

SPRIT OF KANSAS

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SPRIT OF KANSAS.

G. F. KIMBALL, Editor.

Seventy-Five Cents a Year in Advance.
Advertising \$2.00 an inch per month.

Entered in the Post Office in Topeka, for
transmission as second class matter.

John Nystrom, the shoe dealer, rejoices
over the birth of a boy.

Ross Irwin, the contractor and builder,
has returned from a short visit to Indi-
ana.

The Chautauqua managers state that
the Assembly was a great success finan-
cially.

Excavations for putting in water pipes
are going on at numerous points along
avenue.

Joseph Pardee was struck by lightning
while loading hay near Lawrence and
killed.

Silver Lake people would like to have
the proposed dam in the Kaw located op-
posite that town.

Last Friday the thermometer 104 de-
grees at noon, making the warmest day
of the season in Topeka.

It is reported that the Citizen's bank
will be removed from the Adams build-
ing to the block north of Norris street.

The telephone line up the Kaw Valley
has reached Rossville. It will connect
the towns of Silver Lake and Rossville
with Topeka.

Mrs. L. M. Bernstein, visiting relatives
at Junction City, has returned to North
Topeka. Her sister, Miss Jennie Bitter-
man, accompanied her.

Prof. M. E. Zartman, of Somerset,
Ohio, is visiting Mr. J. H. Foucht, the
North side hardware dealer, an old ac-
quaintance. Prof. Zartman is a accom-
plished musician, and is making prepara-
tions to go into the musical business at
Kansas City.

Joshua Browning, a farmer near North
Topeka, planted twenty acres to "90-day"
corn and has just harvested forty bushels
to the acre. He says that the corn ma-
tures and is out of the way before dry
weather sets in. The seed he obtained in
Ohio.

One of the oldest people in the county
and by far the oldest Indian, was Sahga
Bourbonia, a Pottawatomie woman who
died at her home northwest of North
Topeka, a day or two ago. She was 98
years of age, and was a grown woman be-
fore a white man set foot on Kansas soil.

Farmers in from north of the city re-
port that in some localities the corn is
being out up and shocked while in others
it is looking well. The hot dry winds
seem to have passed over the country in
streaks, destroying a field here and there
and sparing other fields directly adjoin-
ing it.

The telephone company is making great
improvements in its line and service in
this city. A large force of men is con-
stantly at work putting in new cables.
These cables are less than an inch in di-
ameter and yet contain 104 separate cop-
per wires, each insulated from the other.
The cable thus takes the place of the hun-
dred wires which now form a mass of hot
work on the Kansas Avenue poles.

Mr. Decker, a natural gas prospector,
with some of the members of the newly
formed gas company, has been looking
for evidences of gas. Mr. Decker has
been engaged in the boring at Muncie,
Indiana, and feels confident that if gas
is found in this section it will be struck
at a depth of about 1100 feet. The veins
of coal which crop out all along the
streams of northern Shawnee, give promise
that a valuable discovery of coal will
be made, even if gas is not reached.

Miss Leora Morrow has returned from a
week's visit to Helton.

Mrs. J. S. Morse is entertaining friends
from a distance.

Dealers in fire-arms report their trade
largely increased within the last few
days, undoubtedly on account of the nu-
merous and daring burglaries.

There are thirty mechanics employed re-
fitting Bethany college. One of the large
halls is to be cut up into smaller rooms
and also a large new addition will be
built.

The Rock Island depot has about seven-
ty-five men at work upon it and the work
of the chisel and hammer are fast materi-
alizing into one of the finest depots of
the country.

The Troop hotel is being built up rap-
idly, the west end is about ready for the
roofing and all force will now be put on
ing and all force will now be put to the
main addition on the north side.

The premium list has been completed
for the state fair, and the copies are going
off like hot cakes (in December.) Anyone
wishing a copy can get it by calling at the
State Fair headquarters, 118 Six street.

The condition of the streets call forth
more comment every day. "The city
railway company ought to be at work
day and night until the lines on the av-
enue are put in good order again," said a
citizen yesterday.

Judge Gurthrie has adjourned the dis-
trict court until the first Monday in
September. He also issued an order em-
panelling a grand jury of fifteen per-
sons to be summoned in the manner pre-
scribed by law. The grand jury will
meet on the third Monday of the Septem-
ber term.

Charles H. Dinkgrave and Mrs. White,
a brother and sister of the late Judge
Dinkgrave, arrived in the city Saturday
from Monroe, Louisiana, accompanied
by the three children of the deceased.
They will occupy a residence on Tenth
street between Kansas avenue and Quincy
street.

Manager Swayze has received from
General Chas. I. Bently, general manager
of the international military encampment,
to be held at Chicago, October 1st
to 20th, a communication urging him to
make arrangements at once for the at-
tendance of Marshall's band at the en-
campment, and offering to pay transpor-
tation both ways and quarters and sub-
sistence during their stay.

About 1 o'clock Monday afternoon as
Frank Martin was driving a market wa-
gon on Quincy street between Fourth and
Fifth avenues the dash board broke off
and Martin was thrown into the horses
heels. The animal jumped and kicked
ferociously, but Martin held to the lines
until the horse stood still. Martin then
fainted away, and was picked up and
taken to the police station. A great gash
had been cut over his right eye nearly
three inches long and to the bone.

A lawsuit over the title to some land
on Topeka avenue is beginning to excite
considerable interest, especially among
the parties concerned. John B. Lefendre,
part Indian, died in 1881, at the age of
nearly one hundred years. Before his
death for many years it is alleged he was
an imbecile, and that while in this con-
dition he deeded his property to his son,
Joe Lefendre, who afterwards deeded a
large part of it to Matt Campbell, who
in turn sold it to I. W. B. Grant. This
property now includes a large number of
lots lying west of A. Y. Robb's property
on Harrison street. Mrs. Elizabeth Mc-
Kee, a daughter of John Lefendre's, Mrs.
Lizetta King, a granddaughter, George
Thompson and other heirs, have brought
suit for their share of the property, claim-
ing that the deeds were illegally made
John Lefendre not being of sound mind.

Wm. Finch expects to have his livery
stable completed in about two weeks.

J. N. Thompson, who has been sick with
malarial fever, is now slowly beginning
to recover.

There are over two hundred commercial
traveling men who make Topeka their
place of abode.

The colored Benevolent Society went
on a big excursion to Leavenworth on
Monday, and it was a big one, too.

We are glad to see that the Topeka Cap-
ital has resumed the publication of the
North Side items.

Mr. J. Lee, formerly of the firm of Gibb
& Lee, now occupies a position in the
office of the Santa Fe lumber depart-
ment.

A little son of James McKee, living at
210 Kansas Avenue, died of summer com-
plaint Sunday evening. The body was
sent to Silver Lake for burial.

H. Smith, of the firm of Gibb & Smith,
is on a commercial tour for the Decatur
Coffin Company, in whose employ he has
been for a long time.

George McCarter, one of the oldest and
most highly respected citizens of this
county, died at his home east of the city
Sunday night.

Perry Toms, a carpenter, while sitting
on a roll of building paper in F. A. Ring-
er's wagon, Saturday evening, was thrown
out by a sudden jolt and his face and
nose badly cut.

A telegram was received Sunday from
Governor Martin at Colorado Springs,
stating that he would not be able to come
back for some time, owing to the serious
sickness of his child.

Mr. C. S. McClintock, senior member of
the firm C. S. McClintock & Co., was
thrown from his wagon while crossing
Soldier creek bridge and severely bruised.

Ed. Baldwin, of fire station number
one, has returned from a six weeks' rudi-
cation at Excelsior Springs, Mo. The
station has been very lonesome for some
time past owing to Ed's absence.

The little six year old daughter of Mr.
Randall, residing on the Lyman place,
just north of the city limits, fell out of a
buggy a day or two ago, and broke her
arm. She is doing well at the present
writing.

F. E. Ringer & Co., have completed the
handsome new residence of J. P. Bauer,
on Taylor street, south side, and Mr. Bau-
er is already installed there awaiting the
arrival of Mrs. Bauer and Mrs. Tillie
Roehr, her daughter, who are expected
back from their Ohio visit in about a
week.

In many places throughout North To-
peka the sidewalks are in a horrible con-
dition, the boards rotten and in scores of
places some of the boards broken and
gone. Walking of a dark night it is ab-
solutely dangerous and the authorities
should look into the matter at once.

Several years ago Samuel Ecker, a well
known farmer near Auburn, received a
severe sunstroke, from which he never
entirely recovered. Last week he became
violently insane, and it was impossible to
restrain him from doing harm either to
himself or to others. He was removed to
the insane asylum, where he died Sun-
day evening. He was 62 years of age,
and leaves a large number of relatives at
Auburn.

Officers Curran and Summers made a
trip in quest of tramps Sunday night and
after scouring the vicinity of the Junction
managed to take in seven, who were taken
to the police station in the patrol wa-
gon. The tramps stated that they had
seen two colored men with a lot of jewel-
ry a short time before the policemen ar-
rived, but that they had gone off down
the track.

Wholesale Robbing.

When M. Bernstein came down to his
store Saturday morning he found it had
been burglarized. A back window had
been opened, and the safe, which had been
left unlocked, was found with the cash
box torn out. Only about sixty cents had
been left in it, which was gone. A trunk
check left at the store by Mrs. J. E. Sha-
fer, for safe keeping, had also disap-
peared. The thieves took several boxes
of cigars.

The robbers entered the grocery store
of Davis & Sheetz by breaking open a
window. The money drawer was broken
open but only a few cents were found.
A few boxes of cigars were also taken.

Norris & Green's was next entered by
breaking a pane of glass in a window.
Cigars were found strewn all over the
floor, and a number of the cigars taken
from the Bernstein store were left here.
The burglars took a number of small
nickle-plated weights and a box of tooth
powder, showing an eccentric and per-
haps a cultivated taste.

Friday night a man saw a boy named
Thompson who lives near Wamego, in a
carriage near Silver Lake, and represent-
ed that he was a United States detective
in search of persons "shoving the queer."
He stated that he had good reason to be-
lieve that Thompson had some counter-
feit money. The young man showed him
\$15 and the sham detective took the
same, pronouncing it counterfeit. They
drove to Topeka, where the man
gave the boy the "shake." Every effort
to find him is without avail. He is de-
scribed as a large man with clean-shaved
face, dark hair and wearing a gray suit.
The boy was sent home.

A BLOOD-THIRSTY ROBBER.

One of the most sensational attempts
that has taken place for some years oc-
curred Friday night at the residence of
Jack O'Brien, chief of the Santa Fe fire
department. Mrs. O'Brien was awakened
by the barking of a dog and the crying
of the baby. A light was burning in the
next room and she saw a brawny negro
enter. She immediately screamed "There
is a man in the house!" The negro
turned on her and said "Keep still or I'll
kill you." Mr. O'Brien, thoroughly
awakened, attempted to spring out
of the bed. The negro with a
curse aimed a blow at him, making sev-
eral ugly holes in his leg. The negro
then drew a long knife, and as O'Brien
struggled with him, thrust it into his
groin, the back of his left leg, and slashed
it across his knee. Mr. O'Brien sprang
away and snatched his revolver, but the
weapon hung fire, and the negro sprang
out of the window and Mr. O'Brien fired.
The negro fell, but jumped up, sprang
over the fence and escaped.

Mr. O'Brien found that \$22 in money,
and a new pair of trousers worth \$10 had
been taken.

Mrs. O'Brien showed a great deal of
pluck in her gallant struggle with the
brutish negro. Mr. O'Brien will be
around again in a day or so.

BURGLAR AND A BROKEN NOSE.

Mr. L. R. Taylor, who keeps a nursery
at 78 Seward street, in Miller's addition,
had a thrilling adventure with a giddy
robber Saturday morning at 2:30 o'clock.
He was greatly annoyed during the night
by the barking of a dog, and left his bed
to kick the animal as it deserved. Just
as he passed out of his room into another
he was slugged by a negro who stood be-
hind the door. The negro made good his
escape from an open window, and Mr.
Taylor was in too dazed a condition to
pursue him.

The house of Christian Kaiser, janitor
of Quincy school, who resides in the jan-
itor's quarters in the school building,
was entered by burglars on Wednesday
evening while the family were at the
Chautauqua assembly. The burglars go-

away with a breast pin, chain and other
articles of jewelry, to the value of about
\$25. Another attempt was made to enter
the same place on Thursday afternoon,
the burglars cutting away the screen and
removing the sash of one of the back
windows.

Deputy Marshall Jno. Gardner, one of
the most efficient men who have ever
served on the police force, is inclined to
believe that there are certain gangs of
tramps who are committing the burg-
laries that have been so frequent of late.
Every effort, he says, will be made to
break up these gangs.

Carl Bergen is low with malarial
fever.

Will Pattison, who has been very ill
with malarial fever, is a little better.

What is called an "ice cream concert,"
is advertised for Garfield park Saturday
night.

Mrs. Henry Phelps and daughter
have been visiting relatives in Inde-
pendence.

The parents of S. A. Stearns, the
flour and feed man of 1006 Kansas
avenue, have become residents of
North Topeka and are occupying a
house on Central avenue. Miss Bella
Stearns will teach at Avondale.

Ross Gillyuly, a son of Wm. Gillyuly, for-
merly county attorney of Jefferson county,
has taken a position in the office of J.
Thomas, the prominent lumber man.

A double wedding of North Topeka
people took place at Kansas City Thurs-
day. The bride-grooms were John Curtis
and George Moore, and the brides Misses
Carrie and Lou Jones.

Mr. Owens, employed at the Planing
Mill of Jonathan Thomas, had one of
his little fingers so injured by being
caught in the machinery last week, that
it had to be amputated. Drs. Mitchell
and Williamson were the attending sur-
geons.

F. W. Ripley, of the Steam Laundry,
met with a severe and painful accident
Wednesday evening, jamming one of his
great toes. He suffered intensely for a
time, and will not be able to wear a shoe
on that foot for some time to come.

Mrs. E. A. R. Higbee, of North Topeka,
with her daughter Edith, expects soon to
go to Pennsylvania to attend a reunion
of the Chandler family, which takes place
at Birmingham on the 14th of September.
Mrs. Higbee's maiden name was Chandler.
It is expected that there will be a large
gathering at the reunion, and that
among the number will be present the
children of the late Hon. Zack Chandler,
of Michigan.

Thomas Winn, proprietor of the new
North Topeka bakery, had his pocket
picked in a rather bold and novel man-
ner Saturday evening. He was taking a
nap in a hammock on the front porch at
his residence, 210 East Curtis street. He
was awakened after being asleep about
an hour, by the sensation of some one
being about the porch. On thoroughly
recovering his senses he found that sev-
eral dollars had been taken from his pocket
by some wandering thief.

Extensive preparations are being made
for a grand fair this fall. The interest is
general throughout the state and all of
the state heard from seem determined to
aid in making the fair a success.
Colonel St. Clair, of Belplaine, a member
of the state board of agriculture, has
been in the city giving and getting in-
structions from the secretary of fair as-
sociation. Mr. St. Clair says that his por-
tion of the state will spread their ban-
ners at the fall show.

The Spirit of Kansas

TOPEKA, - - KANSAS.

OSCAR WILD has become editor of a London journal, and no longer poses as the leader of aestheticism.

ONE of Cyrus Field's expectations is to see electricity used as a motor on the elevated railroads of New York.

MRS. GRUNDY, of *The New York Mail*, says that some noblemen in search of American wives are not at all particular.

HEAVY rains have caused floods and washouts in Arizona and Mexico, and railroad trains are three days behind time.

C. H. WOODRUFF, the millionaire printing-ink manufacturer of Philadelphia, was once a compositor earning \$3 a week.

Mlle. DE LA RAME, better known as "Ouida," was recently requested to leave a prominent London hotel for non-payment of her bill.

MRS. OLE BULL has been chaperoning a party of young people from Cambridge, Mass., on a buckboard journey through the White mountains.

JAMES LONGSTREET, Jr., son of Gen. James Longstreet, is in Springfield, Mass. He is engaged to work for the United States Geological society.

It is announced by St. Petersburg papers that Grand Duke Michael, cousin of the czar, will shortly be affianced to a daughter of the prince of Wales.

MR. AND MRS. OSMOND TEARLE and their children are at Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass., and are said to present a perfect picture of domestic felicity.

MRS. MARY JOHNSON, who died some time ago in Philadelphia, left \$400,000 to be distributed among thirty different charitable associations in the Quaker city.

QUEEN VICTORIA wore glasses in public for the first time last week. The lenses were no larger than a quarter dollar piece, and set in a plain bit of tortoise shell.

It is announced in *The Louisville Courier-Journal* that Mr. Watterson has been directed by his physicians to cancel all his engagements for public speaking in the Kentucky campaign. He will spend the summer with his family at Block island.

PATRICK PRICE, an old colored man who has for a score of years blacked boots at the Ebbitt house, Washington, is dead. He had in his time polished the shoes of nearly all the public men in the country. He was a war veteran and was covered with scars, of which he was very proud. He died from the effects of the recent excessive heat.

A FRIEND of Sir Edward Landseer, who accompanied him to Kensington museum on the first occasion of its exhibition by gaslight, relates that Landseer stopped short before his large picture, "A Visit to Waterloo." "I must have been mad," said he, "when I painted that." And walking up to the picture he placed his hand over the part which attracted his criticism. An attendant policeman shouted his polite caution: "Now, then, take your hands off there!" "My good man," said Sir Edward, "I was merely remarking how bad that was." "Then why don't you go and do better?" said the policeman, who had no idea to whom he was speaking. "Quite right, quite right! I am ashamed of it," returned Sir Edward.

This professes to let light upon a hitherto "unpublished" side of Gladstone's character: A prominent British officer, says *Life* (London), dining recently at Hawarden for the first time, ventured to traverse a very erroneous version of recent occurrences which fell from the lips of his host. Thereupon Mr. Gladstone's once remarkably fine, though now haggard and restless eyes began to glare. He knit his brows, and surveyed his audacious guest with a glance of withering contempt. But ere his anger could find vent in words an intimate friend of the family averted the impending storm by interposing with an adroit explanation of the visitor's "obvious misconception," as he chose to term it. While the explanation was still in progress a footman slipped into the guest's hand a scrap of paper on which Mrs. Gladstone had hastily scribbled the words: "I regret that I forgot to forewarn you that Mr. Gladstone is never contradicted in this house."

AT SUNSET.

I love, when Autumn days are done
And all the winds at rest,
To sit and watch the happy sun
Go out into the west;
To let my idle fancy stray
Across the waters' golden way;

To follow, follow, follow on
Until the gleaming land
Has sunk beneath the waves and gone
Like castles on the sand;
To follow till I gain at last
The charmed country of the past.

There in the glamor of romance,
By forest, plain and hill,
With crested helm and glittering lance
The knights are riding still,
And many a hoary castle wall,
Echoes at eve their bugle-call.

There cruise the bearded buccaners
Who swept the English main;
There gather to the feast of spears
The ravens of the Dane,
And to the shifting summer skies
The old sea-rovers' war-songs rise.

And there are low soft melodies
About the shadowy shore,
Where the stars tremble on the seas
Beneath the silent oar;
Music of lutes and serenade,
Sweet songs by happy lovers made.

There, clash of steel on steel, and shout
Of battle wildly ring;
Granada's Moors are riding out
To meet the Christian King,
And all the chivalry of Spain
Is fighting for the Cross again.

There by the glancing river's side,
Out through the morning's mists,
Gay larks and ladies laughing ride
With hawks upon their wrists;
The soft winds bear across the fells
The music of their silver bells.

There, stretched the drowsy pines among,
The Lotos-eaters be;
There still the siren's fatal song
Is sweet upon the ear,
And through the woodland and the stream
The nymphs and naiads glide and gleam.

The golden glow falls pale and dim
Far in the western sky,
Where on the water's utmost rim
The ships go sailing by,
That fair world fades away once more
And leaves me lonely by the shore.

—D. J. Robertson, in *Longman's Magazine*.

THROUGH SOUTH AMERICA.

Extensive Explorations by an American Traveler—Wonderful Rivers, Canyons, and Mountains.

Frank Vincent, who wrote "The Land of the White Elephant," and has visited every civilized country in the world has arrived in New York, says *The World*. He was just in from a 55,000-mile journey in South America, where he had been in every capital and important seaport, and explored many leagues of previously unknown territory. He is a quiet-looking man, tall and slim, with a dark-brown mustache and a well-tanned face.

"I am glad to get back to the best city in the world," he said to a reporter.

"My last trip was long and rather wearisome—to South America, returning by way of Cuba, Mexico, and the western states and territories. I left New York in May, 1885."

"How did you find traveling in South America?"

"It is laborious, expensive, and subject to privation, though generally without annoyance from man or beast. I do not speak now of the exploration of remote inland districts. That is a much more serious matter. The cost of traveling is considerably greater than in Europe, though not quite so great as in the United States. There are lines of large and comfortable steamers playing all around the seacoast and up the large rivers; but on the land you are always accommodated by rail or stage roads. As to railroads, Brazil, Argentine Republic and Chili are far in advance of the other states, where long journeys must still be undertaken upon horseback. Street-railways have been very generally introduced in the larger cities, and Rio Janeiro justly claims possession of the smoothest and fastest lines in the world. As to hotels, of course you must not look for what in New York are styled first-class houses. Your rooms will often be primitively furnished and not always clean. There will be enough to eat, though of but a limited variety. The native cookery cannot be commended. There are very fair French hotels in Lima and Valparaiso and a good English hotel in Rio Janeiro. But it is next to impossible to get imported wines and beers which are not both adulterated and sold at exorbitant prices. In a vast continent of such varying altitude and extending through so many degrees of latitude the traveler encounters all sorts of climates, and therefore needs to come provided with an extensive wardrobe. The best money for the traveler to carry is American gold for the northern and western coasts and British gold for the eastern coast. All native money matters are more or less crooked. Paper is usually the circulating medium, and is certain to be very much depreciated in value. The paper money of Peru, the par value of which is 100 cents, passes current for 4 cents, so that it takes an armful of money to pay for a trifle. In Ecuador there are but two cities—the capital, Quintero, and Guayaquil. In each there is a national bank, and the bills of one are at a discount of 25 per cent in the bank of the other. In making the grand tour you pass from one to another of nine republics, one empire and three colonies—a wearying experience of thirteen baggage examinations in as many different custom-houses."

"Brazil, the Argentine Republic, and Chili are the most prosperous and enterprising countries of South America, and have the brightest prospects. If I were to add a fourth, of which much is to be expected, it would be Venezuela, where the soldier and statesman, Guzman and Blanco, has introduced many important reforms. Of the remaining republics little may be hoped. Revolution succeeds revolution. There is no safety for life or property during these periodical outbreaks. Travel, of course, is out of the question. On account of a fierce civil war then in progress, I was obliged, on my outward journey, to forego a projected visit to the interior of Colombia and continue on to Ecuador. There also public affairs were unsettled, though there were no hostilities. A few months afterward, however, the president was obliged to fly from Quito to Guayaquil. On his way one of his aids was killed by his side, but he escaped unhurt. In Peru I found two rival governments. A civil war here again obstructed my plan of travel, though I was able to penetrate the southern provinces. In Buenos Ayres the citizens narrowly escaped a revolution during the recent change of administration, and in Uruguay, at the same time, one actually occurred. While I was traveling in one part of Venezuela an insurrection was in progress in another. When I reached Colombia, although peace had been declared, they were on the eve of another war. "No continent can boast of grander rivers, mountains, forests, and plains. My course was from New York to Aspinwall and Panama, down the west coast, through the straits of Magellan and up along the eastern and northern coasts to Aspinwall again. I ascended and took my breakfast in the crater of Pichincha, the loftiest volcano in the world—sixteen thousand feet above sea level—which is almost continually in a state of eruption. I visited the falls of the River Iquassu, a river which rises in southern Brazil, near the Atlantic, flows almost due west, and, forming the boundary between the empire and the Argentine Republic, empties into the Parana. The falls are very similar to the falls of Niagara, in form, color, and dimension. They are in a dense forest that few whites have visited. Like Niagara, there are two falls separated by an island. One is a straight sheet of water, the other is horseshoe shape. Paraguay is a beautiful country with a delightful climate, but its long and disastrous war with Brazil has almost annihilated the male population so that you rarely see any but women and children on the streets of Assumption, the capital. The census shows that the women outnumber the men six to one. After leaving Panama I visited the ruins of Yucatan, ascended Popocatepetl, 18,362 feet high, and took in the Zuni Indians of New Mexico. I shall publish an account of my travels, illustrated from photographs I have gathered in South America, and some maps, charts, and plans of the countries and cities."

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The City Boys in the Country.

I am not a professional summer resort tender or anything of the kind, but I am a plain man, that works and slaves in the lumber woods all winter and then blows it in, if you will allow the term, on some New York friends of my wife's who come down, as they state, for the purpose of relaxation, but really to spread themselves out over our new white coverlids with their clothes on, and murmur in a dreamy voice: "Oh, how restful."

They also kick because we have no elevated trains that will take them down to the depot, whereas I am not able and cannot get enough ahead or forehand sufficiently to do so, as Heaven is my judge.

They bring with them a small son, who is a pale, emaciated little cuss, with a quiet way of catching my 3-year-old helper by the tail and scaring the life out of her that is far beyond his years. His mother thinks he will not live, mayhap, to grow up, and I hope she may not be disappointed. Still, he has a good appetite, and one day last summer, besides his meals, he ate:

One pocketful green apples (pippins),
One pocketful green apples (Ben Davis),
Three large stems rhubarb,
One half green gooseberries,
Two ginger cookies, without holes,
Two ginger cookies, with holes,
One adult cucumber, with salt on same,
One glass new milk.

Two uncooked hen eggs, on half-shell.

I laid off all that day from haying in order to follow the little rascal around with a lead pencil and a piece of paper and see how much he would eat. That evening I thought what a beautiful night he had selected for his death. The moon was slipping in and out through frothy, fleece-lined clouds, and I could imagine the angels just behind the battlements putting the celestial bric-a-brac high enough up so that Henry couldn't get hold of it when he came. I had a slow horse concealed behind the barn, with which I intended going for the doctor. It was a horse with which I had failed to get the doctor in time on a similar occasion, and I felt that he could be relied on now.

Night settled down on the riproaring Piscataquis and deepened the shadows at the base of Russell Mountain. The spruce gum tree of the Moosehead Lake region laid aside its work for the day and the common warty toad of the Pine Tree State began to overestimate himself and inflate his person with the bugs of the evening, now and then lighting up his interior with a lightning bug. It was a glorious evening that little Henry had selected and set aside for his death. But he was really the only one in our house who slept well that night, and seemed to wake up thoroughly refreshed. He is still alive as I write and is coming down here in July emptier than ever.—Bill Nye.

Is It a Piece of a Comet?

From an illustrated paper by William Earl Hadden, in the *August Century*, we quote as follows: There has recently come into my possession the ninth iron meteorite whose fall to the earth has been observed. It is moreover, the first meteorite which seems to evidence a direct connection with a star-shower. The mass acquires still further interest from the fact that it is presumably a fragment of the famous comet of Biela.

A brief account of this celestial wanderer will doubtless be of interest to the readers of *The Century*, in which magazine the essays of the astronomer Langley have recently appeared. Astronomers have waited patiently for the fall to the earth's surface, at the time of the periodical star-showers, of something tangible, but until now they have waited in vain.

In looking over a considerable amount of astronomical literature, only one record can be found of the falling of a body to the earth at such a time; this was near Paris, on the 10th of April, 1094, when "many shooting-stars were seen, and a very large one was said to have been found on the ground as a glowing substance."

From the 24th to the 29th of November, 1885, the earth was passing through a train of meteors that proceeded from the constellation Andromeda, and once formed a part of Biela's comet. These meteors are now known to astronomers as Andromedes or Bielids. The maximum of this shower occurred on the 27th, while it was yet broad daylight over America, and at an hour corresponding to 11, a. m. at Mazapil, Mexico. Thus, at the time of the fall of this meteorite, ten hours after the maximum number of meteors was observed, the earth was meeting with only the stragglers of the train. It cannot be doubted that the cosmic dust proceeding from the disintegration of Biela's Comet wholly enveloped the earth and was seen as meteors from every part of it. Such was the magnificence of the celestial phenomenon that in some parts of the Eastern Continent uneducated people believed there would be no stars left in the sky.

Of the countless host of meteors which crossed the earth's path on this 27th of November, only one is as yet known to have reached the earth's surface, and this fell near the village of Mazapil, in the state of Zacatecas, Mexico, at about 9 o'clock in the evening. It is of the rare iron-nickel variety, and weighs ten and a quarter pounds Troy.

This meteorite was presented to me by Sr. Jose A. y Bonilla, Director-Professor of the Zacatecas Observatory, who received it, five days after its fall, from the ranchman who saw it descend from the heavens. This ranchman related the strange occurrence as follows (translated from the Spanish):

"It was at about 9 o'clock on the night of November 27th, when I went out to the corral to feed certain horses; suddenly, I heard a loud sizzling noise, exactly as though something red-hot was being plunged into cold water, and almost instantly there followed a somewhat loud thud. At once the corral was covered with a phosphorescent light, while suspended in the air were small luminous sparks as though from a rocket. I had not recovered from my surprise before I saw this luminous air disappear, and there remained on the ground only such a light as is made when a match is rubbed. A number of people came running toward me from the neighboring houses, and they assisted me in quieting the horses, which had become very much excited. We all asked each other what could be the matter, and we were afraid to walk in the corral for fear of being burned. When, in a few moments, we had recovered from our fright, we saw the light disappear, and bringing lanterns to look for the cause, we found a hole in the ground and in it a ball of light. We retired to a distance, fearing it would explode and harm us. Looking up to the sky, we saw from time to time exhalations or stars, which soon went out without noise. We returned after a little, and found in the hole a hot stone which we could barely handle; this on the next day, we saw, looked like a piece of iron. All night it rained stars, but we saw none fall to the ground, as they all seemed to be extinguished while yet very high up."

Upon further inquiry we learn that there was no explosion or detonation heard, and that the mass penetrated the earth only to a depth of twelve inches.

This very circumstantial account leads us to believe that this meteorite is the first one to be secured and preserved that has come to the earth during a star-shower.

A Woman's No.

She had a parcel, small and round,
One lovely afternoon last summer;
I offered, as in duty bound,
To take it from her.

She thanked me with a gracious smile,
As sweet as rosy lips could make it;
It was so small 'twas not worth while
To let me take it.

Again I offered as before
Of that slight burden to relieve her;
She'd rather not: "Pray say no more!"
'Twould really grieve her.

I ceased to plead; she seemed content;
The thing was small and neatly corded,
And so along our way we went
To where she boarded.

But when upon the stoop she stood,
And ere our last adieus were uttered,
She eyed me in a rueful mood,
And softly muttered,

As swung the door to let her through,
And left me there all unresisting;
"I don't think very much of you
For not insisting."

—San Francisco Wasp.

O. C. Cabot, a brother of Sebastian Cabot, spelled his name backward in order to find an appellation for an Indian smokeweed-tobacco.—*The Earth*.

Tricycle riding is recommended as a remedy for rheumatism. "It is more exciting than carrying a chestnut in your pocket."—*Albany Argus*.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The boundaries of Scotland embrace 188 islands.

An electrical street-railway is being talked of at Rochester, N. Y.

A tramp with four pair of trousers on was arrested in New York the other day.

A shark recently captured in San Francisco bay contained a peck of young lobsters.

In New York, Philadelphia, and some other cities the roof in the tenement-house district is a general resort in hot nights. Sometimes whole families camp out.

The constitution of Costa Rica is quite a domestic affair. It prescribes hospitality as a sacred duty, and declares citizenship to be forfeited by ingratitude to parents.

Seventy-five pianos with five hundred trunks of valuables, fine paintings, jewelry, and silverware, were destroyed by the recent burning of a large storage building in New York city.

The New Hampshire house of representatives has passed a bill appropriating \$1,500 per year for the next two years to be expended in preparing the record of the New Hampshire soldiers and sailors in the war of the rebellion.

It is said there is a town in Scotland where twenty-two men have refused to speak or to recognize each other for years, because they have different theories about the creation of the world, and none of them will give up to the other.

At Alexander, Va., last Wednesday night, a murderer convicted of manslaughter was fined \$5 for a simple case of assault. During the past month two brutal murderers in the same state have been given terms of two and three years' imprisonment for their crimes.

There is a law in Washington territory compelling the teachers of public schools to teach physiology and hygiene, and if they do not teach the same they cannot draw school money; also, if the pupils will not study those studies they can be expelled from the school.

At Dallas, Tex., Monday evening, hoodlums bombarded a prohibition meeting with rotten eggs. One of the missiles hit the son of Rev. Dr. Hayden, of *The Baptist Herald*. "I would rather," said the doctor, "they struck my son with a rotten egg than give him a drink of whiskey."

A song sang by Patti during her last tour of the west was composed by the 14-year-old daughter of the state librarian of Pennsylvania. The composition was so difficult that the child was advised to simplify it, but she refused, and it was sent to the diva, who sang it with great success.

The casualties of the jubilee procession foot up to about six hundred. Three hundred were cases of fainting. Over twenty of sunstroke. There were several broken legs, arms, and collar-bones, and dislocations. Some people suffered concussion of the brain, some had their chests crushed, and others were kicked by horses.

The latest novelty in silver is a tiny powder-box of repousse work, lined with gold, and destined to be carried in the pocket by the women whose noses are apt to become shiny or whose chins assume a rosy hue under a summer-resort sun. The box contains a miniature powder puff and the daintiest mirror imaginable is inserted in the lid.

It is related by Boston papers as a fact that at Brooklyn the other day a Boston man discovered after he had boarded a car that he had no change less than a \$50 bill, and borrowing the fare from the conductor took his name and address, and a few days after sent the ticket-puncher a check for \$5 in appreciation of his kindness in lending a nickel.

The three great features in the celebration at Philadelphia of the centennial anniversary of the adoption of the constitution of the United States will be—first, an oration and poem in commemoration of the signing of the constitution; second, a grand military display, in which states, territories, and the general government will join, and third, an industrial procession.

At Springfield, O., a few days ago a mother checked her baby carriage to a neighboring town where she was about to visit, and forgot to remove the child from it. Just before the train started she missed the baby, and after a frantic and fruitless search suddenly remembered where she had left it. She got to the baggage car just in time to get the infant as it was being loaded on the train in its carriage.

It is strange but true that the territory of Arizona is without laws. The laws both special and general, were abolished by the last legislature, which adopted an entirely new code. The new code was to go into effect July 1, but it is still in the printers' hands in St. Louis. The officials and people of the territory are totally ignorant of the code laws, and all courts will have to close until the code is printed and distributed.

A typographical error appeared in *The Portland Sunday Times* a few years ago which resulted more happily than is usual in such cases. In announcing a church supper and concert, the word concert was perverted to dance. A young man who read the item and was attracted by the dance strolled into the vestry. He became so much interested that he afterward attended church services there, professed religion, and is now a highly esteemed clergyman.

A resident at Ocean Point, Me., reports a great fight between two monster seals, which he thus describes: "I think they would each weigh one thousand pounds; they tore at one another fearfully; lashed the water into foam and leaped boldly into the air. It was a battle of giants, fearful to behold, and I do not wonder that the ancients created a mythology out of such marine tussles. Finally after a desperate encounter of five minutes, both the combatants disappeared beneath the waves."

Among the suggestions for August in *The American Magazine* is this: "When you go out of town to a summer hotel take in your dressingbag an ounce vial of saturated solution of permanganate of potash, which any druggist will prepare for a few cents, and put half a dozen drops into a tumbler of the drinking-water that is supplied. If it turns brown in an hour it is, broadly speaking, unfit to drink; if not, it is not especially harmful. If a country hotel's sewerage system is confined to cesspools within 100 feet of the house and near the water supply, take next train to a point further on."

FARM MANAGEMENT.

A Few Facts for Farmers Succinctly Stated.

TICKS ON LAMBS.

As soon as a flock of sheep is shorn the ticks will leave the older sheep for the lambs, which have longer wool. A strong solution of tobacco water should be made, and the lambs dipped into it, holding them in until the wool is fully saturated with the solution, and then squeezing it out so as not to waste it. It will destroy the ticks and the lambs will do so much better as to well repay the extra trouble.

STOLEN CROPS OF TURNIPS.

Stolen crops are not generally advisable, but a few turnip seed, may be sown in corn after the corn is cut and in stock. At even a low price per bushel they are a paying crop, requiring no expense seeding and harvesting. They are also useful for feeding in winter to sheep, or to cows not giving milk.

WOODEN RAKES FOR HAY.

The wire-tooth rake is deservedly popular for gleaming in grain stubbles, as it will pick up grain and straw that the old-fashion wooden rake will pass over. But many farmers prefer the latter for raking hay, as it does not gather so much dust. Any one who has helped to thresh rakings of grain gathered with the wire, knows how dusty they always are, and this evil is not less in hay that has to be eaten by stock in winter.

DOGS ON THE FARM.

It is coming to be a fact that most dogs are kept in cities, and largely by classes who need every cent of money they can earn for their own and family's support. If a dog could be supposed to be useful anywhere it would be on a farm, guarding property and helping care for stock, but they are growing less in demand for herding farm animals, especially cows and sheep. These animals are too valuable to be worried and often injured by these untrained helps.

DRINKING IN THE HARVEST FIELD.

Little water and no alcoholic drinks should be the rule for harvest workers. The toil is severe and the weather exhaustive, but that is all the better reason for refusing stimulating drinks sure to be followed by reaction. Milk with cold water is excellent, and there are various summer drinks, such as ginger beer, which, though less nourishing, are refreshing. Ginger in summer drinks is especially good for most persons, as it helps to correct stomach difficulties that are always very weakening.

YOUNG CLOVER IN WHEAT.

Where clover seed is sown early in spring and is followed by a growing season it is often large enough at harvest time to be in the way of cutting the grain. It is better to cut high so as to miss the clover leaves. The stubble will be an important protection to the clover next winter, when it is broken down by the snows, and will hold light snows that would otherwise be blown off. The clover in the butts of the wheat sheaves only delays getting it under shelter and exposes it to greater danger from rains.

SHADE FOR SHEEP IN SUMMER.

Sheep are more susceptible to extreme heat than any other farm animal. They take little exercise in warm weather, and feed mainly when the heat has moderated, nights and early mornings, while grass is covered with dew. It is cruel to leave them where they can find no shade. If none better offers they will lie down in furrows and get their wool exceedingly dirty. This used to be especially true when sheep were turned to live on naked summer fallows, keeping down grass and weeds as they appeared above the surface.

SEEDING WITH OATS.

Clover and even timothy seed, if sown early with oats, will often make a good catch. There is no trouble about starting them early and growing them up to the time the grain is heading out. Oats ripen two or three weeks later than barley or wheat, and these two or three weeks are usually the hottest, driest time in the year. Oat roots fill the soil and pump it very dry. For this reason oats should be cut while quite green, just as they begin to turn. The stalk then will fill the grain, and clover and grass sown with it will have a better chance.

NEWLY PLANTED TREES.

Fruit and other trees set early in the spring will probably need some attention this month. Mulching to prevent evaporation from the soil is better than heavy watering without the mulch. Digging around the trees so far as the roots extend is also excellent. It is, in fact, another kind of protection against evaporation. A tree that gets safely through its first summer after transplanting will bear pretty severe usage thereafter, but too many barely put forth a show of leaves when summer heat and drought withers and checks their growth.

COLD, THIN SOIL.

There are on every farm some places where the soil is thin. It is deficient in vegetable matter and does not warm up until late in summer. Those places are usually on ridges exposed to winds where no leaves or other remains of vegetation can accumulate. They are also generally wet below, and stagnant water in the subsoil is even worse without than with the vegetable matter that usually accompanies it. Sometimes these thin soils are sandy on the surface and clay beneath, only needing a growth of clover to furnish vegetable matter and lighten the subsoil to make them productive.

MILK AND CREAM IN SUMMER.

While the weather is hot, there is

danger that the milk will sour before the cream has risen as it should. With the temperature at ninety or over, milk scarcely cools at all, and the souring process goes on rapidly. A little very cold water, or ice if it can be had, put in each pan as it is set, helps to cool the milk quickly, and at the same time to hasten the separation of the cream. This is the principle of the creamery system, but was known and practiced by many housewives before the creamery was invented. It was suggested by washing out milk-pails after straining, and putting this in the last pan, which yielded more cream than those not so treated.

LARGE COARSE-WOOLED SHEEP.

The large sheep are only adapted to rich land. They are great feeders, and the old rule of eight sheep requiring as much pasture as one cow does not apply to them. Sheep eat clover so closely that they will entirely destroy it. On timothy and other grasses they are very uneven feeders, unless they are pastured very closely. As soon as grass gets a little coarse it is rejected and left to go grow without check, while other parts of the pasture are eaten down to the root. Fine-wooled sheep will stand the excessive pasturing that seems to be necessary with this stock; but large, coarse sheep will grow poor on it. This is the reason why the larger breeds of sheep must generally be kept in small flocks, so that each can get enough to eat.

FARM BUILDINGS OF BRICK OR STONE.

Almost all farm buildings are made of wood, owing mainly to the fact that while the country was new and timber abundant this was much the cheapest material that could be used. But farm buildings are more liable to be burned in consequence of the hay and other inflammable material they contain. Brick in many places are about as cheap as wood, and stone where it abounds has never cost anything on the farm except the labor of gathering and putting up. Brick or stone barns have advantages of warmth in cold weather. The farmers who have made stone basements to their barns have always claimed that the extra room thus secured was obtained at less cost than any other in the building.

PROMPT PAYMENT OF WAGES.

In the busy season of harvesting, extra help must often be employed. Nothing assists in making this easy so much as paying wages promptly when due. The extra hand is presumably dependent upon his daily wages for support. If he were not he would have steady employment, and not be able to respond to demands upon him during extra busy seasons. The hired help working by the year or month, and boarded in the farmer's family, are thereby relieved from pressing need of money. But the farmer stands in his own light who does not manage to have money to promptly pay all day laborers by the day. They need it more than he does, and by paying promptly what must be paid sometime, the farmer gets better use of his money than in any other way.—*American Cultivator*.

Landscape-Gardening.

The so-called landscape-gardener is in many cases not as intelligent as an ordinary every-day laborer; his object seems to be to have as many narrow and contorted walks possible where they are not needed, to plant many trees and shrubs in the most inappropriate places, to make ridiculously-shaped beds, and to plant them with but one object,—to use as many plants as possible without regard to suitability. It is surely worth the attention not only of those engaged in the business, but of gentlemen who have country houses, to consider at least the fundamental features of landscape-work and landscape-art. There can be no stereotyped plans for the embellishment of grounds; each domain calls for different treatment and different grouping.

The natural surrounding should be the first consideration, instead of being, as now, often ignored. Unfortunately, we have but few good works which treat this important subject in a right manner; but, in spite of all this malpractice and ignorance, it is evident that we are progressing, though slowly.—*John Thorpe, in the Century*.

How to Scare Snakes.

A gentleman who recently returned from the western coast of Africa, tells how natives provide against the dangers of venomous snakes, which abound in those regions. "The Africans on the coast," he said, "are far more intelligent than those in the interior. Just south of the republic of Liberia there is a large, swampy region which extends for hundreds of miles into the interior and for many miles along the coast. Whenever it is deemed necessary to penetrate this vast morass, which abounds in snakes, the natives simply rub the soles of their feet with garlic and oil. The scent of the garlic is too much for the delicate stomachs of the reptiles, and they crawl away as fast as they are able. This insures almost absolute safety. The boa-constrictor even hesitates to attack a man smelling of this odoriferous vegetable. Another method employed by the natives when they wish to sit to rest is to swish the air with rods. The peculiar noise of the rod seems to inspire the serpents with terror, for they hasten away out of hearing of the sound."

There is one man who finds it difficult to get any one to take a drop with him, and he is the aeronaut who jumps out of his balloon holding on to a parachute when he is a mile above the earth.

WIPED OUT BY A CYCLONE.

Disastrous Adventure of a Bostonian While Sheep-Herding on the Plains.

Stepping upon a Boston Shawmut avenue horse-car, a few days since, says a writer in *The Youth's Companion*, I was surprised to recognize in the conductor, an old acquaintance, who, I supposed, was herding sheep in the far northwest.

"Why, Brown, you here!" I exclaimed. "How's this? Where are your sheep?"

"My sheep left me," said he—with a jerk at the fare-indicator. "Sold out?" I inquired.

"No; got jumped." "Jumped! what 'jumped you'?" I asked.

"Well, you see it was about like this," replied my friend, and as we trundled down past Dover street he gave me the following account of his western experience: "You were out there two years ago," he said, "and remember how I was located."

I remember very well, for I had thought then that he had a model sheep range for a small one; it was in southwestern Dakota on a good stream of water, and had at the southeast of it a fine tract of pine and cottonwood timber.

"Well, I was doing very well, as you know, and in June last had 240 ewes with their lambs; just a satisfactory little bunch, as you may suppose. I looked after them carefully every day to keep off the coyotes; in fact, I didn't often allow them to pass from under my eye when I was out on the range. Besides this I built up a good corral for them at night down in the edge of the timber."

"One afternoon, about the 20th of the month, I was sitting on some rocks watching them. It had been sultry, with the sun scorching hot in the forenoon, and the sheep had kept in the shade of the timber through the middle of the day, till early in the afternoon, when they all streamed out of the bushes, and began to feed up the slope toward where I sat, with a big green umbrella set up over me, as a shelter from the sun."

"Sheep, when they are feeding, as you know, generally keep together, and I should think that at this time, mine were, most of them on a plot of not much more than an acre of ground; but they were coming up the slope at quite a good pace for animals feeding."

"The sky was clear, though just a trifle hazy; but by and by I noticed a bit of a cloud in the northwest that seemed to me to be behaving in a singular way. It appeared to move with a kind of spasmodic motion."

"I noticed, too, that it was rapidly growing longer, and that it seemed to shift from a dark to a light green hue. 'I watched it closely, for I surmised from its appearance that there was some kind of a tornado coming, and immediately after noticed that there was a sort of sleeve or funnel shaped trunk hanging down from it toward the ground."

"The view to the northward from where I sat was a good one, and I could see the cloud a number of miles off. The sleeve or trunk conducted itself in a singular manner. First it would appear to give a little switch, or dab down at the ground, then it would start up again as if to take a look at what it had done, and get ready for another stroke at the objects below, and with every stroke I could see a brown cloud of dust, grass, and brush, and timber rise into the air, and go whirling up into the sky; this hanging cylinder or trunk was black-colored, and seemed to be whirling around as it danced along."

"By the time it was within a mile and a half from me, I felt sure that it was coming in the direction in which I sat, and I could hear a sort of whizzing, roaring noise."

"The sheep heard it, too. They stopped feeding, looked up, and then began to huddle together. But I didn't stop to watch them long; I was busy thinking which way I had better run."

"There was quite a deep chink or hole down between two of the rocks where I was sitting. I shut my big umbrella, dropped down into this chink, stretched out full length and laid the umbrella over the opening in the rocks into which I had placed myself, for I concluded that it would not be very likely to tear those big rocks."

"I had hardly more than placed myself there when it grew dark as night, and the whizzing, roaring noise became loud as thunder! I tore my nails into the crevices of the stones and held on—and then, which, the tornado went over me with a roaring shriek, a rattle, a shower of stones and dirt, and I felt as though the whole ground around me was lifted into the air. This did not last more than half a minute; perhaps not so long as that. I got up out of the crevice, and, as soon as I could see for dust, looked around for my bunch of sheep. I saw two of them three or four hundred yards off to the left, running as if a panther was after them; another one, a lamb, lay kicking near me. Those were all that I could see."

"I ran down to the corral, and there found two of the sheep, one with a broken leg; they must have been blown into it, over the eight-foot fence, for I had turned them all out in the morning."

"Then I began looking farther on through the timber, and, sir, I had not gone far, when I saw a sheep up twenty-five or thirty feet from the ground in the top of a pine tree—lodged there! 'A little farther on I came upon one

lying with a broken back on the ground, and shortly after I saw another, lodged high up in the crotch of a big cottonwood."

"And so I went on, looking for my sheep in the trees. Before night I found fifteen, nine of them dead on the ground, and six up in the tree tops—some of these latter still kicking to get free."

"That was all I ever found of the whole bunch; in fact, I was so disgusted with my ill luck that I did not look much farther, for I knew it was of no use. The tornado had completely wiped me out."

"The next day I salted down three barrels of mutton, and made a trade with a hunter to live at my 'shack' and keep possession for me while I came on east to get a job and earn some more money."

"They say lightning never strikes twice in the same place, and perhaps tornados do not. So, when I got a few hundred dollars saved up here, I mean to go back and set up again. This your street, sir? Well, good day."

Almost Extinct.

Are there any old folks these days? Poets may talk of 'age creeping on apace,' they may sing, ever so sweetly, of the convivialities of life's winter; but in these times nothing creeps, not even old age, and the snow wreaths do not encircle the heated brow. Few grow old; and equally sad, few are young, every thought is swallowed up in business or pleasure, the young man has an 'old head' and the old man a young one, or none at all. Launched forth into the world's strife, he must never grow old, never let the snowdrifts settle. This is no day for old men! so 'tis said.

And the women? There are no old ones nowadays. Society, like business, does not tolerate the old. Art must hide the snowy hair and fill the furrows on the cheeks; white hairs and wrinkles may be poetical, but not attractive in the women of the world! With childhood and old age lost, what is man? Jumped from babyhood to manhood or womanhood, there is no morning, no twilight, only the too short day and burning midday, then, suddenly and with a crash, the blackness of the night!

The day in dawning to an end glides and tints the sky with its sunbeams, which, even after the shades of night begin to close, fade slowly and softly away, leaving a long memory of its brightness. To grow old gracefully! Is it only the day with its twilight, or the great trees that majestically bend under their moss fringes and lichens, that little by little show that their race is run?

Where is the man or the woman of these latter days who does not battle with the falling snows or strive to hide their eyes from the twilight? White hairs will come and human machinery will wax old, and the artificers of the pencil and the brush but make bolder the outlines of the monster, age.

Grandmothers, with silver locks part hidden by a simple cap; grandmothers, upon whose breast the linen kerchief lies in simple folds, and whose faces still beam with the softened tints of life's bright day, live now but in the lavender of "old times." Pretty little French mots take the place of plain old "grandamma" and "grandpapa," and, wisely, for these plain old titles ill become the parents of the parents of the present-day infant.

Happily, in the tossing and rush some old folks live still—thank God for that!—some of those dear old faces are dear, despite the wrinkles, and those crowns of white hair before the glories of the crowns that await them; and these dwellers in the twilight, peopling the present from the past, with faces set toward the shadows, smile, smile not for things that are gone, but for the brightness of the glorious morning for which those old folks are awaiting. God bless them!—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Wise Sayings by Charles Dickens.

Hope is the nurse of young desire. Like clings to unlike more than to like.

A cat is free to contemplate a monarch.

The loveliest things in life are but shadows.

The devil quotes Scripture for his own ends.

Nothing that is not true can possibly be good.

Regrets are the natural property of gray hairs.

What is got by force must be maintained by force.

Charity begins at home, and justice begins next door.

We start from the mother's arms and rush to the dust shovel.

It were better to have conquered one true heart than England.

Here's the rule for bargainers: Do other men, for they would do you.

A great man will be great in misfortune, great in prison, great in chains.

Everybody profits by the indiscretion of his neighbor, and the people of the best repute the most.

What are we but coaches? Some of us are slow coaches; some of us are fast coaches. Our passions are the horses; and rampant animals, too.

A man without reproach, from whom the breath of scandal passes like common breath from any other polished surface, could afford to do what common men could not.

HERE AND THERE.

The tony seaside bicycle suit is of white corduroy.

Chlorophyll is the craze at Long Branch at present.

When an Englishman "gets left" he is said to be "in the cart."

Figs measuring 9½ inches in circumference are grown in Florida.

In Cincinnati smoking is prohibited on any part of the horse-cars.

Experiments have been made to light the British buses with electricity.

There are more optum-eaters in Sacramento than in any other place in California.

One of the recent discoveries is that electricity may be extracted from potato-bugs.

A recent advertisement in an eastern paper reads: "Wanted—A nurse to mind children."

The statues of Washington and Henry Clay, in Richmond, Va., are both in swallow-tails.

The hills of Arizona are covered with green grasses as a result of the recent heavy rains.

The Celtic language is spoken by 940,000 people in Ireland, 64,000 of whom can speak no other.

The use of the corset is traced back six centuries, and it was then, as now, an object of satire.

A Harvard student is doing duty at Saratoga as a hotel waiter and a special correspondent of a Boston paper.

Whooping cough is killing the children on the San Carlos Indian reservation at the rate of eight and ten a day.

Long Branch hackmen are said to be greater swindlers than their Niagara Falls brethren ever thought of being.

Oregon imports much of the butter she consumes, though there is no better dairy country in the world than Oregon.

Every one of the twenty-six tramps arrested in Central park, New York, one day recently, was under the age of 60 years.

Agricultural implements have been in such great demand in Manitoba that nearly every dealer has completely sold out.

"What is an epistle?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of her class. "The wife of an apostle," replied the young hopeful.

Expert girls making the first quality of men's linen collars can, in the Troy factories, for instance, earn from \$25 to \$35 per week.

A bill recently introduced into the Georgia legislature prohibits the use of the little bromos that go with packages of cigarettes.

The total number of postmasters receiving less than \$1,000 per annum is 50,582. Of that number 45,003 are paid between \$400 and \$520 a year.

Steel-framed cabs are now being manufactured in England, with a view to lightness and greater durability than if wood were used for the purpose.

It is shown by official returns that the production of anthracite coal in Pennsylvania the last fiscal year was nearly thirty-five millions of tons.

Leonard Stevens, a lad at Oroville, Cal., is serving a 100 days' sentence in jail for maliciously cutting off the head of a peawolf belonging to a neighbor.

It is said that a wealthy editor of Boston has made provision in his will for a fund to establish a professorship of practical journalism at Harvard college.

Forty-five years ago Elam Brown purchased a ranch from a Spaniard in Contra Costa county, California, and he has lived on it ever since. He is 90 years old.

Great Britain is suffering from a great drought this year. The rivers are drying up and thousands of fish are lying dead in the bottoms of dried up streams.

From the May salary of a New York city school teacher, who receives \$700 a year, there was deducted 1 cent because she had one day been tardy two minutes.

A club of scientists and linguists has been formed in San Francisco, Cal., for the study of the Volapuk language, the invention of a German priest named Schleyer.

An estate of over one million acres was recently offered at public auction in Norway. It is hardly surprising that there was no serious offer for it, and the estate was withdrawn.

By careful experiments M. Bloch has determined that it takes 1.72 of a second longer to hear a sound than to see a sight, and 1.31 of a second longer to feel a touch than to see a sight.

Whitman county, Washington territory, has the smallest woman living. She resides three miles from Pine City, is 27 years old, twenty-nine inches high, and weighs thirty-three pounds.

The Pennsylvania legislature, before adjourning, passed a law offering incentives to the citizens of the state to cultivate trees, and prescribing severe penalties for their wanton destruction.

Edmund Yates says the total amount of the jubilee expenses will not be more than \$275,000, which is to be paid out of the surplus from the civil list which has accumulated during three years past.

Grasshoppers are devastating the fields of Algeria in a terrible manner. An attempt to destroy the eggs proved useless. In one district fifty thousand gallons have been collected and burned. This represents the destruction of 7,250,000 insects.

The "White Horsemen" of Tangipahoa parish, Louisiana, is an organization which devotes considerable of its time to punishing negroes for petty crimes. Its members wear white masks and uniforms, and cover their horses with white cloth.

Col. W. A. Stone, United States district attorney at Pittsburgh, Pa., is said to have received a fee of \$10,000 from the state for trying the case for the state against an Allegheny paper which had sued to recover \$3,400 for publishing the mercantile appraisement list of 1886. It is claimed that Stone only worked two days on the case.

An elderly maiden lady living near Sidcup wrote to the lord chamberlain, saying that she believed every class of the queen's subjects would be represented at Westminster abbey except one, "the old maids," and she asked for two tickets and the honor of representing the "old maids," wishing to have a lady friend accompany her. She got a ticket for herself.

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

For the week ending Aug. 6, 1887.

Finney county is coming to the front as the champion peanut county of Kansas.

A rain, generous in many places, came Wednesday night, and will greatly improve the corn crop.

Two immense ivory tusks which were supposed to be part of the remains of a mastodon were exhumed at a depth of twenty feet near Tonganoxie a few days ago.

Mrs. CELIA W. WALLACE, of Chicago is planning an industrial school for boys in that city. Mrs. Wallace is a rich and philanthropic woman, much interested in the waifs of the street.

The prohibitionists of Florida are active and organized. We have received a copy of the Messenger a new prohibition paper of Tampa. All around the monster alcohol the coils are tightening.

The proposition of the Burton Stock Car company to locate their works in Wichita has been accepted and terms ratified by the city. The entire plant will cost \$400,000 and is to be in operation by January 1st, 1888. It will give employment to 1,500 men.

The farmers of Crawford county held a convention to determine what they should do to prevent the chinch-bug from eating their wheat. They arrived at the conclusion that the most effectual way is not to plant any wheat. This is a virtual victory for the chinch-bug.

We send assurances to all those in other states who are trying to banish the liquor evil from their midst, that the success of prohibition in Kansas is very marked and very gratifying. Let other states do as well and the distilleries and the breweries will soon go to decay.

Mrs. F. O. FLOYD, of South Boston, has invented a "Waterproof Bonnet," manufactured of rubber gossamer fabric, for which she has received a patent in the United States and has applications pending in other countries. The material is now manufactured in many fancy designs and in every color, making a perfect imitation of the bonnets and hats now worn.

The railroad commissioners have just issued a decision which will be far reaching and of much benefit to Kansas. The commissioners decided that when freight is marked by certain route and then, through carelessness or intent of railroad officials it is sent another way and thus causes loss and inconvenience to the consignee, the railway company is responsible for all extra expenses and must pay the same.

Every stranger who visits Garden City this summer, says the Sentinel, wonders what good our irrigation ditches do the city. The ditches are here, but there is no water in them, (in the city we mean), though there is plenty of water in the river of a million acres. How much longer will the owners of land near the city be willing to keep it to raise sage brush on, when by putting it in alfalfa it would pay them \$50 per acre every year.

Three hundred kegs of beer were used at the Soldiers' Home near Leavenworth on the 4th of July. This is preposterous, and is more treasonable, to the laws of Kansas at least, than the proposition to return the flag. Close that saloon; if any body ought to be law abiding, old soldiers should be. Junction City Union.

Gov. Martin has been called an acting prohibitionist; we would like to see him act in this matter. The Governor has done some good work defending prohibition, and his position in connection with the Soldiers' Home enables him to stop the beer guzzling at the Soldiers' Home if he would.

The United Labor party of Kansas will hold a convention in this city next Tuesday the 9th instant. This is a party that exists only in fragments. It has to be organized. Its parts are to be put together, cemented, and made into one. Its future success depends upon the manner in which this is done. The United Labor party; if it successfully unites the labor interests so as to become a party, will be the result of a convention held in Cincinnati on the 22d of last February.

There is room enough for the party—up higher. But if it would insure success it must go up higher. There are stubborn facts this party will find opposing its way. One of the first is the fact that most of those who will put themselves forward are diseased politicians, disgruntled workers who never labored enough to get beyond a state of insensate perspiration. They are worn out hackneyed growlers, trying to develop political capital for their own benefit—political alchemists seeking the philosopher's stone that will enable them to thrive without work.

The convention will cast these Jonahs overboard or their craft will go down.

The next obstacle will be a class of men who do actually labor, but who are impractical when it comes to organizing. Probably they belong to labor unions that attempt to monopolize labor, and would prohibit other men from laboring for less than labor union prices. Men of this class are not in harmony with the spirit of the age and if they inject their ideas into a political party will surely ruin it.

Another most serious obstacle in the way is the stubborn fact that there is a demand for labor, and that the days wages of the laborer will now go farther in buying the necessities of life than at almost any period of our history.

But despite these facts, there is a living need of a political party today that is nearer to the people than any we now have.

We have very little faith that the spirit of discontent that will meet in Topeka next week will be able to crystallize into any organization worthy of confidence. We shall see.

The election in Kentucky this week went democratic by a reduced majority.

The present appraisement advances Kansas to the twentieth place in the comparative wealth of states, and next year, when the new appraisement is made on lands, Kansas will no doubt go to the twelfth or fifteenth place.

GRACE HOWARD writes from the Crow Creek Mission, Dakota, that her plans for the betterment of the industrial condition of the Indian women are already well under way. She has gone West as a teacher, as the papers have reported, but her scheme, which is an original one, is to open on a small scale an establishment for the cutting, fitting and manufacture of clothing and other household articles, which the Indians now beg from the missionaries, or buy.

Col. Anthony is undaunted still. Referring to the recent brutal and cowardly attack upon him, he says:— "But we desire to notice at this time that the policy of THE TIMES will remain unchanged."

Until every joint succumbs; Until every boddler disgorges; Until the real estate swindlers cease sapping the life-blood of Leavenworth's business interests by their selfish, disreputable robberies; Until this rotten administration consents by its every act to give Leavenworth a fair and an honest government;

Until all boycotters, their aides and abettors, are relegated to the rear;

Until, in short, the law, statute and moral, written and unwritten of Leavenworth, of Kansas and of humanity are implicitly obeyed in letter and in spirit.

The lines are closely drawn; there is no mistaking the issue: THE TIMES is for the enforcement of the prohibitory and all other laws, and is right—everlastingly right. The thieves, the thugs and the would-be-murderers are opposed to the prohibitory and all other laws, and are wrong—eternally wrong.

Citizen Suffrage.

Judge C. B. Waite, of Chicago, an authority that is entitled to serious consideration, has an article in the July Chicago Law Magazine, which is also published in pamphlet form. In this paper Judge Waite treats with candor and judicial acumen, the question of Suffrage as a right of citizenship.

His argument is that the right inheres in citizenship. It is not simply a privilege to be granted or withheld at the will of a legislature. A legislature may regulate the exercise of the right, but such legislative restrictions as are made must be general in their nature, and not be applied to any class of citizens.

Suffrage is the motive power of government. It is the mode in which the citizen participates in government. The right of the citizen to participate in government is one of the primary rights recognized by first principles. It is not conveyed by constitutions or by statutes. If participation in the government is the right of the citizen, suffrage, being the only manner by which that right can be exercised, necessarily inheres in the citizen as a logical sequence.

There is a vast difference between regulations under which the rights of suffrage may be exercised and the arbitrary denial of the right to a large class of citizens. It is just and proper to fix an age at which the right may first be exercised, but it is a manifest usurpation of arbitrary power to say that the exercise of the right shall be limited to one sex, or to persons of black hair.

It is not our purpose to go farther into this argument. It is one of those propositions that is just as self evident as those first set out in the preamble of the Declaration of Independence, but which required ages to comprehend.

The time is coming, and now is, when it will no more be necessary to indulge in infantile argument to show that men and women citizens have equal rights, than it now is to prove that all men are free and equal.

An Artistic Invitation

The invitation to the President to visit Kansas City is a magnificent affair. It is a large volume handsomely bound in seal skin and bearing on a white panel inserted on the cover: "Kansas City to President and Mrs. Cleveland, greeting 1887." The first six leaves contain six allegorical figures in water colors, illustrating the resources of Kansas City and the states of Kansas, Missouri, Texas, Colorado and the Indian Territory. Kansas City is represented by a winged female figure sitting on a hemisphere, on which are the outlines of the states named, of which Kansas City is the gateway. The second sketch, Kansas, is a figure bearing a sheaf of wheat and carrying in her hand a sunflower. Missouri is represented by a maiden seated on some sheaves of garnered wheat. At the feet of the figure is a cornucopia from which vegetables and cereals have fallen. Some chimneys in the distance recall Missouri's manufacturing resources. Vulcan fittingly illustrates the mineral resources of Colorado. The last conception of the art is his happiest. It is an Indian maiden just awakened from sleep. Out of the mist surrounding her comes the spirit of progress bearing a wreath and whispering to her a promise of what the future has in store when she the Indian Territory shall be a state. Then follow the signatures which number 21,000 and were obtained in five days.

D. R. Anthony of the Leavenworth Times, was arrested for carrying concealed weapons. Several witnesses swore against him. He had with him in court a suspicious looking package. Witnesses swore it was the same concealed weapon they had seen him carry daily. The attorneys wanted to examine it. Anthony objected. Court sustained Anthony. When he had beaten them all around, Anthony slammed his mysterious package upon the desk of the judge with a thud. Sheriff unrapped it tremblingly. Judge didn't want it pointed his way. Spectators alarmed if it was pointed at them. It was found to be a piece of old lead pipe. The audience exploded, and not the gun.

Boddling.

It is not an elegant word, but it is expressive. It refers to robberies, respectable when not found out, but very disgraceful if they come to the public ear. Boddling is done by public officers. Boss Tweed was a boss boddler. Anthony says they have them in Leavenworth. It is quite probable. Chicago is having a tussle with boddlers, and one has spirited away to Canada, and the papers are full of it. It is an awful thing to be a boddler and be caught at it. The righteous indignation at once goes up to a boiling point. Our papers moralize over it. Politicians, perhaps we ought to say statesmen, become persons with long faces, and Uriah Heep in humility, at the wickedness of the human kind, if the guilty belong to their party, and violent defenders of their own virtue, and accusers of the suspected if he belongs to the other side.

Of course this is all bluff. It is politics. It is the business of politics to rob and steal from the people. The fellow or the party who can steal the most is the best fellow. Stealing, or boddling, is the common practice. It is only when it comes out that we hear much of it. There are often local mutterings as were heard in Topeka when the government building was put up,—expressed wonder at the fabulous cost of the sidewalks around the post office, and louder protests at the boddling appearance attending the courthouse site. But they are only mutterings, and useless protests. Ninety nine times in a hundred the boddler goes free and he grows more and more daring and the politician shields him more tenderly.

But the boddler is in our midst. He is in every city, in every state legislature and in every congress. He is found everywhere in disguise where politicians do most congregate, and he usually has them by the nose while they are unaware of the fact, or are in collusion.

Boddling is attractive to men who will not work. It is more decent than midnight burglary and less dangerous than highway robbery. It requires a keen sense of honor to tell where the harm comes in when robbing the public. The boddler reasons that in this great country he is one of the people, and he concludes that he can not rob himself. Unfortunately he has the support of too many others, careless in their duty to the public, who look with indifference upon the acts of their officials. There are unconvicted boddlers in Topeka—men who have stuffed their pockets as officers of the law, by neglect of duty, by connivance at crime, or by illegitimate speculations. And in every little political campaign we have scores of fellows lying low and planning how they can so get into line as to become boddlers themselves.

The state board of equalization have been in session for the past few days engaged in equalizing the tax of the state. The business of the board is to equalize the returns sent in by the county clerks, so that one county will not get off easier than another. The new assessment includes all personal and railroad property, an assessment of real estate being made only once in two years. The total valuation of property in the state, as equalized by the board, is \$310,596,686.64, which is an increase of \$33,483,363.80 over last year. This is a most remarkable increase, especially when it is considered that the above figures do not include the rise in the value of real estate. Had reality been assessed this year, the increase indeed would have been phenomenal.

The Osage City Free Press is disposed to deal fairly with President Cleveland, and this is sufficient to make a mugwump or democrat out of as great a radical as Jacob Admire.

One reason why the Knights of Labor managers are favoring prohibition is said to arise from the fact that the secret circulars that have been so often published, were furnished by members when drunk.

Times Are Changing

Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, in his anti-woman suffrage speech, repeated the venerable statement that "no man ever wished himself a woman, but that many women wished themselves men"—but times are changing.

I called on a friend in a neighboring city, whose only child is a bright boy of six years. The usually gay little lad was in sore distress, angry and weeping and loudly protesting. His pleasure at seeing me temporarily checked his grief, and after a little I ventured to inquire the cause of his trouble, when the fountains of his sorrow were again opened. He burst forth in wordy anger, and with torrents of tears:

"Mamma means to make me grow up a boy, and I won't! there, now! She wants me to cut off my curls (which hung to his waist) and make me wear pants, and I just shan't do it! She might buy me a pretty white dress and blue ribbons, like Susie Barnes, and a white hat with a feather like hers, and let me grow up a girl, just as I want to; but she won't do it, and I think it is too bad! I'm going off somewhere, and I won't never come back till I grow up to be a girl. See if I don't!"

Only yesterday, the father of two sons and three daughters said to me: "I know exactly what to do with my daughters. They have aims and plans and are going to college and professional schools, undaunted by any prophecy of failure, and allowing no social allurements to encroach upon their studies and preparations. In good health, with a love of work, and with high ambitions and unflagging enthusiasm, they are achieving for themselves a happy and successful future. But my boys have no aims and no ambitions. They are not fond of study or work, and shirk both when they can. To play base ball, to win at lawn tennis, and to ride a bicycle contents them to their hearts' core. I sometimes wish all my children were girls!"

Wait a little, Senator Ingalls! Times are changing, and the woman's hour draweth nigh.

MARY A. LIVERMORE.

Those Bad Women.

The objection most frequently urged against political rights for women now is that bad women will vote. The records of crime show a large per cent. of bad men, but no one proposes to disfranchise decent men on that account. The number of bad men is much greater than that of bad women.

Rev. Annie H. Shaw, in reply to the "bad women" objection, asked the woman who made it, how many such women there were in her town. After a little thought she said: "there are none." The same would be true of a majority of country towns. Is it not time that the poor bugbear of "bad women" should cease to be opposed to the rights of millions of good women, whose votes are needed to help make things better?

Damming the Kaw.

A company organized in this city has filed its charter with the secretary of state. The organization will be known as the Topeka Water, Sand and Power company. The object is to build a dam, or dams across the Kansas river at or near Topeka, and constructing aqueducts for irrigation, for mill power, etc. The capital stock of the company is \$1,000,000 and the directors are Wm. Tweeddale, J. W. Courier, H. C. Corwin, S. K. Cross and J. C. Douglas.

Mr. Tweeddale has examined closely the advantages to be derived from the building of this proposed dam, and it is quite probable that the dam across the Kaw which has been dreamed of so many years will materialize. It is impossible to estimate the value that such an enterprise would be to the city. It would result in building up Topeka, and making it rank among the cities of the west as a manufacturing center. It would cause the land recently purchased by the Boston Syndicate to double in value and become dotted with elegant residences.

The company organized and chartered will spare no efforts in developing the scheme as rapidly as possible.

The leading members of the democratic party of this city met Saturday evening, and started a movement to invite President Cleveland to visit the city of Topeka while on his western trip.

PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.

Lecturer's Department, National Grange.

MORTIMER WHITEHEAD,
Middlebush, N. J.

After its long trial of twenty one years the Grange has stood the test and is now one of the acknowledged permanent institutions of our country. The only questions to be settled about it now are those of locality—and these questions must be decided by each individual farmer, or the farmers of any one neighborhood, each for themselves—and they are these: "Do I need the benefits of this farmers' organization?" "Shall my wife and children enjoy its advantages?" "Shall we, the farmers of this community, for ourselves and for our families, have a Grange right here?" "Do we need it for its social advantages?" "Do we need it for its means of education to be found in no other direction?" "Do we need it for its business, or financial advantages?" "Do we need it as voters, as American citizens?" "Having done what we could to give our neighborhood the advantages of churches and schools, have we performed our whole duty to ourselves, our community and our country until we have made earnest effort to have a good Grange established here also?" "Are we able to do what farmers are doing in thousands of other places, maintain an organization in our own interests and for our own benefit?" We ask all farmers, young and old, near and far, to calmly, carefully, deliberate—not hastily—consider these questions. Investigate the Grange thoroughly. The truth never yet suffered under the brightest light or closest inquiry, and we fear not the result. The Grange has ever found the greatest opposition from those who knew least about it. In past years it has even had members who came in and went out again before they had really found out its A B C's. Because the truth is becoming known, because it is seen and felt, the Grange work goes forward under clear skies and with favorable winds.

"Wheat sold in Chicago on the 21st at 68¢ the lowest in twenty-five years. At that time it cost 30 cents a bushel to get it down here, the cost now is only 13 cents. The break is the result of the collapse of the bull clique. We think it a great misfortune for the country. Low prices for grain is keeping the farmer poor, and while he is poor we do not think there can be any prosperity. The wheat bears are like the railroad wreckers of Wall street. Their gain is the very blood of the producers. They are ruining him and feeding Europe with cheap food. The press of this town is constantly pressing the claims of the consumers, and ignoring those of the producer. The low price for wheat is closing the markets of the continent. To protect their farmers, Germany, France, Spain and Italy have put an almost prohibitory tariff on wheat. If we lose those markets we can thank the bears in grain. The low price here has made low prices there"—Chicago Paper. True enough, and he remembered the Grange is using its efforts to secure legislation to prohibit gambling "on change" in farmers' products.

—Recently Oscar Kidd, of Port Jervis, N. Y., dreamed that a watch, wrapped in cotton in a tin box, was secreted in a cellar of a certain house in that town. The owner of the house laughed at Oscar, who wanted to look for the watch, but finally went down to the cellar with him, and sure enough Kidd found the watch just as he had dreamed. Then the owner of the house claimed the watch because it had been found on his premises, and he kept it, too.—N. Y. Tribune.

—George Greer, of Santa Maria, Tex., dreamed three times that a box containing five thousand dollars in gold was buried under one corner of his house, and had a party of friends help him remove the building and search for the treasure. After digging down several feet and finding nothing he gave it up. It cost three hundred dollars to have the house returned to its place and his friends "cared" for.

The more often carpets are shaken, the longer they wear; the dirt that collects under them grinds out the thread.

POULTRY DISEASES.

Directions for the Treatment of Catarrh, Roup and Diphtheria.

The symptoms of catarrh in fowls are a watery or slimy discharge of mucus from the nostrils, swelling of the eyelids, and in extreme cases swelling of the face. Boiled potatoes, mashed and well dusted with black pepper, are a good diet. Pills made of mashed potatoes covering cayenne pepper, and administered every other day at feeding time, for a few days, are an excellent remedy. The following prescription is also highly recommended for catarrh: Take finely pulverized fresh burnt charcoal and new yeast, of each three parts; flour, one part; and pulverized sulphur, two parts; mix them with water so that boluses the size of a hazel-nut can be made. Three of these are to be given daily. The same authority recommends cleanliness and frequent bathing of the eyes and nostrils with warm milk and water.

Roup often follows catarrh, if the latter is not promptly taken in hand. The symptoms are similar. A frothy substance appears in the inner corner of the eye; the lids swell, the eye-ball being in severe cases wholly concealed, and the fowl unable to see or feed, loses all spirit, and often dies. A fetid smell is emitted by fowls in the advanced stages of this disease.

In aggravated cases this prescription will be found excellent: Powdered sulphate of iron, a half drachm; capsicum powder, one drachm; extract of liquorice, half an ounce; make into thirty pills, and give one at a time, thrice a day for three days. Then take half an ounce of sulphate of iron, and mix with it one ounce of fine cayenne pepper, using butter as a medium. Give one-tenth of this mixture twice a day. Wash the head, eyes and inside of the mouth and nostrils with vinegar.

Another remedy which rarely fails to cure, is to strip a feather to within a short distance of the tip, dip it in nitric acid (quite dilute), and thrust it into the nostril of the sick bird. Repeat this two or three times a day, removing the burnt scab before applying the acid. Another remedy is solitary confinement in a warm, dry place, with a tablespoonful of castor-oil every day for a week, as medicine, and soft food, mixed with ale and chopped vegetables. In all cases the patient should be at once separated from its companions.

Diphtheria, in some respects, a similar disease, is caused by sudden changes of temperature, damp roosts, and the like. Wholesome food, and dry, well ventilated coops are the surest preventive. The wind-pipe is filled up with a white, ulcerous substance, emitting an offensive smell. Unless relieved, the bird pines away and dies. Nitrate of silver and powdered borax are used as remedies. Remove the ulcers as far as possible from the throat, and apply the nitrate of silver with a feather. The borax is applied in the same manner, wetting the feather, dipping it into the powder and swabbing the throat. A little chlorate of potassa dissolved in the water which is given the fowls to drink, is very serviceable. A quarter-ounce to a half-gallon of water is a good proportion.—American Rural Home.

SOLID HORSE SENSE.

Three Stories Which Prove That It Is Possessed by Many Faithful Animals.

One dark night at a late hour a traveler asked for lodging at a country tavern. After talking with the guest a few moments the landlord suddenly turned pale as he asked: "Pray, sir, which way did you come?" The gentleman answered that he had come from a certain direction—the south. "Impossible!" exclaimed the landlord, "for to-day all the planks of the bridge were removed for repairs." "It may be so," exclaimed the man, "but I have come from such a town since noon." "There was no other possible way for the traveler to have come, and in the darkness of the night he had trusted to the intelligent animal he rode to keep the way. While the master was wholly unconscious, of the perilous feat the horse had actually walked the string piece of a long bridge and kept his footing. The timber was scarcely a foot wide. Had it been in the daytime no sane man would have dared to attempt such a ride.

An old horse that had for years been ridden by an old commander when he became disabled for such use was sold to a farmer. Several years after, when he had been reduced from old age and hard work to a meager subsistence, he was in the service of backwoods surveyors' assistants. It so happened that not far from the land under inspection a large number of volunteer soldiers were drilling. When the old war-horse heard the life and drum the martial spirit took possession of him. Away he went, over fences and ditches. The jerks and pulls from his rider were of no avail; in front of the regiment he took his place and capered and danced as well as his old legs would let him. The civilian equestrian upon his back could not induce him to leave the ground so long as the troops remained there. To the great amusement of the volunteers, and the no small annoyance of his rider, he insisted upon marching into the town in his chosen place.

One of the old writers tells of a horse,

that was conscious of his triumph. When he was in the Olympic games he would proudly direct his steps to the tribunal judges for his crown. The same thing is related of the first trotters of America. As soon as the race is over they can not be restrained until they have stopped at the judges' stand and had the bridle decorated with the winners' laurels. —Chicago Bee.

ABOUT HOUSEKEEPERS.

A Great Offense of Which No Housekeeper Should Be Guilty.

There is no foe to domestic peace and comfort like that of fussiness. It arises largely from a lack of system or plan and from too great attention to minor details. Some housekeepers have the habit of stirring up everything at once. They begin their day's work anywhere without any relation to what is most urgent or necessary to be accomplished. They lose sight of the always excellent rule—one thing at a time, and that first which is most important. It is a good plan to sit quietly down at the beginning of each day and take a survey of the domestic field. Decide what must be done, and what in case of lack of time, or the intervention of other duties, may be put off, and then set to work without undue haste to perform necessary duties. Learn to do it quietly, without noise. Be careful to take no useless steps. There is a vast amount of strength expended in this way, and nervous energy wasted.

I know a young housekeeper who accomplishes more in one day than the majority of women do in two. She never seems to be in a hurry, never gets into a "stew" but she works as noiselessly and steadily as the sunlight. What she has to do she accomplishes without any indirection. She has no cross purposes to contend with. She aims right at the mark through every movement of her hand and by every footstep. If she has housecleaning to attend to she doesn't commence by tearing up every room in the house, and putting the entire establishment in a chaos of confusion. But she takes one room at a time, has it cleaned and purified and put to rights again before there is any further upheaval. The usual spring cleaning comes and goes in that family without producing any discomfort or any great amount of inconvenience.

I was once a guest in a household where confusion was the law of daily experience. The poor little housekeeper never seemed to know what should be done first, and there was always such an array of things to be accomplished she was never serene, but went about like a small cyclone, stirring up every thing with which she came in contact, leaving things "all in a heap" as she flitted off in the direction of whatever occurred to her as needing attention. Her house was never in order, and she was never at rest. She wanted to do everything at once, so nothing was ever complete. She charged all along the line, yet never stopped to carry the work at any one point. So she was always routed, and domestic affairs were uniformly in a state of insurrection. As a result she was always "fussing."

System is an essential in the government of the household as in that of the State. Order, promptness, punctuality, industry and good judgment are the necessary and efficient forces in the home. To these add cheerfulness, patience and a thoughtful care for the general comfort and happiness of its members, and you will avoid all unpleasant friction, and make the home what it should be, the center of all that is best and dearest to the human heart. —The Household.

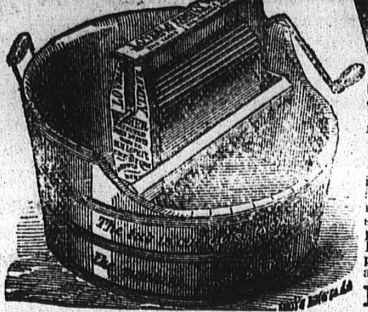
MISER GREENLEAF.

A Man Who Lived the Life of an Anchorite to Enrich a College.

Harvard's latest endowment comes from an unexpected source. A miser named E. P. Greenleaf recently died, leaving property amounting to nearly \$500,000, the bulk of which he had willed to Harvard College. Mr. Greenleaf lived the life of an anchorite. He was a thoroughbred miser, so to speak; hoarding up every cent he accumulated and denying himself even the comforts of life. His appearance was that of a tramp or a beggar, and yet, unlike the tramp, he refused companionship at all times. He seemed to have just one desire, one ambition, and that was to be immortalized by Harvard. For this he lived; for this he became a hermit; for this he became a miser; for this he hoarded his dollars and denied himself every thing. He died, leaving his property and his photograph to Harvard. "Some men, not misers, worth ten times his wealth, have died and left little or nothing for anybody or any thing outside the family circle. Some men, possessed of multiplied millions, will read the story of the life of Miser Greenleaf, of Quincy, Mass., and be amazed. The world is full of surprises because of those who give, and because of those who do not give."—Detroit Tribune.

—Late, in a music hall, after the ballad lady had warbled, "Would I Were a Bird," great excitement was created by a stalwart miner in the audience shouting, "Would I were a gun." —Chicago Tribune.

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AMUSING CONCEIT.

Now "Doctor Primus" Patronized by Former Master and Benefactor.

There is nothing more amusing to people who know, than the pretension and conceit of those who only think they know. A long time ago, when there were some slaves even in New England, one of the celebrities of East Windsor, Conn., was "Doctor Primus," a large, fine-looking negro. He had been the slave of a distinguished physician, Dr. Wolcott, who resided at Windsor, on the west side of the Connecticut river.

Primus was employed by his master to prepare medicines and to attend him in his visits from house to house. He proved himself to be so able and so faithful that the doctor, in gratitude for his services, gave him his freedom.

The negro's attendance on his master and his experience in mixing drugs had given him a little medical knowledge, which he determined to turn to his own account. As soon as he became a free man, he moved over to the other side of the river, and announcing himself as "Doctor Primus," laid in a small stock of drugs, and waited for patients. They came, for Primus was respected, and there was no other physician in the village. As business grew, Primus' self-esteem increased.

One day, he was sent for to visit a sick child in Poquonock, on the west side of the river and beyond where his old master lived. He went, and on his return called upon Dr. Wolcott, who gave him a hearty reception, and asked what business had brought him across the river. "Oh," answered Primus, a little inflated, "I was sent for to see the child of our old neighbor at Poquonock; but I told the mother that there was nothing very serious the matter, and that she need not have sent so far for a physician; that you would have answered just as well." —Youth's Companion.

CHICKEN-HEARTED.

A Couple of Strangers Call at a Grocery and Are Dismissed Sans Ceremony.

"You see, the way of it was this," he was explaining to a patrolman on Baker street yesterday; "I was in the grocery alone when two men came in. They warmed their hands at the stove, and one of them suddenly began sniffing and sniffing and then called out: 'Say, mister, your kerosene is leaking all over the cellar!'

"That rattled me, and I grabbed a couple of matches and ran down stairs. I was down there a couple of minutes before I remembered."

"Remembered what?"

"That my kerosene was up-stairs at the back end of the store! I hurried up as quick as I could, but it was too late."

"They had robbed the till and gone, of course?"

"Oh, no. They had gone around the counter, and my big dog had corralled one in the potato-bin and the other between two molasses barrels, and was biting them at the rate of forty bites a minute."

"Then how was it too late?"

"Why, when I called the dog off and looked the fellows over I hadn't the heart to kick 'em across the street. I just led 'em to the door and gave 'em one lift apiece and asked 'em to call again. I wish I wasn't so chicken-hearted about such things—I really do." —Detroit Free Press.

—Gentleman (looking at flat)—I am afraid my wife won't want to come up as high as this. It's the tenth story, isn't it? Landlord—Yes, tenth story, including the basement. I think your wife will like it up here, sir. The family who occupied it last summer told me that they preferred it to the White Mountains. —Boston Bulletin.

—Fashionable miss—I am going to a seaside resort and want something pretty for a bathing suit. Dry goods clerk—Oh! bathing suit fabrics are at the other end of the store, and—F. M.—O, I have looked over them and don't like them. Here is something just lovely. D. G. C.—But that won't stand water. F. M.—Well, I'll be careful and not get it wet. —N. Y. Mail.

—Why is a boot-black like a bear? He improves each shining hour. —San Francisco Call.

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PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—John A. Logan, Jr., has become a partner in a real estate firm in Washington.

—William M. Singlerly, of the Philadelphia Record, has sixty-six dwelling houses in course of erection in that city.

—Nathan B. Moore, a Maine hunter, aged sixty-eight, has killed two hundred and seventy-five moose since his youth.

—The first female clerk employed by the Government was Miss Jennie Douglass, appointed to the Treasury Department by Secretary Spinner, in 1882. —N. Y. Independent.

—Captain David Buskirk, the largest man in Indiana, died at his home near Bloomington recently. He was seven feet tall in his stockings, and weighed four hundred pounds. —Indianapolis Journal.

—P. T. Barnum is reported to have remarked in a moment of confidence that if he lived much longer and retained his present activity he would exhibit himself in a side tent as "one of the greatest curiosities Barnum ever handled."

—A. G. Nye, of Weymouth, Mass., claims to be the first inventor of the Morse telegraphic instrument. If it was Bill Nye who made such claim people would understand it, for Bill is a great inventor, but it is a little late in the day for A. G. —Detroit Free Press.

—A Harvard professor and his wife were guests at a reception in London, which had been given in their honor. A hundred men and women had been invited by the hostess to meet them. But there were no introductions, and the Harvard professor amused himself during the evening by talking to his wife. —Harper's Weekly.

—Mr. Moody has received from William Mackinnon, a Scotch ship builder, a model of Solomon's Temple, made of cedar overlaid with gold, with many of the smaller articles of solid gold. It is one-fifty-fifth the size of the original, having the court, tabernacle, altar, laver, ark, holy of holies, mercy seat, and cherubim in proportion and relation to each other.

BUILDING MONUMENTS.

Through life we build our monuments
Of honor and perhaps of fame;
The little and the great events
Are blocks of glory or of shame.

The modest, humble, and obscure,
Living unnoticed and unknown,
May raise a shaft that will endure
Longer than pyramids of stone.

The carved statue turns to dust,
And marble obelisks decay,
But deeds of pity, faith, and trust
No storms of fate can sweep away.

Their base stands on the rock of right,
Their apex reaches to the skies;
They glow with the increasing light
Of all the circling centuries.

Our buildings must be good or bad,
In work we speak, in deeds we do;
On sand or granite must be laid
The shaft that shows us false or true.

How do we build—what can we show?
For hours and days and years of toil?
Is the foundation firm below?
Is it on rock, or sandy soil?

The hand that lifts the fallen up,
That heals a heart or binds a wound,
That gives the needed trust and cup,
Is building upon solid ground.

Is there a block of stainless white
Within the monumental wall,
On which the sculptured skill can write,
"He builded well, so should we all!"

—*Christian Intelligencer.*

The Mysterious Touch.

In my researches through some old manuscript, I recently chanced upon the following story. As yet I cannot definitely fix the authorship, but my suspicious point all in one direction. Should they be realized after further investigation, I shall have no hesitancy in giving his name. Here is the story, precisely as it appeared in manuscript, which apparently has never before seen the light:

"It has long been a theory of mine that there is a natural explanation for every occurrence, however out of the course of nature it may seem to the casual observer. Acting upon this theory I have devoted years to the study of so-called supernaturalism. Little has been published upon the subject that I have not read. My library is filled with such works as 'Owen's Foot-falls on the Boundary of Another World,' Bulwer's 'Strange Story,' Davis's 'Great Harmonia,' Edmonds's 'Spiritualism,' and the writings of Swedenborg. From the weird legends of the Hartz Mountains to Drummond's 'Natural Law in the Spiritual World,' there is little with which I am not familiar. Anything bearing even indirectly upon supernaturalism or the spirit world is of interest to me.

"The study of myths, fairies, ghosts and goblins is one of rare fascination. One enjoys a skillfully-told ghost story, even while he laughs at the idea of a ghost. Who does not experience a thrill of interest upon reading Dickens's 'Thirteenth Juror,' 'The Signalman,' or Bulwer's 'The Haunted and the Hunters'? Human nature naturally inclines to the love of the marvelous and supernatural, and the rehearsal of such tales has made certain writers famous.

"I cannot say that my study of supernaturalism has led to any definite result. I have not made any remarkable discoveries, but have had some experiences that mystified me. Among them was one apparently an inexplicable nature, which it is here my purpose to relate.

"I remember once, some years ago, while seated in my study, bending over a desk, a hand was laid upon my shoulder. It was my wife's custom (my late hours bothered Laura) to rouse me at times in this manner, and when I turned in answer to the summons, it was with the expectation of seeing her behind my chair. Turning slowly about, I answered, 'Coming, Laura.' To my amazement the room was empty! I had heard no footfall, no voice, but had merely felt the touch of a hand upon my shoulder, gentle, it is true, light, as Laura's touch always is, but unmistakably; I had not been in a doze, it was not fancy; I had been touched by a hand.

"I confess that upon turning around and finding nothing, I was startled. I sat a moment in thought, seeking to bring the occurrence within the range of comprehension. My brain was clear, every faculty active. Going to the door, I opened it and called up the hallway in a low voice:

"Laura!

"No answer.

"I called again, my voice echoing strangely. The hour was late. Laura was evidently asleep.

"I resumed my seat at the desk, but could not continue writing. My thoughts were vague and scattered. The mysterious touch upon the shoulder filled me with strange emotions. What explanation was there for it? No human hand had touched me; had I felt the impress of a spirit hand? Ridiculous! I laughed outright at the idea. Mystified, dissatisfied, I closed the desk, put out the light and went up to my bedroom.

"Lighting a lamp that stood on the bureau, I looked at Laura. She lay in sound sleep, her calm, sweet face partly averted. I gently roused her, had her sit up, assured myself that she was thoroughly awake, and then asked:

"Laura, have you been long asleep?"

"Fully an hour," she replied, looking at me wonderingly. "Has anything happened, George?"

"Are you sure there is nobody in

the house but ourselves?" I continued.

"Who could there be, George? Tell me what has happened."

"Seeing my puzzled expression, she smiled, looked at me quizzically, and kissed me. I felt angry with myself for having waked her, yet glad to have her sweet companionship.

"Laura," I began, conscious that I was about to make a very foolish statement, "I have just had an experience that I cannot explain. You know what my views are on the subject of the supernatural."

"She interrupted me with a laugh—a pleasant, girlish laugh that did me good. Taking my hand in both her own, she said:

"Oh, George, I really thought it was something serious. Was it only a ghost?"

"Pray be serious, Laura. While I sat at my desk, a few moments ago, a hand touched me on the shoulder, just as you have done a hundred times. More than that, Laura, it was your touch."

"You fancied it, George."

"I felt the touch, Laura, as surely as I feel the pressure of your hands at this moment. There was no deception; it was not a delusion; a hand touched me. Who was it? What was it?"

"Laura glanced quickly over her shoulder, as nervous people are apt to do when alone in the house late at night.

"I wonder if the house is haunted?" she queried, laughingly.

"I went to bed; but not to sleep. The incident, trivial as it may seem, mystified and worried me. It called for an explanation, which I could not give. There was no superstitious fear to it, my reason rebelled at any but a natural solution of the mystery, and I exhausted my ingenuity in endeavoring to reach a solution. I reviewed the occurrence over and over again. It is impossible to picture here my unspeakable amazement, when, touched upon the shoulder by a soft hand, I turned and found behind me—nothing! The mystery became a part of my dreams.

"A few nights after this incident occurred I was again writing at my desk. A chill air was blowing through the wire screen at my side. It had grown late, but not later than it was my custom to work. Without footfall, voice or warning, the touch came again upon the same shoulder and in the same manner. I felt it as plainly as I ever felt the touch of a human hand. Quick as a flash I turned, rising to my feet to prevent any possibility of hiding or escape. The room was empty; the door remained closed as I had left it.

"Did you ever turn fiercely to strike an enemy back of you, and find—nothing? I was not frightened; anger was the predominant feeling. I was conscious of being the victim of a shrewd deception. I felt that this mysterious presence, this nameless and immaterial something, was inimical to me. I was eager to materialize it, corner it, understand it. It would have delighted me to learn that I was the victim of a practical joke, as that would have barred the supernatural.

"Laura! I cried, going to the door.

"In a few moments I heard the rustle of her dress on the stairway.

"What is it, George?" she asked, as she burst eagerly into the room.

"Something has touched me on the shoulder again," I replied. "What can it be?"

"I wish I knew," said Laura, drawing very near to me, and looking about the room with a mystified and frightened expression. "I'm sure I can't see anything."

"Were you asleep when I called?"

"No, I was reading."

"Did you here anything?"

"Not a sound. Sit down at your desk again, George, just as you sat when the hand touched you. I have an idea.

"I did so, bending over as if in the act of writing.

"Laura approached me softly. I could hear her footfalls very faintly, and laid her hand just where the mysterious touch had come, and even more gently.

"Laura!" cried I, springing up, "you did it! What a fool you have made of me!"

"George," she exclaimed, her great dark eyes filling with tears. "I did not do it. I know nothing about it. How can you doubt me?"

"I do not doubt you, little wife," said I, reassuringly; "but I begin to doubt myself."

"I put out the light and we went upstairs together, both in rather a sombre mood. If, after all, it was really a spirit hand that touched me, what did it mean? Did it portend misfortune of some kind, death? Unconsciously I began to grow morbid upon the subject. With the slightest basis on which to begin an investigation I should not have despaired. But what was there to investigate? Without the aid of sight and hearing reason faltered; the simple act of feeling the touch availed me nothing. What conclusion could I arrive at, but that the touch was supernatural.

"Twice upon the street I was conscious of the same strange touch, in broad daylight, when no deception was possible. Unable to fathom the mystery, I waited cautiously, yet not without misgivings, to see what it portended.

"One evening, while I was seated at my desk, Dr. Earle called, an aged gentleman, in whose conversation I take great pleasure. Seating him comfortably in my easiest chair, I excused myself a moment while completing a letter begun before his arrival. I had called Laura, but she had not yet come down. Without the slightest warning, as had always been the case, the same hand was placed upon my shoulder. No longer gentle, it gripped me firmly, as if a strong man had grasped the

flesh and squeezed it. Pained, amazed, eager to see what this new phase of the mystery meant, I whirled about with arms extended. There was nothing behind me. Dr. Earle was quietly seated on the opposite side of the room, glancing over the daily paper.

"Doctor," said I, conscious that my face was red with shame, "I suppose you think me crazy?"

"Crazy?" repeated the doctor, eyeing me curiously over his glasses.

"What could I say? What explanation could I make?—I determined to tell him the whole story, hoping to find some parallel for it in his long experience as a physician. Drawing my chair close to him, I recited every incident connected with the mysterious touch as clearly and connectedly as I could. He was interested from the beginning. When I had finished he looked carefully about the room, silently regarded me with an expression partly humorous, partly puzzled, and then observed:

"Will you please take off your coat?"

"I did so.

"Roll up your sleeves," he continued.

"I did so, wondering at the meaning of so remarkable a procedure. Was it one of the old gentleman's droll conceits? He grasped my shoulder and squeezed it, drawing from me a cry of pain.

"Night after night," he sagely remarked, frowning, "you have sat by this screen. Cool, moist air has blown on your shoulder for hours at a time. What other results could have been expected?"

"Pray, doctor, what is the result?" I asked, eagerly.

"Rheumatism," was the sententious reply.

"And the soft, spirit-like touch?"

"Was merely the twitching of a muscle. The soft, spirit-like stage has passed, and the fire and gimlet stage comes next unless you learn wisdom."

"I could have embraced the old gentleman in my transports. With a gleeful hop, skip and jump I ran to the door.

"Laura! Laura! I called.

"The poor creature came running down the stairs as if a fiend was after her.

"What has happened?" she gasped.

"Doctor Earle has found our ghost," I cried.

"Where is it?"

"In his arm," answered the doctor. "My dear madam, your husband is the first man I ever met that laughed when I told him that he had rheumatism. I hope he may continue to laugh."

"Better rheumatism than a ghost in the house, doctor," I ventured to say.

"Hum? I don't know, sir. Of the two, I believe ghosts are the easiest disposed of."

"Our ghost is very effectively laid, said Laura, helping me on with my coat and smiling at the doctor.

"It only illustrates my theory," said I. "No so-called supernatural occurrences will bear the light of investigation."

"Not so with rheumatism," observed the doctor, dryly. "It will bear the light, and it thrives on night air. Anybody can take it; but few can get rid of it."

"The old gentleman was right; I have it yet. My opinion has undergone a change. Given my choice between rheumatism and a ghost in the house, I would gladly welcome the ghost."—*H. D. Mason, in Pittsburgh Bulletin.*

Truth for Husbands.

Mr. Burdette insists that he overheard a woman lecturing her husband as follows on board a train: "Now I'll tell you why I wouldn't go into the restaurant and have a cup of coffee with you while we were waiting for the train. I didn't like the way you asked me. Keep quiet. I have the floor. Not half an hour before you said to Mr. Puffer, 'Come, let's get a cigar,' and away you went, holding his arm and not giving him a chance to decline. When we met John O'Howdy on our way to luncheon, you said: 'Just in time, John; come take lunch with us.' And then, to-night, when we found the train an hour late, you looked at your watch, turned to me, and said in a questioning way: 'Would you like a cup of coffee?' And I did want it; I was tired and a little hungry, but I would have fainted before I would have accepted such an invitation. And you went away a little bit vexed with me, and had your coffee and bread and butter by yourself and didn't enjoy it very much. In effect you said to me: 'If you want a cup of coffee, if you really want it, I will buy it for you.' You are the best husband in the world, but you do as nearly all the best husbands in the world do. Why do you men seem to dole things out to your wives when you fairly throw them to the men you know. Why don't you invite me as heartily as you invite men? Why didn't you say, 'Come, let's get a little coffee and something,' and take me right along with you? You needn't say to a man, 'Would you like me to go and buy you a cigar?' Then why do you always issue your little invitations to treats in that way to me? Indeed, indeed, my dear husband, if men would only act toward their wives as heartily, cordially, frankly as they do toward the men whom they meet they would find cheerier companions at home than they could at the club."

It is said that a dollar goes further now than it used to. Have the financiers selected a more distant colony than Canada?—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

HE WORE A FLANNEL SHIRT.

What a New York Man Experienced by Not Dressing as Others Do.

A correspondent of *The New York Sun* writes: I was advised to wear flannel shirts instead of white ones this summer. I was promised the moral support of a number of fine fellows, artists, and what are called "literateurs." They in turn said they had the moral support of certain wealthy persons who were going to set the fashion. The first flannel shirt I put on happened to be doctored in the prairie land beyond Winnipeg in a sleeping-car. Proudly wearing it I went out on the back platform, and was saluted by an ex-British naval officer with a tirade about the ability and willingness of his people to trounce the Yankees —, whom he called "a parcel of boodlers, yer know," if they should ever attempt to annex Canada. Outraged and indignant, I gave that blusterer a headful of rapidly arranged thoughts about the land he hailed from, and with such heat that he exclaimed: "God bless me! Are you an American? Why, I thought from your shirt and your build that you were a Yorkshireman or I never would have wounded you in that way."

A day or two passed and I heard from my shirt again. There was a particularly objectionable drummer on the train who appeared to be "averaging" his expenses after a little dissipation by coming into the sleeper at night and sitting in the smoker the rest of the time. One morning while leaving the dining-car to make the journey back to the sleeper, I passed him as he sat in the smoker. Now, I had harbored a theory that it mattered little what a man might wear so long as his face and manners suggested that he was intelligent and dignified. This was what induced me to wear the flannel shirt. On this morning in the smoker the drummer failed to catch my eye, so he "sissed" at me and called out: "I say, old sport, how did you like your breakfast?" I never had been called old sport or anything approaching it before.

Back here in New York the other day I heard an uncommon uproar on Broadway. The flannel-shirt experiment had not been abandoned. Some man was calling someone else vociferously and with almost insane violence, small boys were helping him by shrieking and whistling with their fingers in their mouths, and the commotion was so great that were it not for the unalterable rule of the true New Yorker to mind his business I should have looked around to see what it was all about. Alas! I was soon to find out. I was the object of all the row. A man to whom I had been civil in a restaurant a year ago, and who then was as respectful as persons I have to do with generally are, had discovered me and the shirt in intimate conjunction, and was acting accordingly—startling Broadway with his efforts to salute me. "Well," said he, with a blasphemous exclamation, "you must be getting deaf."

Yesterday I had occasion to walk down Nassau street. Suddenly I felt a stinging blow on a certain part of my back. Startled as I have not been for years, I turned and found I had been playfully assailed by another slight acquaintance, who, upon my looking around to see who had hit me, gave me a jaunty sweep of his hand through the air by way of a salute, and went his way. I still believe there is something in the force of man's bearing, and that a long example of dignified and decent behavior can not be lost in a moment, even in a flannel shirt. The facts are somewhat against this position, but it should be known that none of these persons who committed these outrages knew me, and two of them took advantage of, or were misled by, my back. I shall give the flannel shirts a longer trial.

A Wealthy Crank.

There is a lodger at one of the up-town hotels, a venerable bachelor, who has occupied a small hall on the top floor for the past twenty years without being absent a night, says *The New York Times*. He is worth between \$10,000,000 and \$12,000,000, chiefly in inherited real estate, and probably never spends a tenth of his princely income, the only extravagance he ever permits himself being a fine pair of horses, which he drives every afternoon on the road in solitary and melancholy style. He is an encyclopedia of local genealogy and data, and in early life made a prolonged tour of the globe, and his reminiscences of foreign localities is as extensive as his city reminiscences. He devotes himself to attending his vast interests and steadily increasing his accumulations. He owns three contiguous blocks of unimproved property in the upper part of the city. While living in such an economical manner in one of the cheapest and plainest rooms in the hotel, he owns by inheritance from a bachelor brother a handsome residence on Fifth avenue and a magnificent country seat on Staten island, which he keeps open by the late master, but which he enters but once a month to pay the wages. Asked why he never occupied one of these residences he replied that he felt more at home in his little room, and stated that he kept the two places the same as in his brother's lifetime, although the expense is great and needless under the circumstances, out of respect to his brother's memory, as he always took great pride in the estates.

PITH AND POINT.

The left fielder is one who does not get there.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

When you pick your summer resort, try to pick one that won't pick you.—*Life.*

A town is bound to commence wherever a railroad stops.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Never talk in your sleep unless you are sure what you are going to say.—*Newark Journal.*

A wealthy grandfather always receives the respect and veneration due to old age.—*Life.*

When a fatal sunstroke overtakes a man, the life race ends with a dead heat.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

The mortality list is sufficient proof that when the sun goes on a strike he goes to win.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Cutting rates is nothing more nor less than shaving prices, and is simply barber-ous.—*Pittsburgh Commercial Gazette.*

The man who tried to corner the world's cheap wheat crop now has a corner to himself in an Ohio jail.—*Philadelphia Times.*

We don't know of anyone that can get through more business in a given time and get around more lively than a healthy hornet.—*Cincinnati Telegram.*

"Two knots an hour isn't such bad time for a clergyman," smilingly said the minister to himself just after he had united the second couple.—*Merchant Traveler.*

It is to be regretted that at the very time of year when hell sermons would be most effective the preacher is apt to be off for his vacation.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

This is a great country, and the thermometer can not down it permanently. We advise all our readers not to sacrifice their interest in life.—*Louisville Commercial.*

Small-pox is so prevalent in Cuba that no sensible man will smoke a Havana cigar without satisfying himself that it has been properly vaccinated.—*Philadelphia Press.*

The National Hay-Fever association will hold its annual convention next month in the White mountains. This important organization is no longer to be sneezed at.—*Philadelphia Press.*

A publishing house says only one in three hundred of the novels submitted to them is fit to publish. It seems strange that they don't succeed in finding it occasionally.—*Binghamton Republican.*

No man knows how much he really loves a woman until she has presented him with the worked canvas for the sides of a natty traveling bag and he has paid \$7 or \$8 for having it made up.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Do not follow all the health rules that you see in the papers nowadays, or a second husband may be riding around with your widow next summer on the proceeds of your life-insurance policy.—*Boston Globe.*

It is high time we had cable communication with the Sandwich islands and telegraphic lines to Bavi-pe, else the generation will grow gray-headed before it learns the full particulars of either convulsion.—*Buffalo Express.*

All things come to him who waits—and can afford to wait—in Wall street as in the world at large. Patience is a jewel, and the whirligig of time brings about strange changes. Watch and wait.—*New York Investigator.*

It was so hot in Illinois last week that half a dozen eggs left out in the sun were hatched, and six chickens picked their way through the shells into this wicked world. It is a solemn and awful fact.—*New York Herald.*

The young woman who read the essay at graduation upon 'The Stern Duties of Life Upon Which We Are About Entering' was last seen in the hammock reading a 'Senside' novel, while her mother was washing the dinner dishes in the hot kitchen.—*Boston Transcript.*

Transplanting Evergreen Shrubs.

Many failures occur from lack of proper treatment at transplanting. There is no more beautiful shrub of this kind, than our native "Laurel" (improperly so called, as it is not a Laurel), *Kalmia latifolia*, also called "Calico Bush." It is very rarely seen in cultivation, and there is a general belief that it cannot be transplanted from the woods, but if we would have it in our grounds, we must get nursery-grown trees. We know of a great admirer of this shrub, who imported it from an English nursery, while it grew by the thousands within a few miles of his place. Yet this shrub can be transplanted as readily as a willow, if one will, at transplanting it, cut it back to remove every leaf. This appears like severe treatment, but unless one will cut the beautiful shrub back to a naked stem, he had better leave it where it grew, for it will surely fail. Treated thus, success is as certain as with any other shrub. In due time the naked stem will "break," producing an abundance of new shoots, and by autumn will be supplied with abundant foliage. Having done this, and seen it done by others, it may be tried with full confidence of success. We have no doubt that other shrubs of this class, if on their removal from the nursery were treated in the same manner, would succeed more frequently than they do. Yet few have the courage, when they pay a dollar, more or less, for a shrub, to mutilate it in this manner. Still it is worth trying.—*American Agriculturist.*

THE CHINESE DEAD IN AMERICA.

Disinterment of the Bones of Departed Mongolians for Shipment to the Flowery Kingdom—How the Work is Done.

It is an oft-repeated story, says *The San Francisco Bulletin*, that the Chinese who emigrate from their homes for a time, no matter to what clime it may be, always expect that their bones will be returned to a final resting-place in the Flowery Kingdom if anything befalls them, and they are not permitted to return in life. Joseph in Egypt, foreseeing the bondage of the children of Israel and their subsequent deliverance, commanded that his bones should be carried out with them when they went into the land of Canaan; so, too, the Chinaman who comes to this or other country has an agreement with his people that his bones shall be returned to the land of Cathay.

During the five years succeeding 1880 the number of bodies returned was comparatively light, and from the annual reports the disinterments and removals of Mongolians were less than those of whites. In 1884-85 the largest number was returned in the seven years. Since 1880 the number of Chinese disinterred and returned to China has been as follows: In 1880-81, 28; 1881-82, 28; 1882-83, 59; 1883-84, 235; 1884-85, 762; 1885-86, 311.

Previous to the present year the bodies of those returned to China have been those who have been looked after in an especial manner by friends, or by the one of the Six companies of which the deceased was a member. Naturally during the early years of the Mongolian invasion there were many who died and were buried of whom no accounting was taken by the companies. A large number of such were buried in the old Yerba Buena cemetery. These, on removal, were buried in Laurel Hill cemetery. Recently the Six companies decided as a matter of charity to return to China the bones of all Chinese in Laurel Hill and the City cemetery who had no friends. Accordingly for more than two months past disinterments have been and still are in progress at Laurel Hill. More than five hundred more are expected to be exhumed. As the cemetery records with reference to these interments are misplaced and could not be found, and the head and foot boards, were rotted off, it was necessary to dig up a very large territory to find them. Some days as few as five were found, and others as many as twenty-five. The plot on which the work is now being done is overgrown with live-oak trees, some of them twenty-feet in height. There is nothing to indicate graves.

These disinterments are made under the provisions of sections 1 and 2 of an act entitled "An Act to Protect Public Health from Infection Caused by Exhumation and Removal of Remains of Deceased Persons," approved April 1, 1878.

Sections 3 and 4 provide penalties for disinterment and transportation of bodies without permits.

Under another section, on permit being granted, bodies may be disinterred and removed to another cemetery in the county without payment of any fee.

In the case of the bodies now being exhumed for shipment the law is being carried out to the letter as near as can be done under the existing circumstances. Only four of those recently taken up had any name or record of death, and one of those shows that the body was originally interred in Yerba Buena cemetery in 1854. The only thing that can be done is to make out the permits in fictitious names. Two are issued for each body, one for the cemetery and the other to accompany the remains. These permits are in the form prescribed, and are signed by the health officer and the secretary of the board of health. To see that everything is done according to law, the inspector of disinterments, John Moran, is present at all disinterments, and makes a record of every disinterment, thus insuring the collection of the city's \$10 per body. Then the Cemetery charges \$3 for each removal, and of course is watchful that all bodies taken up are accounted for. It has two men on the ground, and the Chinese Six companies also have two men on the watch. The bones of each body as they are dug up are placed in a zinc box, strongly made, 22x3x3, and the boxes are hermetically sealed at the cemetery with solder. They are then conveyed to a room in the building at No. 734 Pacific street, opening on Bull Run alley, and kept there to await the sailing of the steamer. These boxes containing the bones are packed in cases, prepared expressly, which hold eight of them, and are then shipped by cubic measurement instead of by weight, as in the case of ordinary corpses.

In digging some days ago a body of a sailor who had died at sea several years ago was found that had been buried in a pitch-pine box. It was in a remarkable state of preservation, and Inspector Moran caused its reinterment, and required the Chinese contractor to prepare a zinc-lined case or box, into which the remains will be placed and sealed the day before the steamer sails. It was this box that was seen at the room in Bull Run alley a few nights ago, and in which it was claimed the bodies of Chinese were boiled to remove the flesh. The bones being taken up at Laurel Hill are perfectly dry and have no odor whatever about them.

Inspector Moran reports that as soon

as those in Laurel Hill cemetery are disinterred he expects to superintend the disinterment of between five and six hundred Chinese at the City cemetery. No bodies are allowed to be taken up that have not been buried two or more years, and if they are not in condition that the bones can be placed in the zinc boxes, they are put back into the ground to remain until in the proper condition, or the Chinese are compelled to put them into a large box, sealed up hermetically and shipped in a body. There is no such thing done as boiling and scraping the bones.

The Chinaman who has the contract for the work has made a good thing out of it. Beside getting his fee from the Six companies he gets whatever money or jewelry may be found in the graves. It is estimated that the value of what has been found in the last three months will reach \$1,000. The find consists of diamonds, gold hair-pins, and rings found in the graves of the females. Only a day or two ago an old gold slug was found in one of the graves.

Beside the bodies taken up in this county for shipment to China, bones of deceased Mongolians are sent here from the interior in the same kind of zinc boxes.

The Chinese contractor, who speaks good English and is an intelligent man, is very indignant at the attempt of an ex-county official to get up a sensation a few nights since at the storage-room in cutting open a number of sealed boxes. He says that he did not and does not expect much respect from the white people for his race while living, but he did think in all humanity their dead bodies would be protected from sacrilege.

Inspector Moran has recently made an investigation and counted the number of Mongolians buried in the plots of the various companies at the City cemetery, and finds the total number to be 4,070.

BEAUTIFYING THE SKIN.

Some of the Arts and Prescriptions of a Professional Complexionist.

While searching for items of news recently a reporter for the *New York Mail and Express* was attracted to a house which had this sign hanging in the window:

COMPLEXIONIST.

A French woman of medium height and marvelous conversational power was found within. She showed her caller into a small reception room, the fittings of which at first sight suggested a drug store or a barber's shop. "A complexionist," said the attendant in answer to a query, "is one who makes a study of the human skin and takes charge of the customers' complexion."

"But surely there are not many?" "Oh, yes; there are hundreds of women who come here during the gay season to be made up or to have the skin treated with delicate washes to prevent the bad effects of gas, heat and late hours. But young ladies are not the only ones treated; men, young and old, often visit me."

"What is your usual mode of treatment?" "That depends upon the complexion. If it is merely to be preserved we advise a little dieting and bathing in elder flower water. Not a particle of fat must be taken as it injures the polish of the skin. Here is a prescription that will clear the skin in a very short time: A tablespoonful of sulphur taken every other morning for a week, then omitted for three mornings and taken again. A mixture of powdered brimstone or diluted glycerine should be rubbed on the face at night and washed off in the morning with soap and water, in which there is a little ammonia. Washing the face in spirits of camphor, glycerine and ammonia is also very good."

Be Kind to Your Horse.

Kindness with the family horse is of the utmost importance. Always cultivate an acquaintance, and be on social and friendly terms with him. If he is tired and worn out, it is astonishing how these little attentions will encourage and cheer him up. When not in use, he should be given a reasonable amount of daily exercise. No animal will do well without exercise. It promotes a good action of their limbs, and assists digestion. The harness should be made to fit, thus avoiding chafes and bruises. In cold weather the lips and tongue of the horse may be made very sore by contact with the frozen bit. The bit should always be warmed before being placed in the horse's mouth. Flies are very annoying to horses, and the use of the net, or some preparation that will keep the flies away, is well repaid.

Care in driving is of the greatest importance. How often do we see an animal driven until wet with perspiration, and dotted with foam, standing without blanket or protection of any kind from the cold northern winds. When in such condition, he evidently suffers intensely; besides the danger of contracting diseases, from which he will never recover. If any law on our statute book should be more rigidly enforced than another, it is the one against fast driving. When in use, blankets should always be provided in cold weather, so that they will dry without chilling. Protect them from drafts when warm, and either rub down, or let them stand in a stable, where cold air can not strike them.—*American Agriculturist.*

FORTY YEARS A POSTMAN.

Charles A. Tyler Has Alone Handed Out Over Five Million Letters.

Little has ever been written about the old postmen who have spent their lives working for us here, says *The New York World*. The higher officials in the postoffice building do not like to have the employees interviewed. There is something pathetic in the life-work of these men, who, when they get too old to attend to their duties, are shoved aside to starve, if so be. Other faithful public servants are pensioned: Not so with these men. With postmen, more than with almost any other class of public servants, lengthy service means proved trustworthiness. Thousands of dollars pass through their hands, and valuable documents and important letters are intrusted to them. But people forget these things. Less ornamental than the policeman as a sidewalk adornment, and infinitely more useful, the postman's familiar figure betrays nothing of the time he has done duty on the streets. There are no stripes on the postman's coat sleeve indicating the years he has traveled to and fro on his peaceful errands. Yet each year added to his record sheds a luster upon his character as an honest employee of the government. The drawback, so far as he is concerned, is that he flourishes in virtue comparatively unknown. Non-political, he has hope for no advancement by influence. He is wholly at the mercy of his superiors, who cast light or shade upon his existence as they may choose. He is doomed to hard work year in and year out. The people of one district no sooner become acquainted with him than he is removed to another and he is quickly forgotten by his former friends.

Thus a letter-carrier may go on his rounds for twenty or thirty years without the fact being publicly known. A letter-carrier with the patience of Job and the modesty of a saint could pass a lifetime delivering mail in this city without other than his immediate acquaintances being aware of it.

Charles A. Tyler has the longest record of any postman perhaps in the United States, certainly in New York. He was appointed in 1845 through the instrumentality of Edwin Crosswell, then editor of *The Albany Argus*. He has done every kind of postal work—delivered and collected letters, superintended a station and clerked at a money-order office. Since 1880 he has attended to all the mail matter on Governor's island, where he is a general favorite. Forty-three years is a long time to pass in any department of the civil service. As the experience of a letter-carrier it implies not only a career of rectitude, but familiarity with the various changes that have affected our postal system. Mr. Tyler's hair has grown silvery in the work. He is 64 years of age and far from infirm. There were twenty-five regular carriers when he sought a position among them. He commenced as an outside assistant. The regulars had the privilege of hiring whatever help they needed. Finally he obtained a route to himself, some two and a half miles round, with the city hall as its center. Fifty men are now detailed to it.

Those were halcyon days for the postmen. They had their deliveries daily at 9 A. M., noon, and 3 P. M. They levied tribute on the public. For each letter delivered they received 2 cents and for each newspaper 1 cent. Many of them made money. When they had more mail than they could distribute they resorted to a drug store or grocery, where they parceled out the surplus for their assistants to deliver. It was nothing for a "regular" to earn \$10 or \$12 per day, and his gains increased when the gold fever broke out.

The first improvement in the post-office was to stamp the amount of postage on the cover of the mail. If in red letters, it was to be paid by the receiver. Some amusing incidents occurred in this connection. The carriers did not quite comprehend the salary principle. A list of the postage they were to collect was kept by the clerk, and on Friday, which was pay-day, the total sum for the week was deducted from their wages. "Well," said Mr. Tyler, "as a set-off against this imposition, as they called it—for it was mighty hard to convince them that the postage charged was not their due—some of them collected the amount on the envelope, whether it was printed in black or red figures. Consequently double postage was extorted on some letters. So long as the public did not grumble the carriers were indifferent. They did it to be on the safe side, and sure enough, when Friday came round, the majority of them not only had enough to meet the bill of 'red' but a nice nest-egg for the following week."

Mr. Tyler calculates that he has delivered over five million pieces of mail matter since he joined the service, including at least half a million letters, etc., to Governor's island.

Buttons of Blood.

A Chicago firm uses from 8,000 to 10,000 gallons of blood daily to make buttons, besides breast pins, beltclasp, combs and trinkets. Evaporation leaves pure albumen, which is dried into thin sheets and broken up and pressed together into various shapes. From these facts it will be seen that a romantic young man could present his best girl with his heart's blood in a neat and agreeable form.—*New Haven News.*

Greeley's Favorite Poet.

A good many will be surprised to know that Mr. Greeley, whose prose style was directed to the understanding rather than the imagination, was an ardent admirer and student of the best poets. They will still be surprised to know that his favorite poet was not Pope, or any one like him, but Robert Browning. Swinburne was, perhaps, the next in order, or nearly so. I have heard him, when we were riding together, repeat whole passages from Swinburne's lyrics, those liquid and sonorous ones, like the song of "Dolores," being employed for this purpose. He seemed to enjoy the verbal melody, too, which was the probable cause of the recitation. My copy of the "Atlanta in Calydon," he retained for a year in order to find time to acquire himself of it.

At the time Mr. William Morris issued the first stout volume of his "Earthly Paradise," I happened to meet Mr. Greeley on a railroad train, and we sat in the same seat. I had a copy of the book in my hand, and he looked at it with some misgivings as to its dimensions, but soon saw enough of its quality to hope to be able some day to read it. When I told him that that was but a small part of the completed work, he exclaimed, "Oh, Lord!" and gave up, in despair of making the author's acquaintance.

Once, at my father's house, where I usually entertained him, he took up a volume of the poems of Uhland in the original. He studied out the similarities of some of the German words to their English counterparts with interest, and did not hesitate to ask an occasional question when it was necessary. I called his attention to a copy of one of Richter's stories, which was translated, but he had evidently tried this author some time to his disgust. The style was odious to him. Richter, he said, in substance, begins in the clouds and never gets out of them. His sentences have no conclusion and leads you nowhere.—*Joel Benton in the Cosmopolitan.*

Apartments in Washington.

Everybody in Washington rents rooms. That is, everybody who has rooms unoccupied by their own family. If it is only a closet, some department clerk will snap at it, in consideration of the price. Large, airy rooms in a good part of the town rent at abnormal figures. Some of the reasons given as inducements to would-be tenants, are very curious. A couple of ladies who expected to pay an ultimatum of \$40 a month, were shown some rooms on Franklin Square which has been advertised "to rent" for several years. The lady who owned them explained that she could not take less than \$250 a month for them.

"I would rather they would remain empty than take less for them," she said. "Why, that is what the Italian minister from Italy paid me for them!"

It was evident that this heirloom of greatness, "the Italian minister from Italy," would be the ruin of that family in a financial way.

Another lady, who asked an exorbitant price for a cheap, shabby room, requested her visitors to look at the air and views. "But we cannot live on air and views," mildly suggested one of the party. "And you can see the back fence of W. W. Corcoran's home," explained the landlady, as if that statement ought to clinch the bargain.

Another one then, opened her suit of advertised rooms saying:

"These are just as Mr. — left them. You know he committed suicide here, and a great many people come to look at the rooms on that account."

Even with this extra inducement the rooms did not bring the small fortune demanded for them.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Startling Prediction.

Two hundred years ago in China there was such a craze about natural gas as we have in this country to-day. Gas wells were sunk with as much vim and vigor as the Celestials were capable of, but owing to a gas explosion that killed several millions of people and tore up and destroyed a large district of country, leaving a large inland sea, known on the maps as Lake Foo Chang, the boring of any more gas wells was then and there prohibited by law. It seems, according to the Chinese history, that many large and heavy-pressure gas wells were struck, and in some districts wells were sunk quite near to each other. Gas was lighted as soon as struck, as is done in this country. It is stated that one well with its unusual pressure, by induction or back draught, pulled down into the earth the burning gas of a smaller well, resulting in a dreadful explosion of a large district, destroying the inhabitants thereof. Lake Foo Chang rests on this district. The same catastrophe is imminent in this country unless the laws restrict further development in boring so many wells. Should a similar explosion occur there will be such an upheaval as will dwarf the most terrible earthquakes ever known. The country along the gas belt from Toledo through Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky will be ripped up to the depth of 1,200 to 1,500 feet and flopped over like a pancake, leaving a chasm through which Lake Erie will come howling down, filling the Ohio and Mississippi valleys and blotting them out forever.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

A LANDMARK REMOVED.

History of Hotel de McClure at St. Louis—A Relic of the War.

Says *The St. Louis Globe-Democrat*:

Among the buildings now in process of demolition on Chestnut street, between Seventh and Eighth, is one that was famous in its day, and about which a host of memories cling, most of them of an unpleasant nature, but of sufficient moment in the lives of those interested to prevent the possibility of the memory of the house in question ever growing dim. In the days immediately preceding the war the house, then numbered 141 Chestnut street and now 717, was occupied by Mrs. Charles Clark and Mrs. Margaret McClure as a boarding-house, and was known as the Hotel de McClure. Shortly after the outbreak of the rebellion this house was confiscated because of the disloyalty of the owners, and the ladies were obliged to vacate. For several months it was allowed to remain vacant, as the government had no use for it. In the meantime, the Gratiot street jail had been filled to overflowing by those placed under arrest for giving aid and comfort to the enemies of the government, and the apartments set aside for ladies proved too small to contain those condemned to durance vile by the provost marshal. Another place of confinement was required, and No. 141 Chestnut street was chosen as a temporary jail, and devoted exclusively to the reception of female prisoners. Among the first to be confined in this house were Mrs. Truett Polk, wife of Senator Polk, of Missouri, and her two daughters, Mary and Cornelia. These ladies had been informed that letters placed under a certain gravestone in Bellefontaine cemetery would be conveyed to their friends in the south. For some time a correspondence had been carried on in this way, but by some means the military authorities were informed of the illicit correspondence that was going on, obtained several of the letters, and, on the strength of the information contained in them, arrested and imprisoned the writers. Women from all parts of the state were sent to this prison, some charged with furnishing information to the rebel troops, others with feeding guerilla bands, and a large number from the western part of the state with supplying ammunition to Quantrell's command.

None remained long in prison, as those incarcerated were either released in a few days or sent south through the lines. Their relatives and friends were allowed free access to them, and regular levees were daily held, and the attendance was most fashionable, as many of the ladies within the prison walls were among the social leaders of the city.

Although numbers were sent away daily, the influx was still greater, and the building soon became most uncomfortably crowded, as many as fifteen ladies being allotted to a single room. This state of affairs continued until 1865, the prison containing fully three hundred inmates, when a general release of prisoners were ordered at the close of the rebellion. Many of the most prominent families of the city were at one time or another represented in the Hotel de McClure, as the prison was still called, and by these the structure, unnoticed by a later generation, will never be forgotten. From a lady who had herself been an inmate of the prison an account was obtained of the life of those within its walls, and the adventures encountered by those who were sent through the lines. The arrest of the Polk family caused great excitement throughout the city, and while the ladies were inmates of the prison a perfect stream of carriages drove to the door, bearing sympathetic friends, each of whom brought some delicacy, and in consequence all the prisoners were fed in the most bountiful and luxurious manner, the supplies sent the Polks would have amply provisioned a regiment. Strong pressure was brought to bear upon Gov. Gamble, and he was persuaded to allow these ladies to return to their homes on parole. Here they remained some time, but on June 1, 1863, an order was issued requiring that they be put outside the union lines. On that day they were driven to the Gratiot street garrison, and, in common with the others, to whom the order applied, were taken to a steamer, which was to take them to Mississippi and turn them over to the southern military authorities. An idea of the number thus ordered through the lines may be gained from the fact that thirteen omnibuses were required to take them to the boat.

The building on Chestnut street continued to be used as a prison until the close of the war, shortly after which time it was restored to its former owners, the order for its forfeiture having been revoked. With its demolition one of the most interesting mementoes of the war time in St. Louis will disappear, and many ladies have visited the place to take one last look at the house of which they were once the unwilling occupants.

Hot-Weather Drinks.

A great truth: Lager beer is a better drink than whisky on a hot day. Another great truth: Ice-water is a better drink than larger beer on that same day.—*New York Sun.*

A greater truth: Iced water is a better drink than ice-water at any time. The greatest truth: Water that has been boiled and cooled in a refrigerator, or by the outward application of ice, is the best of all for the health.—*New York World.*

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

For the week ending Aug. 6, 1887.

The Mayflower.

The Congregational Sunday School & Publishing Society began with this year the publication of a four-page weekly for youngest readers in the primary department of our Sunday Schools, the name of "The Mayflower" being given it as appropriate to the "Pilgrim" Series of publications for Sunday schools, of which it was to form a part. The Society has recently learned that a newspaper bearing the same name had for some years been published at Yarmouthport, Mass., by Mr. George Otis. This has led to a friendly correspondence, and Mr. Otis, with evident sympathy in the work of the Society, cordially acquiesces in the use which is made of the title, "The Mayflower," in connection with the juvenile publication above referred to. Acknowledgments are due to Mr. Otis for his great courtesy in this matter, and it should be clearly understood that his right to the title, "The Mayflower," as applied to a newspaper, is in no way affected by this use which is made of it, with his knowledge and consent, by the Congregational S. S. & Pub. Society. Mr. Otis's "Mayflower," is an attractive weekly paper (secular) of eight pages, and is intended for the family. It has a large variety of reading matter adapted to old and young, is carefully edited, and its price, \$1 per year, places it within the reach of many readers who cannot afford the higher-priced papers.—[Congregationalist, May 26th, 1887.]

We understand correspondence is being had with Oliver Optic, James Otis, Horatio Alger, Jr., and other eminent writers for the young, in order to secure their interesting contributions for the Mayflower. The Mayflower will be sent on trial for two months for only ten cents. Try it.

Or for \$1.00 it will be sent with this paper, the two, one year.

LIVE OAK, ALA., Dec. 13th, 1886. Messrs. A. T. SHALENBARGER & Co., Rochester, Pa. Gents.—Last spring I received by mail from you a bottle of your Antidote for Malaria for my brother, who had chills for more than six months. He frequently broke them with quinine, but they would soon return. I gave him the medicine you sent, and he has not had a chill since. It has made a permanent cure in his case.

Yours truly, W. W. PERDUE.

Why pay \$1.25 for one paper, when you can get the Leavenworth Weekly Times, and this paper both for \$1.00.

Twenty-five cents for this paper three months, and Dr. Foote's Health Hints.

Business men who would save money will get their printing from the North Side Printing House, 835 Kansas Avenue, North.

The following will illustrate the usual difference in prices: Messrs. C. & S. paid \$17 for 3000 linen blanks. Our price is \$12.

Messrs. B. & B. paid \$5.00 for 1000 bill heads, sixes. Our regular price, including better stock, is \$3.00.

Mr. B. paid \$2.50 for 500 loose note-heads. Our price, better paper, in tablets, trimmed, \$2.00.

Messrs. J. & A. paid \$3.00 for 1000 low cut envelopes. Our price, for a much better envelope, high cut, printed by our patent process, securing perfect work with no streaks when cut, is \$2.50.

Lawyer C. paid \$1.80 a page for briefs for which we charge \$1.00 and give more to the page.

Mr. M. was charged \$4.00 for a lot of dodgers which we do for \$2.00.

Read the above, be wise and get your printing done at the North Side Printing House, 835 Kansas Avenue north.

Send postal and we will call for copy, show proofs, and satisfaction or no charge.

—Frog soup, made by the following recipe, is recommended for persons with weak lungs or suffering from severe cough. After skinning the hind legs of twenty-four frogs, put them in cold water for one hour. At the end of this time drain them, put them in a sauce-pan and set upon a slow fire, stirring occasionally until they turn yellow. Take them out of the sauce-pan, mince the flesh quite fine, and put it back in the pan with a leek and stalk of celery chopped in small pieces, one carrot sliced, a little salt, and water enough to cover all. Simmer for two hours, then pass through a colander; mix with a little butter and serve.—[Exchange.]

—Professor Bascom:—It is exercises that we need. We are too effeminate as a people. We ride when we ought to walk. Attentive patient—Well, doctor, no doubt you are right. But you are not going up in the elevator, are you? —Why to be sure. You don't think I'm such a fool as to climb five flights of stairs?—[Philadelphia Call.]

—The news editor prepared an article in which he said: "Mr. Dash is hopelessly ill." Before going to press Mr. Dash died, and a hasty alteration was made in the sentence to meet the new condition of affairs. When Mr. Dash's friends read in their paper that "Mr. Dash is hopelessly dead," they were naturally shocked.—[Boston Transcript.]

HER ANSWER.

On my right at a dinner sat Mollie. On my left there was little May Belle. Who is always so sparkling and jolly. And who likes me, I fancy, quite well.

The former somehow spoke of ages: "Now, what would you take me to be?" I asked. She replied: "Of life's pages, I suppose you have turned twenty-three."

Miss Belle, on my left, was abstracted. And did not our words overhear. Nor knew she the answer expected. As I whispered quite low in her ear:

"And what would you take me for, Mary?" And then this small maiden perverse, From out of abstraction, quite wary. Responded: "For better or worse."

—Samuel Williams Cooper, in Life.

ANTISEPTIC SURGERY.

Improvement Over the Old Method of Treating Wounds.

A Novel Plan of Performing Operations and Applying Dressings—The Great Aim is Perfect Cleanliness—Severe Cases Treated.

Fifty years ago, on the minutes of the Pennsylvania Hospital, in this city, especial mention was made of the fact that an amputated finger had healed by "first intention," that is, without the process of suppuration and granulation, which is the usual mode by which tissues heal. At the present time it is usual, and not unusual, to have an amputated leg heal by the "first intention," as well as the wounds made in the performance of nearly all the major and minor operations of surgery. So rapid has been the progress in the improved methods of what is known as antiseptic surgery that many medical men are astonished to hear of the results that are being obtained, and the general public are not at all aware of the great advances in the surgical art. Indeed, antiseptic surgery has been in its infancy for less than a dozen years, and has only received its perfect application within a few months.

In the human body there exists a reparative power by which the separated fragments of a broken bone are united and the cut surfaces of a wound are united. The simplest mode of healing an open wound is by the "first intention," or "immediate union," for which surgeons have aimed for hundreds of years. They had observed it in rare instances, and looked upon it as a possibility, but, as previously stated, they seldom succeeded in getting it, and the instances in which they did get it were deserving of special note. If union fails by the "first intention," inflammation supervenes, and healing is accomplished by a long and tedious process of suppuration and granulation, requiring several weeks, or perhaps months, for the closure of a wound of any considerable size. And this is always connected with great drain on the vital forces and danger from blood poisoning.

What is antiseptic surgery? It consists of certain precautions and appliances for the exclusion of the air, and with the air the numerous germs of disease and putrefaction which float in it, and the application of a germicide, which destroys the germs during and after the operation. The more perfectly this is done, the more likely will there be procured the primary union, or union by "first intention." Every body knows that a cut of a finger if promptly tied up and kept at rest will heal readily, but if it be neglected and allowed to get particles of dirt and the germs of disease into it, there is considerable inflammation, the member becomes painful and swollen, discharges matter, and is slow to heal. Antiseptic surgery aims at the simplicity of domestic practice—the accurate coaptation of the parts, provision being made for the free discharge of secretions from the wound, and the exclusion of the air and germs of disease. By the adoption of antiseptic measures the surgeon simply follows nature's indication. He puts the parts in the best possible condition to heal, and nature does the healing.

The methods adopted in order to secure this success are simple, and but a little more expensive, considering the first cost, but infinitely less costly than the old way of dressing, when consideration is made for the time and waste of repeated dressings, and the lessened risk of blood-poisoning and death from exhaustion from prolonged suppuration.

The most essential element in antiseptic surgery is cleanliness. The part to be operated upon or the point of injury and adjacent tissue is first thoroughly scrubbed with soap and a fine brush. It is then shaved to remove hair and dead cutaneous cells, and afterward washed with ether, to remove fat and oily matter. It is then washed with an antiseptic solution, and the operation is begun. A small stream of the solution is played upon the parts at short intervals as the operation progresses. Every opening in the tissues is washed out with this solution. The parts are brought together with catgut sutures which have been rendered aseptic, and these sutures are absorbed, consequently there is nothing to come away. Catgut being an animal tissue, is capable of absorbing, and is absorbed by, the living vessels.

sewing up the parts and for drainage. For this purpose several strands are placed in the deeper part of the wound and drain by capillarity. After there is no further secretion these are absorbed. After the superficial opening has been closed and the edges brought close together, a strip of "protective" is laid over the line of sutures. Over this is spread a fold of several thicknesses of gauze, antiseptically prepared and dusted thickly on its surface with iodoform. Over this is placed cotton, also rendered antiseptic, and the whole dressing is confined in place by roller bandages. This dressing is put on wet—all wet, and almost dripping with the antiseptic solution. The dressing is not changed unless there is some sign that all is not doing well, until a proper time has elapsed and its known that the parts have been healed. Under these methods hospital gangrene and erysipelas are rarely encountered, and there is so little discharge of pus that recently it was impossible to get enough for a sample for exhibition to a class at a medical college. This method, with slight changes in the detail, is now employed at every good hospital in the country, and by every surgeon who is up to the times.

The notes of a few cases recently exhibited at the Pennsylvania Hospital, taken from a student's note-book, will serve to show what is being accomplished by this improved method. The first case was that of a young man whose leg had been amputated above the ankle twenty-one days before. When the dressings were removed for the first time, at the expiration of the twenty-first day after the operation, there was discovered a good stump, which was perfectly healed. Under the old method of treating such a case it would have been considered good surgery to have had the stump entirely healed and the patient ready to go out inside of ten weeks. Besides, it would have required a new dressing twice a day at first, and nearly every day until the stump was healed.

Another case was that of a young man who had been admitted with a fractured skull, a piece of the latter pressing upon his brain. The skull was trephined and the broken bone removed. The wound was then dressed under the new method and not disturbed until sixteen days had elapsed, when the dressings were taken off, showing a perfect closure of the wound. Such an injury is of itself a serious affair, and the operation is no less dangerous.

A singular case was that of a man who had ruptured by a muscular effort the long-head of the biceps muscle of one of his arms. The tendon of the muscle was drawn into a mass at the bend of elbow. No recorded case similar to this is known. Knowing what could be done with antiseptic dressings, the surgeons decided upon a novel operation. They cut down upon the tendon, replaced it in a new position, attached it as well as could be done to its proper place, and closed up the incision, which extended from the shoulder to the elbow. The dressings were removed after sixteen days, and showed the wound nicely closed. To be sure he will not be allowed to use the limb for some weeks yet until the parts beneath become more firmly united. By this novel operation the man will have a useful arm, whereas, had it not been performed, the arm would have been almost absolutely useless.

Another case was that of a man whose knee had been laid open by an injury, and he had not been admitted to the hospital until twelve hours after the accident. Under any other form of treatment than the antiseptic method it is more than probable that the man would have been compelled to suffer an amputation of the injured limb. The leg was saved, and the man will be able to use it in a few weeks.—[Philadelphia North American.]

PRESERVING OYSTERS.

An Interesting Discovery Made by a French Scientist.

A discovery which will be interesting to scientists, gourmands and fish-mongers has been made by M. Verill, a French scientist, who is studying the question of how to preserve oysters after they have been taken out of the water. M. Verill found an old bottle, which had been picked up at sea, and to which several oysters were attached, hanging as a curiosity in front of a fishmonger's shop, where it had been on view for several months. On examination the oysters were proved to be all alive with the exception of those the shell of which was not quite intact. The conclusion which M. Verill draws from this fact, and from experiments of the same kind which he has made, is that if oysters with a perfect shell are placed in a receptacle through which the air can freely pass, care being taken that the empty part of the shell is turned downward and the hinge upward, it is possible to keep oysters perfectly fresh for several months.—[N. Y. Times.]

—She (emphatically)—How kind of nature to bestow on the blind the faculty of distinguishing color by the sense of touch! He (philosophically)—Yes, but it's not altogether confined to the sightless. In this hard world a fellow needn't be blind to feel blue.—[Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.]

UNCLE SAM'S BOOKS.

Some Curiousities of a Lengthy Document Recently Issued by the Government.

The House of Representatives, on July 27, passed a resolution calling upon the Secretary of the Treasury for a statement of balances due to and from the Government of the United States. The answer, which was very voluminous, was sent to the Public Printer, and the work of placing it in type was completed a few days ago. The fact that certain sums are charged against individuals as due the United States does not indicate that the persons so charged with indebtedness have profited by the amount involved or that they owe the money. In the great majority of cases the accounts are held up awaiting the settlement of some technical question as to the legality of the expenditure.

Among those who are carried as debtors on the treasury ledgers are: President John Adams, who owes \$12,898 on account of "household expenses"; Major-General Lafayette, who owes \$4,896, on account of an overpayment made to him, and Edmund Randolph, Secretary of State, who owes \$61,855, on account of various expenditures made before 1834. The diplomatic, and particularly the literary men, who have been sent abroad as Ministers and Consuls, seem to be more generally in debt to the Government than any other class of public servants. James Russell Lowell owes \$98.68 in his account as Minister to Great Britain in 1885; John Lathrop Motley owes \$2,498 as Minister to Great Britain in 1871; Reverdy Johnson owes \$5,386 as Minister to Great Britain in 1869; Bayard Taylor owes \$103 as Minister to Germany in 1879; Washington Irving owes 8 cents as Minister to Spain in 1847; Alexander Everett owes \$893 as Minister to Spain in 1831; Ninian Edwards, Minister to Mexico in 1826, owes \$924; James Gadsden, Minister to Mexico in 1857, owes \$540; Andrew J. Curtin, Minister to Russia in 1872, owes \$944; E. W. Stoughton, Minister to Russia in 1879, owes \$12,160; John Russell Young, Minister to China in 1885, is debited with \$3,145 and is credited with \$607; Stephen A. Hurlbut, Minister to the United States of Colombia, is debited with \$15,228 in 1871 and \$7,000 in 1872; James A. Bayard, Envoy to Ghent, is debited with \$400; Adam Badeau is debited with \$10,572 as Consul-General to London in 1882 and with \$9,165 as Consul-General to Havana in 1884; William D. Howells is debited with \$24 as Consul to Venice in 1863 and credited with \$71 in his account for 1865; John S. Mosby is debited with \$2,118 as Consul to Hong Kong in 1886; Thomas J. Brady owes the Government \$3.75 as Consul to St. Thomas in 1874; Titian J. Coffee is debited with \$1,990 as Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg in 1870 and 1871; Beverly Tuelar is debited with \$21,264 as Consul at Liverpool in 1862, and Simon Wolf with \$238 as Consul General at Cairo in 1882.

On the other hand the statement shows that the Government owes John Quincy Adams \$1,600, as Minister to Russia in 1818; Alphonso Taft, \$1,940, as Minister to Russia in 1885; John M. Francis, as Minister to Austria in 1885, \$3,000; Edward F. Beale, as Minister to Austria in 1877, \$1,111; John A. Bingham, as Minister to Japan in 1885, \$2,950; John Howard Payne, as Consul at Tunis in 1853, \$205.92; Bret Harbo, as Consul at Glasgow in 1885, \$185.16, and Henry Bergh, as Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg in 1865, \$135.44. One of the largest debits in the list is Francis E. Spinner, Treasurer of the United States, \$389,267.46, on account of bullion deposited with A. J. Quirot, treasurer of the mint in New Orleans, in 1866. Dr. George B. Loring's disputed account for \$20,808.89, as Commissioner of Agriculture, is, of course, charged up against him.—[Washington Cor. Chicago Herald.]

A LAWLESS LIFE.

The One Red-riding Virtue of a Professional Criminal.

Sometimes, when I think what a lawless life mine has been, I wonder that the respectable outlaws with whom I am most intimately associated in social, religious and political circles have not elected me chief of the band. I think nothing of defying those in authority; I "sass" the President, scoff at Congress, bully the Legislature, and transgress the laws of the land daily. I drive across the bridge "faster than a walk," and openly sneer at the five dollars' fine with which the sign-board threatens me. I have walked "on the grass" in Fairmount Park; in Central Park I have "plucked a leaf, flower or shrub." I have "stood on the front platform" for many miles; I have "talked to the man at the wheel," I have "got on and off the cars while in motion," I have "smoked about this shaft," I have refused to "keep moving on Brooklyn bridge," I have neglected to clear the snow from my sidewalk; I have dumped ashes into the alley at early dawn; I do not muzzle my dog, and last year he was not registered; I do not always "turn to the right" when I am driving; I do not always procure tickets before entering the cars; I have not worked out my road tax this year—why, I can't begin to tell one-half my lawless acts. No wonder that I sympathize with the Anarchists, nor that good people—people who never do wrong—regard me with suspicion. But one virtue, even though it may be considered a negative one, I insert here as a saving clause. I have never overstated the value of my property to the assessor.—[Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.]

BLOCK ISLAND.

Early History and Location of a Famous American Summer Resort.

The island was first seen by civilized navigators, so far as history furnishes any record, in the year 1524. A French navigator named Verazzano saw it in that year, and gave a report of its discovery to Francis I, King of France. How long it may have been inhabited by Indians before seen by this Frenchman must always remain a matter of conjecture. Ninety years later, in 1614, the Dutch trader, Adrian Block, explored this island and gave it his own name. The burning of his vessel detained him through the winter in Manhattan, he there built a new one which he named the Unrest; with it he explored the coast of Long Island Sound and this island. His vessel was probably the first which ever anchored on this shore, and he and his crew were the first civilized men who ever landed on this soil. Our historians tell us that in 1636 John Oldham, a trader from Boston, came in a small vessel to trade with the Manisheans—as the Indians on the island called themselves. The islanders put him to death "to the end that they might clothe the bloody flesh with his lawful garments." Colonel John Endicott punished the Indians for their cruelty; he thus made the island widely known and established his claim to it by right of conquest. The island in its earliest history had many names. The most poetical one was "Manishean," meaning the "Little God," or "The Little God's Island." This is at this hour the name of one of the hotels. The name fittingly appears in the following lines:

"Trod by waters that never freeze,
Beaten by billows and swept by breeze,
Leth the Island of Manishean."

Rock Island is located directly south of the central part of Rhode Island, to which State it belongs. It is southwest from Newport about thirty miles; it is about eighteen miles from Montauk, the east end of Long Island. It is so far out at sea that one always has sea air. In summer its hills are swept by fresh breezes and in winter by fierce gales. It is eight miles long and three miles wide. Its shores are continually wreathed with the foam of billows. It is a most unique and interesting place. High cliffs for the most part meet the assaults of the billows.—[Cor. Chicago Standard.]

The popularity of the old plantation songs is rapidly dying out among the negroes in the South, being superseded by gospel hymns.—[Chicago Times.]

—The system of savings banks in Massachusetts during the past fifty years has proved itself as safe as any financial system within the range of monetary experience. The total amount of losses to the depositors by the failure of savings banks in the State during that time is estimated by the Bank Commissioners at about three-twelfths of one per cent. of the entire deposit.—[Boston Traveller.]

—If an acre of land that cost a hundred dollars yields sure profit on all cost of labor and seed, as well as investment, to the amount of ten per cent., that is counted as very good. But there are thousands of acres upon which the percentage of profit may be doubled by increasing labor of tillage, and the larger profits constitute unanswerable argument in favor of the larger expenditure.—[Toronto Mail.]



Gone where the Woodbine Twined.
Rats are smart, but "Rough on Rats" beats them. Clears out Rats, Mice, Roaches, Water Bugs, Flies, Beetles, Moths, Ants, Mosquitoes, Bed-bugs, Insects, Potato Bugs, Sparrows, Skunks, Weasels, Gophers, Chipmunks, Mole, Muskrat, Jack Rabbits, Skunks, etc., etc.

HEN LICE.
"Rough on Rats" is a complete preventive and destroyer of Hen Lice. Mix a few boxes of "Rough on Rats" with a pail of whitewash, keep it well stirred up while applying. Whitewash the whole interior of the henhouse, inside and outside of the nests, or after hens have set a week, sprinkle the "Rough on Rats" dry powder, lightly over the eggs and nest bed. The cure is radical and complete.

POTATO BUGS.
For Potato Bugs, Insects on Vines, Shrubs, Trees, 1 pound or half the contents of a \$1.00 box of "Rough on Rats" (Agricultural Size) to be thoroughly mixed with one to two barrels of plaster, or what is better air-slacked lime. Much depends upon thorough mixing, so as to completely distribute the poison. Sprinkle it on plants, trees or shrubs when damp or wet, and is quite effective when mixed with lime, dusted on without moisture. While in its concentrated state it is the most active and strongest of all Bug Poisons; when mixed as above is comparatively harmless to animals or persons, in any quantity they would take. If preferred to use in liquid form, a tablespoonful of the full strength "Rough on Rats" Powder, well shaken in a keg of water and applied with a sprinkling pot, spray syringe or whisk broom, will be found very effective. Keep it well stirred up while using. Sold by all Druggists and Storekeepers. 15c, 25c, & \$1. E. S. WELLS, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J.

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All kinds of Hair Goods on hand. Hair work all kinds done. Also buy and exchange hair.

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