expected
To wind and wind on every Sunday
A clock that's bound to run till Monday.
And yet each week to add a day,
And recollect, is not my way;
And this it is that bothers me;
My clock and I do not agree.

II.

Suppose you buy an eight-day clock
And add it to your household stock,
And wind it every week, we'll say,
Letting go that extra day;
How many times (to be quite clear)
Must it be wound within the year!
And on the other hand, suppose
You let it run till toward its close,
And so, on each eighth day, delight
In winding it with gentle might,
And never miss the task—'t is clear,
You'll wind it fewer times a year;
But just how many times, you see,
May best be told by you, not me.
—Joel Stacy, in St. Nicholas.

One of Many.

Patron—"Mr. Dentale, I put my set of false teeth in this morning and I can't get them out."

Mr. Dentale (great dentist)—"Well, what do you want to get them out for?"

Patron—"Why, it's dinner time."—New York Weekly.

NEPOTISM IN FIJI.

How the South-Sea Nephew Lays Way Over His Uncle.

From Prof. Starke's book: Most prominent among the public notoriety of Fiji is the Vasu. The word means a nephew or a niece, but becomes a title of office in the case of the male, who in some localities has the extraordinary privilege of appropriating whatever he chooses belonging to his uncle's power. Vasus are of three kinds—the vasu taukei, the vasu levu, and the vasu; the last is a common name, belonging to any nephew whatever. Vasu taukei is a term applied to any vasu whose mother is a lady of the land in which he is born. The fact of Mba being at the head of the Fiji rank gives the queen of Mba pre-eminence over all Fijian ladies, and her son a place nominally above all vasus. No material difference exists between the power of a vasu taukei and that of a vasu levu, which latter title is given to every vasu born of a woman of rank and having a first-class chief for his father. Vasu taukei can claim anything belonging to a native of his mother's land excepting the wives, home, and land of a chief.

However high a chief may rank, however powerful a king may be, if he has a nephew he has a master, one who will not be content with the name, but who will exercise his prerogative to the full, seizing whatever may take his fancy, regardless of its value or the owner's inconvenience in its loss. Resistance is not thought of, and objection only offered in extreme cases. Thokonaute, a Rewa chief, during a quarrel with an uncle used the right of vasu, and actually supplied himself with ammunition from his enemy's stores.

Truth and Sincerity.

These are simple words but full of meaning. They are the stamp of character and can make golden each little word and action. What a weary world this would be if these two elements were banished from it. The pleasures of society would be utterly destroyed and mankind would be utterly destroyed and mankind would seek the desert for peace and contentment. On the contrary, where truth and sincerity are the governing principle society, is lovely and attractive. A society thus governed, may be compared to a fountain of living waters sending forth healthful streams, where the weary traveler may rest and refresh himself. The fire of a glowing imagination may make folly look pleasant, and lend a beauty to objects which have none in them. But nothing can shine with undiminished lustre, but truth and sincerity. Sincere words and actions, the unquestionable indications of sound sense and of a correct taste, exonerate their happy possessors from the whole of that toilsome load which the enslaved and feeble minds of artificial character constantly sustain. Honor and honesty, truth and sincerity, are the foundation stones of a real character. Sincere words and actions have power to heal the broken heart, and soothe the earth's sorrows. It is the unaffected interest in another's welfare that renders one a blessing to community.

The spirit of kindness, a sincere wish to make others happy, refines and makes lovely the whole being. Then how essential it is that one should ever strive to be true and genuine, to have every expression made use of, standing for something. One may be ever so gifted and accomplished, they may be admired for wit and intelligence, but never can they hold the power of affection and respect if these most important elements be lacking in their characters, and they will fall far short of filling the place their God assigned for them.—J. L. W., in Wisconsin.

One of Those Days.

The Columbus, Ga., Enquirer argues that our southern cotton has increased in value an average of threefold, by being spun and woven. Supposing that the southern cotton crop is worth in the raw staple \$300,000,000, it would be worth \$1,000,000,000 to \$1,200,000,000 when made into the various fabrics for which it is used.

But while, perhaps, the \$300,000,000 are disbursed among the southern people the other \$700,000,000 or \$900,000,000 all go to northern and foreign laborers and manufacturers. In like manner southern crude pig iron is sent north to be manufactured, and the southern hides and wool are sent away to be made into various fabrics and brought back for our consumption.

Thus it is that the southern people are the hewers of wood and the drawers of water for the rest of the world. We have the richest stores of raw material on the planet, but we only give it the rough work sufficient to fit it for the various elaborate processes of manufacture by strangers. Every turn of a wheel or additional manipulation expended on our raw material increases its value by so much, but, apparently, we are contented to get a small price for our rude share of the labor and permit strangers to reap the benefit of the doubled and trebled values which are communicated in the process of manufacture. We will learn these things one of those days for which we are always hoping.—New Orleans Picayune.

Bjones—"You and Giles have become great friends of late." Merritt—"I should say so. When we meet now he doesn't tap me on the shoulder; he thumps me in the back."—Judge.

An Advocate of Standing Armies.

In a recent article in the *Fortnightly Review* Gen. Lord Wolseley, the Adjutant General of the British army, and the only general of prominence in the service, publishes a strong indorsement of the maintenance of large standing armies. After reviewing the effects of the huge armaments of some of the continental powers of Europe, Lord Wolseley expresses his admiration for the beneficial results, as he calls them, that have followed from such armaments and general conscriptions.

These huge standing armies, one of the greatest of living English generals calls a precious legacy bequeathed by the French revolution, and maintains that the present system of military training that is practiced on the continent and which is equivalent to maintaining Europe in the condition of an armed camp, is a blessing sufficient to compensate the nations of the Old World for all the losses growing out of the revolution of 1789.

Lord Wolseley naturally accepts the German army as the highest type of this military development and becomes quite enthusiastic over the benefits that this inimitable military organization has conferred on the social development of the German Empire. Speaking of this great military power, he says: "Great as it is in war, it is infinitely greater as a national school for the moral, mental and physical training of the people."

According then to this aristocratic British soldier this perfection of the system of military development promotes the physical training of men, habits of cleanliness and order, obedience to authority and a thorough moral education that could not be obtained in any other way.

This universal military service is considered by Lord Wolseley as the surest bulwark against communism and anarchy and the best preserver of the public peace and national institutions. In this last result of the universal military service there will unquestionably be found many to agree with Lord Wolseley who might not be disposed to adopt his ideas on the advisability of turning Europe into an armed camp. In these continental countries of Europe which now maintain standing armies there is every reason to believe that communism and internal dissensions are kept down by the maintenance of large military establishments, but this is the result merely of circumstances that exist in these countries alone, but which are totally lacking in England, where Lord Wolseley would have the lessons implied taken most to heart.

England has steadily refused to follow the example of continental Europe in maintaining a large standing army, and while supporting a sufficient number of troops to meet her absolute necessities, there has been no attempt at arbitrary conscription or compulsory service. Yet in spite of England's neglect of the means pronounced essential by this high authority she has hitherto held her own fairly well in the race for power and prestige. While maintaining but a moderate striding army, England has preserved in a state of perpetual efficiency an immense militia force, which is available in time of need as the best equipped standing army could be. Besides she has been able to do this without neglecting her powers of offense and defense. Her navy leads the world, and her possessions of defensive and offensive works and armaments rank with the most efficient at present in existence.

What is true of England is also true of this country. Although our standing army is but an insignificant body, we possess a well trained militia force, which if put in the field would constitute a host as formidable as any possessed by the most vaunted powers of Europe.

It is not, therefore, probable that any part of the Anglo-Saxon race is likely to adopt Lord Wolseley's views on standing armies, however useful they may deem them for the maintenance of order in other communities.—New Orleans Picayune.

Do Men Fear Death?

Who said that men fear death? Who concocted that fable for old wives? He should have stood that night with Philip in the midst of a host of 125,000 men in the full flush and vigor of life, calmly and deliberately making ready at dawn to receive death in its most horrid forms at one another's hands. It is in vain that Religion invests the tomb with terror, and Philosophy, shuddering, averts her face; the nations turn from these gloomy teachers to storm their portals in exultant hosts, battering them wide enough for thousands to charge through abreast. The heroic instinct of humanity with its high contempt of death is wiser and truer, never let us doubt, than superstitious terrors of philosophic doubts. It testifies to a conviction, deeper than reason, that man is greater than his seeming self; to an underlying consciousness that his mortal life is but an accident of his real existence, the fashion of a day, to be lightly worn and gaily doffed at duty's call.

What a pity it truly is that the tonic air of battlefields—the air that Philip breathed that night before Antietam—cannot be gathered up and preserved as a precious elixir to reinvigorate the atmosphere in times of peace when men grow faint of heart and cowardly and quake at thought of death.—From "An Echo of Antietam," by Edward Bellamy in the *July Century*.

EXECUTION BY ELECTRICITY.

The New Method of Killing Criminals More Painful than Hanging in Molten Lead.

"The enforcement of the death penalty by means of electric currents would not only be agonizing beyond conception, but would also be barbarous in the extreme." This is the deliberate opinion of Myron Law, superintendent of the electrical department of the Brush Electric company of this city, says the *Philadelphia Record*. He was talking recently of the coming electric execution of the murderer Kemmle at Buffalo.

Mr. Law proceeded to give some interesting facts to demonstrate the truth of the conclusion at which he had arrived. "Any person," said he, "who is thoroughly acquainted with an electric current could not possibly have any other idea than this. It is absurd to claim that execution by electricity is less painful than hanging, that it would be instantaneous in its effects, or that it would do away with any repugnant features of our public executions."

"In the first place death by electricity is not painless. Hanging, throat-cutting, the guillotine, shooting, burning to death in molten lead or in furnaces are painless executions when compared with that by electricity. Let me cite a few instances of the pain felt by those who have received severe electric shocks. Six years ago one of my men named John Smith cut an electric wire which he thought to be 'dead.' This was on Eighth street, between Sansam and Walnut. Standing on the ladder, with one hand he grasped the ruptured wire, which fed forty-eight lamps and had a current of 2,200 volts passing through it. With the other hand he held by means of piers the other end of the wire. Immediately he made the most heart-rending screams for help. His hands were riveted fast and his whole body was undergoing most terrible contortions.

"The electric current of 2,200 volts strength was passing through his body and pinned him to the spot. We threw a rope over his hands and jerked him from his perilous position. Both of his hands were burned terribly and his whole system was shattered. When he had sufficiently recovered a few days later to be able to talk intelligently he said that his sufferings were terrible beyond description.

"Another man in our employ once received the full force of a current of several hundred volts. In removing his hands from the wire one of his fingers dropped off, having been burned almost to a crisp by the current. During the accident his face showed in a frightful manner intense pain and his body was in a constant tremor.

"Of course, electricity can instantaneously kill a person, but in that infinitesimally small space of time of the transition from life to death the person will suffer inconceivable pain. Although the speed of electricity is at the rate of 286,000 miles per second the killing can not be so instantaneous as to preclude all pain. Every particle of the nervous tissue is polarized, and polarization causes each particle of matter to revolve on its axis, which means the stretching of the nerves out of all proportion and consequently the most intense pain. But the great fault with execution by electricity is that it is almost impossible to ascertain just how strong a current will kill a man instantaneously and yet not be a barbarous mode of killing. If the current be but a few volts stronger than that required to instantly execute a certain person the consequences would be terrible. It would disfigure the body beyond recognition and would disintegrate every portion of the corpse.

"Should the current be just a trifle too weak to execute a person it would throw him into a trance so death-like that it is probable that the body would be buried alive. So in order to reduce this new mode of execution to a practical scientific working the amount of resistance in each body would have to be previously tested before any approximate idea could be reached as to how strong a current would surely kill without disfiguring or disintegrating the body or throwing the body into a trance. But even if this desideratum is found, there might be some hitch or slight fault in the electrical apparatus which would spoil everything."

German State Salaries.

The German empire does not pay its high employes on an extravagant scale. Prince Bismarck receives £2,700 a year and a residence. The foreign secretary gets £2,500, including free quarters; the state secretary, £1,800, including free quarters; the state secretary of the Imperial Court of Justice, £1,200 and a house; the state secretary of the Imperial treasury, £1,000 and a house; the state postmaster-general, £1,200 and a house; the minister of war, £1,900, with a house, fuel, and rations for eight horses; the chief of the admiralty, £1,800, with a house; the chief of the general staff, £1,500, a house, and rations for six horses. Fourteen commanding generals get £1,500 each, with free furnished quarters and rations for eight horses. With regard to ambassadors, those in London and St. Petersburg are paid £7,500 each; in Vienna, Constantinople, and Paris, £4,000 each. Of ministers £2,400 is paid at Brussels, £2,250 at Bucharest, £2,400 at The Hague, £2,700 at Madrid, £3,000 at Pekin, £2,400 at Rio Janeiro, £3,150 at Washington, £2,000 at Stockholm, £2,500 at Teheran, and £2,250 at Yedd.

Farm and Garden.

No fertilizer is more highly valued than lime, for the reason that it is cheap, easily applied, and its effects are lasting. Lime exists in all soils, but more in some than in others. As a carbonate it is insoluble, but is subject to chemical changes by the action of nitric acid and other substances brought down by rains. When lime is freshly made (by burning limestone or oyster shells it is in a very caustic state, and easily combines with water, the water crystallizing and forming a hydrate of lime. It is in this condition—the hydrate—when it should be applied to soils, as its affinity for carbonic acid causes many reactions to occur in the soil, the result being the formation of substances that can be rendered soluble in water.

Ashes are composed largely of lime and contain small proportions of phosphates and other mineral matter, their composition depending on the kind of wood from which they were procured. Their chief value is due to the potash they contain, the potash not only serving as available plant food, but also assisting to render available many other substances in the soil that are insoluble. It is the chemical action induced by lime and ashes that enables them to improve the soil in many ways other than that of simply adding lime and potash as plant food. No soil is fitted to produce perfect plants unless it contains all the elements of plant food necessary for the fulfillment of the objects of the plants, but soils may abound largely in plant food that cannot be appropriated by crops. It is this inert, unavailable plant food that is attacked by lime and ashes, its parts torn asunder by chemical action and new compounds formed that are entirely unlike the original substances. The action of lime on plants and soils varies according to the character of the soils. It makes heavy soils lighter and light soils heavier, and a greater proportion of organic and mineral matter is annually delivered to the crops as food. Ashes serve as plant food to a greater extent, and its effects are more immediate.

As lime ashes add no organic matter to the soil, but can only reduce the compounds already existing as possible plant food, the farmer can secure better results from the application of lime and ashes by growing some crop to be plowed under. The effects of the mineral and vegetable manure are such that one improves the other by hastening chemical action. Every crop grown derives a certain proportion of nitrogen from the atmosphere, either through the agency of rains, or, as some claim, its leaves, and while occupying the soil the roots serve to reduce the matter of the soil which is stored up in the plants to be again subjected to the influence of lime or ashes.

HINTS TO FARMERS AND GARDENERS.

Old pastures that are overrun with weeds can be best utilized for sheep, as they will eat off the young weeds and keep them down. Many weeds are valuable, so far as their use for food is concerned, but are undesirable in place of regular saleable crops. They can be utilized when young by pasturing sheep upon them, and if weeds are not allowed to seed the grass will again take possession of the field.

To secure young black-cap raspberry plants the canes are bent over and tipped into the ground, with a clod resting thereon to hold each cane in position. These tips take roots and the old vine is then cut off. The red raspberry reproduces itself by sending out shoots around the parent vine. They can be taken up in the fall and transplanted, or it may be done very early in the spring.

After you remove the melon vines set out a red raspberry plant on each hill. The manure left over from the supply given the melons will induce vigorous growth of cane next season, and the plants will be sufficiently close, as they will soon thicken in the row. Keep the canes clean until they are nearly ready to bear, and cut them out if too thick.

The application of potash salts to fruit trees and vines seems to give better results than ashes. The question to be considered in this connection is whether the potash of the ashes first forms a salt with the acid of the soil before being utilized by plants. The potash salts usually give immediate results, which is not always the case with ashes.

The copious rains will make the grass grow, and the hay crops should be good, but rains make the weeds grow also. Before you are aware of it a field will be thickly covered. The crab grass will now spring up

and take possession if allowed. It must be killed when young if the job of so doing is to be done with the least expense for labor.

To attempt to keep down strawberry runners requires constant work, as the vines will send out new runners as fast as the first ones are cut away. Unless the work is well done it is better to allow the first runners that come to remain, as they will be stronger and more vigorous than those that are sent out by the vines later.

If scrub stock does not pay try something better. The success of stock-raising depends on the breed. A steer of beef producing breed will weigh 1,000 pounds, while a scrub steer of the same age will not reach one-half that weight. The large difference shows where the loss occurs from the use of the scrub.

Weeds make valuable food for hogs. It is much better to feed the young and tender weeds to stock than allow them to waste. On some fields the weeds are often thick enough to mow. The pigweed and ragweed make excellent hog food. Purslane and crabgrass are highly relished by cattle and swine.

Grange growth and progress during twenty-three years has been, as in nature, one of evolution, or of childhood to mature manhood. It has passed the dangers of early life. It has, it may be said, proven "all things," and holds fast to "that which is good." It has survived its years of wanderings in the wilderness, and is on the borders, if not already entered into the promised land.

To the interested looker-on it is all too plainly to be seen that some other farmers' organizations that are following on are making the same mistakes, committing the same errors, attempting the same wild schemes that enthusiasts, dreamers, politicians and others loaded down our good Grange steed, and, thus handicapped, almost caused it to lose the race.

Visitors at the Exposition who are in search of wonderful things will find, in the United States section, several objects to gratify them. An old Frenchman loaned the American Commission two interesting manuscript letters of Benjamin Franklin, never seen by Americans before, also the sword worn by the great philosopher when resident American minister at the French court 100 years ago. Both letters are dated at Passy, a suburb of Paris, and one tells how a proposed lightning rod for the cathedral at Strasburg should be constructed, on the principles which had then recently been discovered by the writer, in his experiments with the kite in the Tiffany exhibit.

The English capitalists who are buying up the breweries and flouring mills of this country pretend that they are influenced in making these investments by the fear of war among European nations. One of their agents now in Washington says: "There is a widespread impression throughout the money-centers of Europe that the whole continent is drifting in the direction of war. This idea is growing rapidly, and is causing a withdrawal of money from enterprises throughout Europe. It explains the reason for the great industrial depression which has prevailed for some time, and which seems to be on the increase rather than upon the wane. Capitalists are looking for something which will be safer than European stocks when this time shall come."

Blue Rapids has voted \$12,000 to complete waterworks which were begun in 1876.

The wheat harvested in McPherson county required \$24,000 worth of twine to bind it.

The sorghum sugar mill at Attica is nearly finished. It will cost \$125,000 and employ 125 men.

The Southwestern soliders' association will hold their reunion at Arkansas City September 10th to 14th.

Miss Rachel Stanton, of Lawrence, has been elected one of the teachers in the Indian institute at Carlisle, Pa.

Mrs. Bennett, matron of the Soldier's Orphans' home at Atchison has resigned, the resignation to take effect Sept. 1.

G. W. Feas, a Mississippi colored man, will locate another negro colony of 100 families near Nicodemus, Graham county.

William Apsley, a farmer, was run over by a Santa Fe freight train one mile west of Newton, Friday night, and killed. He was deaf.

Four prisoners broke jail at Newton one night last week. Three were retaken. Moore, a horse thief, sentenced for three years to the penitentiary, escaped.

Edward J. Purchase, a boy of 14 was found hanging by the neck in a cowshed near Clay Center. He was trying how it felt to be strung up and accidentally hung himself.

The August number of the ELECTIO will be found of marked interest and variety. The opening paper by Frederick Harrison is an interesting analysis of what was accomplished for good and by the revolution of 1789, a subject of endless fascination even after a century of discussion. An able writer shows up "The Vitality of Protectionist Fallacies," and the causes for it. Robson Rose has something to say on the art of prolonging life, which will engage the attention of all. The Wit and Wisdom of Schopenhauer is the title of a readable paper. One of the brightest papers in the number is Lady Randolph Churchill's talk about Russia, which is characterized by trite American vivacity. Mrs. Priestley's article on "The Mysteries of Malaria," will be sure to excite interest, which may also be said of Mr. Dicey's "Ethics of Political Lying." Sir Morell Mackenzie gives the weight of his great experience and knowledge to a discussion of the voice as used in Speech and Songs. The dialogue by Frederick Greenwood, "A Conversation in a balcony," is a delightful study in romantic psychology, and the story from Blackwood's "The Umbrella Mender," has the usual unique charm which marks the stories in this magazine. There are a number of short articles and poems, thoroughly readable, and the public who love good literature will find in this issue an admirable collection of things which fully justifies the reputation of the periodical.—Published by E. R. PELTON, 25 Bond Street, New York. Terms, \$5 per year; single number, 45 cents; trial subscription for 3 months, \$1. ELECTIO and any \$4 Magazine, \$8.

WIDE AWAKE for August is full of things to be done out-of-doors; geologizing, boating, and the making of wild-flower books—it is a pity that the bread-making, which Mrs. White describes as the Boston Public schoolgirls do it, could not be carried on out-of-doors also. The number is largely written by travelers and sight-seers. Mrs. General Fremont describes her "Camping near the Giant Trees" in the early California days. Miss Risley Seward, writes of a somewhat peculiar visit she made to the famous playground of Marie Antoinette and her Court, with a glimpse of those great Frenchmen, Thiers and Laboulaye. Mrs. Humphrey gives an account of a day she spent where Mary Queen of Scots abode for a time when she was a little girl. "Fishing in Tweed and Yarrow," with its beautiful engravings of the historic river scenery, is a most readable fishing paper by Andrew Lang and will set all anglers wild, young or old. Then there is a touching melodious ballad by Mrs. Harriet Prescott Shofford of that saddest journeyer, John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home."

The story element is of fine quality. "The Court Calendar," by L. J. Bridgman, is very amusing this month. \$5.40 a year. D. Lothrop Company, Publishers, Boston.

A GENUINE midsummer number is THE CENTURY for August, with its opening article on "The Stream of Pleasure—the River Thames," by the Pennells, husband and wife, who have written about and minutely pictured that gay and thronged resort of boats and boaters. Little and big, there are twenty pictures in this article alone. Mrs. Foote's "Afternoon at a Ranch" has also a midsummer air; and all inland vacationists will find matter of interest in Dr. Weir Mitchell's profusely illustrated article on "The Poison of Serpents,"—a line of inquiry in which he has made important discoveries. Remington, artist and writer, describes with pen and pencil his outing with the Cheyennes; and a group of well-known wood-engravers—French, Kingsley, Closson, and Davis—describe in their own language, and with drawings and engravings by each, a wood-engraver's camp on the Connecticut River as well as the methods of the American school of wood-engraving.

Of other articles nothing is more important than the chapters in the Lincoln History, which describe "The Chicago surrender," "Conspiracies in the North," and "Lincoln and the churches." In the last named chapter the authors discuss Lincoln's religious character, and publish for the first time a document written by Lincoln himself which throws light upon this subject. One of the most interesting of the old masters (Fra Angelico) is presented in this number in the Cole-Stillman series, engraved from the originals by Mr. Cole. Three full-page engravings are given from the works of the "angelical" painter.

In "Open Letters" there is a communication by George L. Kilmer, of the Grand Army, on "Union Veterans and their Pensions," which gives a sketch of the various pension schemes hitherto presented by the Grand Army committees, the estimated amounts of their cost, and the total expenses of the Government on this account at present.

THE AUGUST ST. NICHOLAS begins with one of Mary Halleck Foote's inimitable drawings. It contains a full and interesting article by Dr. Jastrow, concerning the late Miss Laura Bridgman, with a portrait—an exceedingly good likeness. "Little Mermaid Light," will be found to furnish paths for the girl readers, heroism for the boys, and some excellent bits of character study for the elders—all will enjoy the illustrations. Miss Howells, all ready known by her sketches (a very pleasing one appeared in St. Nicholas for July), contributes a bit of verse called "sweet peas." Dr. Charles S. Robinson offers to mathematicians some curious speculations as to the present value of "of," an Egyptian Girl's Gold Necklace, its value is regarded as having increased at compound interest for over 3000 years. A good story is "Mid-summer Pirates," by Richard H. Davis, with fine pictures by W. H. Drake, a breezy story of sharp yacht-racing; and another with strong illustrations. But these do not complete the list, for there are other pieces perhaps as worthy of mention, and all the delightful abundance of pictures without which the magazine would not be St. Nicholas at all.

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