

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Husbandry.

VOL. XX.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, APRIL 27, 1889.

NO. 7.

We offer to send this paper six months, on trial, to the first ten members of any Alliance who will subscribe, at 25 cents each. Send in your orders, and we will do you good.

Oklahoma was opened on Monday. The rush was enormous. Such a scene was probably never before witnessed. Fifteen thousand people made the city of Guthrie in one day. Murders were committed in different parts of the territory daily, as was to be expected, but much was prevented by the absence of intoxicating liquor. The territory is already filled, and people who could not get claims are settling back upon the neutral strip, or overflowing into Indian Territory. Some will no doubt come back to Kansas. Already there are indications that the country falls short of the general expectations.

The indications are that this will be an unusually good crop year in Kansas. The acreage of wheat is very large and the condition is extra good. Winter wheat acreage was considerably enlarged last fall over previous years since 1884, and there has been more spring wheat sown this spring than ever before in any one year. The feeling among farmers is that this will be a good wheat year in Kansas, and they have prepared accordingly. Every county report except one gives the condition good and very good. The acreage of oats is larger than in any previous year, it is up nicely all over the State, and doing well. The corn acreage will be larger than ever before.

We have known for many years that Tom Needles, now marshal of Oklahoma, knew well how to drive his own stakes.

Wednesday morning, at half past two o'clock what is known as the "Old College boarding house," about a mile and a half west of the agricultural college, at Manhattan, was in flames, and nothing remains but the walls. The building was of stone and three stories high, and cost originally \$10,000. It was occupied by Frank Woodward and family, but they were away from home and it was likely fired by some tramp. Mr. Woodward's family lost all their household goods. The building was erected while Dr. Denison was president, and was considered at that day a great enterprise.

Judge L. D. Bailey, one of the associate justices of the first supreme court of Kansas, serving on the bench from 1859 to 1867, was in the city yesterday and contributed to the State Historical society a very interesting relic of by gone days and times. It is a flax spinning wheel, used by his mother and his grandmother before her. Although at least 125 years old, the wheel is in perfect order. The wheel, together with a yarn spinning wheel, was brought by the Bailey family to Kansas about forty years ago, when they removed from Sutton, N. H. The yarn spinning wheel has passed into the hands of other parties, but Judge Bailey means, if possible, to recover it and present it to the society also. Upon these wheels, during their time a more necessary adjunct to the home than the sewing machine is to-day, the thread was spun for all the cloth which was made into clothes for the Bailey family.

The late Dr. Austin Flint, professor in Bellevue Hospital Medical College, Fellow of the New York Academy of Medicine, member of the state medical societies of New York, Virginia, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, etc., says in speaking of advanced kidney disease (or Bright's): "Fatal termination is many times due to pericarditis (heart disease), apoplexy, difficult breathing, dropsy." The foregoing are but symptoms of disease. That being the case there is nothing absurd in the claim made by the proprietors of Warner's Safe Cure that they prevent apoplexy and cure heart disease, etc., with Warner's Safe Cure. Why? Because it removes the cause of disease, and when the cause is removed the symptom called a disease is cured.

Kansas Thrift.

Atchison's new union depot will cost \$60,000.

Thirteen salt plants are in operation at Hutchinson.

Kansas has nearly two hundred cheese and butter factories.

The Ellsworth Salt Company has been organized, and all of the stock disposed of.

Hays City Sentinel: The present showing of the coming wheat crop is from twenty to thirty bushels per acre.

Prof. Snow says that during the twenty-one years of observation there has been only one drouth extending over the whole state of Kansas.

Salina Gazette: It is safe to predict that Kansas will this year harvest in the neighborhood of \$200,000,000 worth of products of various kinds.

There are ninety-six county superintendents in Kansas, fourteen of whom are ladies. At the convention to be held at Wichita, two of them enter into the discussion.

There is 25 per cent more growing wheat in Kansas than there was last year and, best of all, it never looked better at this time of the year, if as well. Much of the crop will be harvested by the middle of June.

Albert Garrison, aged 13 years, accidentally shot and killed Andrew Bahr, aged 8, at Sharon, Barber county, last Saturday afternoon. Young Garrison was examining a double action pistol that he didn't know was loaded.

John D. Miles, of Lawrence, Kansas, has been selected for secretary of the commission to treat with the Cherokees for the purchase of the strip. Mr. Miles has had seventeen years' experience as an Indian agent. He was in charge of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes during the troubles several years since, and handled them in a masterly manner. When the members of the commission came together in Washington a few days ago, it was found that not one of them had any but the most general acquaintance with the condition of things in the Indian Territory. Even Judge Wilson, of Fayetteville, Ark., the democratic member of the commission, admitted that he had very little to do with his near neighbors, the Cherokees. It soon became evident that if anything was to be accomplished by the commission there must be connected with it somebody experienced in dealing with the Indians. Col. Miles was selected because of his peculiar fitness for the work.

Twenty-one years ago Mr. George W. Winans, State Superintendent of the Kansas schools, worked as a common laborer in excavating for the foundation of the building in which he now holds—and holds worthily—a responsible and an honorable office. He came to Topeka, like many others, with little except his muscles and his brains. He could not afford to be idle, and he took the first work offered to him, which was to wheel dirt with a wheelbarrow out of the excavation aforesaid. For two months he continued to propel the barrow and handle the shovel, at \$2 a day. He also assisted in concreting the floors, and he occasionally carried the hod. At the close of the two months, he went out to Mission Creek, west of Topeka, and stayed there some time, drilling rock. Afterward, he worked as a stonemason under Capt. Hannum, now of Great Bend. While engaged in this trade, Mr. Winans worked on the old M. E. Church in North Topeka; also on the Shawnee County poor-house. WESTERN SCHOOL JOURNAL.

Warner's Log Cabin Remedies—old fashioned, simple compounds, used in the days of our hardy forefathers, are "old timers" but "old reliable." They comprise Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla.

"Hops and Buchu Remedy," "Cough and Consumption Remedy," "Hair Tonic," "Extract" for External and Internal Use, "Plasters," "Rose Cream," for Catarrh, and "Liver Pills." They are put up by H. H. Warner & Co., proprietors of Warner's Safe Remedies, and promise to equal the standard value of those great preparations. All druggists keep them.

How "Tippecanoe" Harrison Was Saved.

The battle of Tippecanoe was fought November 5th, 1811, in Indiana, on the banks of the Tippecanoe River, on the site of the present village of Battle Ground, between the Americans under General Harrison, and the Indians under the Prophet, Tecumseh's brother.

After the famous battle until the end of his days General Harrison, grandfather of President Benjamin Harrison, was known by the loving sobriquet of "Tippecanoe."

Following his brilliant achievements in arms, now more than three-quarters of a century ago, General Harrison, together with many of his troops, was stricken with disease contracted through lack of proper food, and exposure to the miasma of that section of Indiana, and for a time his life was despaired of. Several of his command lay for weeks, suffering the horrors of disease upon the banks of the Tippecanoe River, which rises in a lake of the same name in the northern part of the state, flows south-west 200 miles and empties into the Washburn nine miles above Lafayette. General Harrison's troops were threatened with decimation, and the skill of the army surgeons was employed in vain to combat a more terrible and deadly enemy than even the hostile aborigines under Tecumseh's brother.

But relief came at last. General Harrison very sensibly concluded that residents of the neighborhood—namely, the Indians themselves—knew nature's specific for the disease which had prostrated him and many of his command, and instantly set on foot inquiries with a view to ascertaining and applying the remedies. They were speedily found and put to test, and worked like a charm. Under their use the stricken soldiers were promptly restored to their wonted good health and vigor.

The medicines were preparations of simple roots and herbs, based upon very old-fashioned but effective and natural formulae. Their intrinsic merits have been known and utilized for generations among people living in remote and malarial sections of the country. Many of these invaluable formulae have within the last two years come into possession of Hon. H. H. Warner, president of the Rochester Chamber of Commerce, owner of the largest proprietary medicine manufactory in the world, and whose Safe Remedies have conferred a lasting boon upon mankind, being recognized as standard medicines throughout the civilized globe.

In 1887, Mr. Warner, after careful experimenting and trial put upon the market Warner's Log Cabin Remedies, based upon the formulae which have cured thousands of debilitated sufferers, not only on the banks of the "Tippecanoe," as above related, but everywhere where introduced. These Log Cabin preparations are designed for an entirely different order of diseases to which the Safe Remedies are applied, among them are Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla, Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption Remedy, and Warner's Log Cabin Hops and Buchu Remedy. Suffering flees before them as a pestilence flees before the purifying breath of heaven, and they are sold every where.

LIVE OAK, ALA., Dec. 13, 1886. Messrs. A. J. SHALLENBERGER & Co., Rochester, Pa. GENTS—Last spring I received by mail 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 Antidote and he has not had a chill since. It has made a PERMANENT cure. Yours truly, W. W. PERDUE.

Now it turns out that Guthrie is located on a stream whose water is so brackish that it cannot be used, and on the day of the great rush to the new town, hundreds of people nearly famished with thirst.

A new Serial Story, by Edwin Lasseter Bynner, opens the ATLANTIC MONTHLY for May. It is called "The Begum's Daughter," the scene of the novel was laid in old New York about 1889, and some of the familiar Knickerbocker names appear in it. It is a new field for modern fiction, and a good one. This is followed by a paper on "Temperance Legislation, its Uses and Limits." Mr. Fiske contributes one of his valuable historical papers on "Brandywine, Germantown, and Saratoga." Mr. Frank Gaylord Cook writes about "The Lawyer in National Politics," and reminiscences of famous "Trotting Horses" are given by H. C. Merwin. Josiah Royce contributes the first of two papers on "Reflections after a Wandering Life in Australasia." The short story of the number is contributed by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and is called "The Bell of St. Basil's,"—a pathetic episode in the history of a deserted Southern college. Mr. James continues his novel "The Tragic Muse." For poetry we have some extremely bright verses.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

The Engineer regards the problem of the speed of railroad trains as practically settled. Eighty miles an hour is named as the highest speed at which a locomotive can be kept on the track, sixty miles as maximum operating speed, and thirty miles an hour as the most profitable rate. George Stephenson was regarded as a reckless optimist when he spoke of much slower progress than any of these as reasonably probable.

The passengers and crew of the ill-fated Danmark were all saved, and over three hundred of them arrived safely in Philadelphia this week on board the Missouri, whose captain is the hero of the day.

A powder factory has been located in Cherokee county, four miles north of Columbus. Buildings and machinery are to be put up without delay. The plant will have a capacity of 1,000 kegs of powder a day.

Prof. Wm. H. Thompson, M. D., University of New York, New York city, says: "More adults are carried off in this country by chronic kidney disease than by any other one malady except consumption." This shows that Dr. Thompson considers kidney disease a frightful malady. He also says "Bright's disease has no symptoms of its own, but has the symptoms of every other disease." The reason why Warner's Safe Cure cures so many different diseases is that by curing symptoms, which are called diseases, it strikes at the roots of disease itself.

After a shut down of one week, nearly all the miners along the Monongahela river, about 6,000 in number, have resumed work.

We believe that ordinarily the dairyman will do his best to confine his energies to the manufacture of butter, with a view of producing an article so good that everybody who knows it, will want it.

On Saturday, at Tremont Temple, Boston, Mrs. Lathrop replied to Kate Field's lecture on the "Intemperance of Prohibition."



ABSOLUTELY PURE. This Starch Never Varies. A Marvel of Purity and Strength. More Economical than the ordinary kind.

ESTEY

PIANOS & ORGANS are the best and cheapest because they excel and outwear all others.

Sold at low prices on time or for cash. Fully warranted. Send for illustrated catalogue.

ESTEY & CAMP, 916 & 918 Olive St., ST. LOUIS.

MENTION THIS PAPER



HUMPHREYS'

HOMOEOPATHIC VETERINARY SPECIFICS

For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs, Poultry.

500 PAGE BOOK on Treatment of Animals and

Chart Sent Free.

Cures: Fever, Congestion, Inflammation, Colic, Diarrhoea, Laminitis, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Stomachic, Dysentery, Catarrh, etc.

Price, Single Bottle (over 50 doses), \$7.50. Sold by Druggists or Sent Free on Receipt of Price.

Humphreys' Med. Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

THE FIRST TANGLE.

Once in an Eastern palace wide
A little child sat weaving;
So patiently her task she plied,
The men and women at her side
Flocking round her, almost grieving,
"How is it little one," they said,
"You always work so cheerily?
You never seem to break your thread,
Or snarl or tangle it, instead
Of working smooth and clearly."
"Our weaving gets so worn and soiled,
Our silk so frayed and broken;
For all we've fretted, wept, and toiled,
We know the lovely pattern's spoiled
Before the king has spoken."
The little child looked in their eyes
So full of care and trouble,
And pity chased the sweet surprise
That filled her own, as sometimes flies
The rainbow in a bubble.
"I only go and tell the king,"
She said, abashed and meekly;
"You know he said in everything—"
"Why, so we do," they cried, "we bring
Him all our troubles weekly."
She turned her little head aside;
A moment let them wrangle;
"Ah, but," she softly then replied,
"I go and get the knot untied
At the first little tangle!"
O little children—weavers all!
Our broiery we spangle
With many a fear that would not fall,
If on our King we would but call
At the first little tangle.
—Congregationalist.

The Mysterious Old Gentleman.

BY METCALF RUSSELL.

Scene—SCHOOL STREET, BOSTON, JULY, 1883.

"Hello, Godney, where are you going? Come up and lunch with me. Oh, come on!"

"I'm obliged to you, Wheeler, but I can't, I'm bound your way, though, and will go up with you if you will walk. I think it will do me good."

"Come on; I am with you. How goes it, old boy? By the way, who was that old gentleman you were going up Beacon street with, yesterday forenoon? I didn't know you had any old relatives in Boston."

"You want to set down a good mark for me, Wheeler. I smile at my own good nature. As I was going down Bowdoin street yesterday, thinking of my summer trip, I saw, some little distance in front of me, the old gentleman you speak of fall backward."

"A negro across the street went over and took hold of the old fellow's hand, and tried to pull him up, but it didn't work."

"I saw the old man couldn't help himself, so I ran down and picked him up."

"When he got on his feet, he clung hold of both of us."

"After walking a few steps, the darkey said he would have to go, and immediately put his words into action, and left me all alone with the old gentleman."

"I saw he was too weak or too unnerved by his fall to get along alone. Besides, he put his hand through my arm, and clung like a little child."

"Well, what could I do but go along with him? I can't say I particularly fancied the position, for you know I'm not much in the charity line. Still, I couldn't see the old man totter along alone, so I let him keep his hold. And, do you know, I'm not sorry. The little incident has given me lots to think of. He had considerable to say in a desultory sort of way. He struck me right away as a rich old codger, and what made me think so the most, was because he was so poorly dressed, relatively speaking, I mean. His clothes were good enough—they covered up nature's deformities—but they were old and somewhat worn. His shoes—I think it was his shoes—settled the fact of his riches in my mind. I don't know that I ever saw a pair just like them. You know my peculiarity about shoes. Well, these are a different variety from anything yet. They were both worn as though the man's feet were three-cornered. Then they were taken care of as our grandfathers used to take care of theirs—no blacking, not a particle, but plenty of grease. I'd like to get hold of them, for a picture."

"The old fellow wanted to know where I lived, and I was beginning to fear that he purposed rewarding me, then and there. But the shoes cured me of my momentary fright."

"Another reason for my belief that he was little short of a miser (he had previously told me, that he ought not to be out alone) was, that when we got along to Somerset street (we went through Ashburton place) where the demolition of the old houses is going on to give place to the new court house, you know, he said, in a voice chuck full of regret, that it was too bad to pull down those nice houses. I argued with him that a better one would be built, and that it would increase the value of property thereabouts. Then, as a sort of a feeler, I said, in an indifferent tone: "If you have any property in this vicinity, you'll be the gainer by the change."

"The temptation was too strong for him. He told me that he had lived in his own house on Temple street for forty years. That was just what I wanted. I knew the old chap was rich. I said:

"Well, those houses will have to give way to offices, and if you don't get any benefit from the new order of things, your heirs will!"

"We slowly ambled down Somerset street to Beacon, for he was not a rapid traveller, as you may imagine. He would give short, nervous clutches at my arm with his fingers, as if to see whether he had a good hold. He told me, in reply to my query, that he was from New Hampshire, and had lived in Boston fifty years."

"I asked him how old he was, and he spoke up with that pride all old people

have in their age, and said that he was seventy-seven."

"He looked it."
"As we came into Beacon street, I began to feel that perhaps my good Samaritanism was going a little too far, so I asked him how far he was going. Then I thought what a perverse old fellow he was. Why, instead of going home after his fall, which was really nearer, he persisted in keeping on to his premeditated destination. He had found a free escort in me, and he wasn't going to lose the opportunity. Oh, he is a rich old codger, mark my word!"

"Well, to make a short story, for you look tired, now, Wheeler—No?—Well, the old fellow said he had only to go a few steps up Beacon street, so I let him cling. Imagine me! It makes me smile, to think of it—going up Beacon street, in broad daylight, leading a shabby old fellow like him. Don't ever tell me that I haven't any goodness. Here is a tangible, clinging evidence of my superiority to my fellow-men. Why, you wouldn't have done it, Wheeler. I don't believe you would even have gone to help the old fellow up; for you would have immediately set him down as drunk, and thought the gutter the best place for him."

"Well, I'll confess the thought did cross my mind, that he might be a little the worse for the use of the bottle; but my native goodness—I like to use those words—prompted me to run, with all convenient speed, to his assistance."

"Where was I? Oh, yes. We went up Beacon street some little way, until he asked me the number of a house, and said his daughter lived in the next one. I helped him up the steps, at his special request, mind you, and then into the hall. He thanked me twice, I think, but nary a copper. I took a hasty, though polite and deferential, leave; for I wanted to avoid the effusion which I knew the married daughter would thrust upon me for my gallant conduct. Indeed; I feared that she, forgetting for the time, her duty to her husband, would embrace me, with tears in her eyes, murmuring her thanks in a tremulo crescendo voice, while the household would form the body-ground of the beautiful stage picture, the cook lighting up the whole scene with red fire."

"What a fellow you are, Godney! Your description is most pathetic, not to say interesting. The tale should be embalmed in a play. But, seriously, you did well, and I congratulate you. I may add that I trust your predictions about the old fellow's wealth will prove true, and that he will mention you in his will."

"Sorry to disappoint you, Wheeler, but he can't. I neither gave him my card or name. My reward," satirically, "is the knowledge of having done a good deed. Really, though, I feel positively indebted to the old man for the entertainment he has afforded me. I am going to make a business of picking up old men, hereafter. It's a great pleasure, I assure you."
"Ah, Godney, you always will turn things into ridicule. Nevertheless, I rather think you do not dislike the episode, and I didn't doubt you'd do lots more in that line, if you get a chance. Here we are at my door. Come in. Oh, do! and we will speculate as to the possible result of your Beacon street bravery."

"I can't, Wheeler. I'm sorry, for I should like to break bread with you; but I have an engagement over in Malborough street. Good-day. Drop into the office when you have time. Good-day."

CHAPTER II.

Time—August, 1883, 3 30 P. M.
Scene—UNION CLUB, PARK STREET, BOSTON.

[Reading room; unoccupied, save by the porter, arranging papers on the table, and Wallace Wheeler, dozing in a chair. Enter Godney Ainsworth, who looks about as if in search of some one, spies Wheeler, takes a second look, then crosses over, and lightly taps him on the shoulder.]

"What? What is that? Oh! Ah! Let me see. Why, yes, it is! Hello, Godney. The saints be praised, you don't mean to say it's you? Why, you are the last, the very last, person I expected to see. Where did you drop from, and how came you in town? You are the one I most wanted to see, yet I really didn't think the gods were so favor me. How came I at the club, and when did I get back? Sit down, and I will make a brief report."

"By Jove! it seems delightful to see you again. It is a fact, the luxury of the thought that I was in Boston again put me to sleep in my chair. Well, I arrived in town last evening, went to Parker's because I knew none of my household would be at home, and this morning I passed in going about on State street to get a welcome from all the fellows in town. I came up here this afternoon for the same purpose, but found no one here. I sat down a moment, and ere I was aware, was enjoying a dream of Paradise, otherwise Boston. Smile, if you choose, but gadding about the world for two or three years isn't the height of bliss for yours truly, and I mean to settle down—marry, perhaps—now I am in a civilized community."

"By the way, that reminds me, Flockton, genial Ed., told me something about you this morning, that led me to believe you were looking up matters in the matrimonial market, and—great Scott! how it comes back to me. You were right about the old fellow's riches, weren't you? What a romance! Come, tell me all about it. Let's go into the dining room and take a lunch. You have nothing to do, and I can't go to Bar Harbor till seven o'clock. Come, and give me the sequel to your episode over our cigars."

"To tell the truth, Wheeler, I don't

mind talking over the matter to you, now, it is all settled, for it was to you I confided about my exploit. Don't you remember, we walked up toward your house, and you wanted me to go in and lunch with you, but I was going somewhere else? It was about three years ago, wasn't it? Yes; you have been away more than two years, and it happened the summer before you went. Well, it does seem a little singular, and, had you told me the circumstances, of any one else, I shouldn't have believed them. Yet, as they have actually happened to me, I must, don't you know? Oh, the sequel has taken place during the past year."

"Last January, Allen Winthrop told me of a peculiar case they had in their office. He said that one of his father's old client's, a man eighty years of age, had died, leaving a most singular will, or, rather, a will with a singular codicil. Allen's father had drawn up the original, but Mr. Kingsley (Joshua Kingsley was the old gentleman's name) had added the codicil himself, and had it witnessed properly, a fact that struck Winthrop as the most singular thing of it all. It was done when Mr. Winthrop was in Florida, and Mr. Kingsley wouldn't trust Allen or any one else to do it. Well, the codicil read something like this: "I give and bequeath the share of my property, which was to have gone to my nephew, John Kingsley, now deceased, to the gentleman who assisted me when I fell on Bowdoin street, July 21, 1883." And then it went on to give the particulars of the accident, to describe the gentleman and what he said and did, and ended by giving \$1,000 for searching him out."

"Well, you can imagine my surprise when Winthrop told me this tale, and his, also, when I told my side of the story. Of course, there was trouble proving the thing. I thought some of sending for you, but Mrs. Mellison—you know her—saw me and remembered the circumstance. I wasn't particularly anxious to have the thing go on, but Allen insisted and so did his father."

"Well, the long and the short of it was, that the executors, of whom Mr. Winthrop, senior, was one, paid over to me \$47,000, which I have had ever since."

"Now, Wheeler, these are the cold facts of the matter, but the best is to come. This only culminated last week, but, as it will have to be known before long, I will give you the story straight, so you may help me in denying any false reports that may get afloat. Of course, I don't want you to give the whole thing away, as I tell it to you; but the real facts will help you to know what not to say."

"In settling up the estate, of course it was necessary that I should meet Mr. Kingsley's family. I vowed I wouldn't accept the money if any of the heirs objected, but they didn't. I was rather in hopes they would, for then I would have been out of the thing. But, no! they persisted in valuing my little service of three years ago, at the old gentleman's estimate. I judged, by what they said, that he had pondered over it, and, like Hamlet's melancholy, growing by what it fed on, he had come to think of me, in his second childhood, as a sort of good man in a fairy tale."

"Well, this is digressing.
"I met the family first in old Mr. Winthrop's office. They were all there; all the heirs. There weren't many—eight or ten—I guess. Then I had to go with Mr. Winthrop to Mr. Kingsley's old house, then to his brother's in Brookline. That trip to Brookline settled it for me. Now, my dear Wheeler, you should know that the nephew, into whose shoes I stepped had a sister—an only sister—and now an only child. We had met in Mr. Winthrop's office, but our acquaintance didn't really begin until that day in February. It was the third. I remember it perfectly."

"Well, to shorten my story again, we met a good many times from that memorable third day of February, until last week it came to an end."

"We shall meet no more as before."
"I went down to Beverly Farms, where she is, and came back a poorer man by 47,000 and some odd American dollars; but, pardon me, Wheeler, this is no idle sentiment—richer than ever before. Come down with me next week, and I will introduce you to the future Mrs. Ainsworth. I gave her brother's share of Mr. Kingsley's property as a wedding present. Remember what I said about his shoes?"

"Indeed, I do, Godney. But there's something of a moral about your story. Your good, but trifling, service, returned rich interest. If you were a minister instead of a banker, you might make quite a sermon out of it."

"I suppose so. But it has taught me more than all the sermons I ever heard, though not more than all I mean to hear, I hope. But no more moralizing. I have your promise for a visit to Beverly Farms next week, and, mind you, not a word about what you once called my Beacon street bravery."—Yankee Blade.

Tailors Out of Work.

It is claimed that there are 5,000 tailors in and near Boston out of work because, as alleged, the local clothing manufacturers send their goods to New York city to be made up by the cheap labor of the tenement-house districts.

Australia's Offer.

Australia has promised to give £35,000 annually for ten years toward the building of the proposed new British ships of war, and to maintain the vessels when completed.

HALFORD'S MARRIAGE.

He Was Quietly Wedded After an Extremely Secret Wooing.

An incident in Halford's life which illustrates his secretive power, which is essentially necessary in a private secretary, is found in the way in which he was married, says the Washington Star. His wife was teaching music in a female seminary of the Methodist persuasion in Indianapolis when she attracted the attention of Mr. Halford, and a warm attachment sprang up between them. Miss Fitzgerald's parents removed to Franklin, Ind., and subsequently to Elgin, Ill., but separation did not cool the ardent or the young people, who corresponded regularly, although the parents of the young lady had no idea that matters were assuming a serious shape. Miss Fitzgerald at length wrote that her family were to go to Chicago on a visit, and that she would accompany them. They proposed to remain about three hours in Indianapolis on their journey.

Halford thought that would be a good opportunity to have the nuptial knot tied, and he made his arrangements accordingly. When the family reached Indianapolis Halford met his fiancée at the depot, put her into a carriage, and they were driven to a minister's house, where they were quietly made man and wife. When the family were ready to resume their journey, their daughter (now Mrs. Halford, although the old folks knew nothing of the affair) was at the depot ready to accompany them. Halford bade his bride good-by, she was whisked off by the train, and he returned quietly to his work at the Journal office.

He didn't see his bride for six weeks. By that time he had made arrangements for her reception, and he went to her home in Elgin to fetch her. There he revealed their relations to her parents and took his wife to her new home. But one or two of his most intimate friends had any idea that he was married until he brought his wife to Indianapolis.

Sayings and Their Authors.

From Bacon comes "Knowledge is power."

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever," is from Keats!

Washington Irving gives us "The Almight Dollar."

Dean Swift thought that "Bread was the staff of life."

"Man proposes, but God disposes."—Thos. Kemps.

Franklin said "God helps those who help themselves."

"All cry and no wool" is found in Butler's "Hudibras."

Thomas Southern reminds us that "pity's akin to love."

Edward Coke was of the opinion that "a man's house is his castle."

"Variety's the spice of life" and "Not much the worse for wear."—Cowper.

"When Greek joins Greek then was the tug of war."—Nathaniel Lee, 1602.

Charles Pinckney gives "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute."

Edward Young tells us "Death loves a shining mark" and "A fool at forty is a fool indeed."

We are indebted to Colley Cibber for the agreeable intelligence that "Richard is himself again."

"Of two evils I have chosen the least" and "The end must justify the means" are from Matthew Prior.

Campbell found that "coming events cast their shadows before," and "his distance lends enchantment to the view."

To Milton we owe "The paradise of fools," "A wilderness of sweets" and "Moping melancholy and moonstruck madness."

Dryden says "None but the brave deserve the fair," "Men are but children of a larger growth," and "Through thick and thin."

Christopher Marlowe gave forth the invitation so often repeated by his brothers in a less public way, "Love me little, love me long."

Johnson tells us of "a good hater," and MacIntosh, in 1701, originated the phrase often attributed to John Randolph, "Wise and masterly inactivity."

Stetson and Haverly.

The wits of the theatrical Rialto used to revel in that story of John Stetson's indignation on discovering certain objectionable charcoal sketches on the walls of his Globe Theater behind the scenes.

Scarlet with indignation, he yelled to the stage manager:

"Who the — did that?"

"That, Mr. Stetson—that's Michael Angelo."

"Mike Angelo! Well, — him, he'll never get into this theatre again."

Now comes a droll sequel to that old tale. A knot of theatrical folk at the Westminster Hotel were trying to entertain Jack Haverly, the one-time Napoleon of managers.

A. C. Byrne told the Stetson-Angelo story with much unctious. Everybody roared at the finale excepting Mr. Haverly, who looked rather blank. He evidently did not see the point. But a few moments after the story had been told he burst out in laughter and exclaimed:

"Oh, I see—yes, yes. There ain't no such fellow as Mike Angelo."

A few days afterward somebody repeated the story to Stetson himself, adding Haverly's comment on the point of the story.

"What an ignorant fool Haverly must be," said Stetson. "Of course he ought to have said 'There is no such fellow as Mike Angelo.'"

—Exchange.

WINGED MISSILES.

"Old Hutch" is bulling wheat again. In Boston, Mass., 6,000 tailors are idle.

Peach prospects in Delaware are said to be good.

Extensive floods in Galicia have inundated many towns.

The car coupler killed 6,000 men in this country last year.

Castleton, Vt., has the only slate pencil mill in this country.

Jay Gould's doctor will accompany him on his southern trip.

The Chilean government has prohibited Chinese immigration.

A six-foot vein of copper has been discovered in Monroe county, Pa.

Alexander Hamilton was the youngest cabinet officer the country ever had.

The Mississippi Valley raises three-fifths of the hogs in this country—40,000,000.

A large smelter at Butte, Montana, burned last week, causing a loss of \$1,000,000.

Dakota farmers propose a twine factory of their own as a relief from the Twine Trust.

Near Cheyenne, Wyoming, is a horse farm of 120,000 acres, on which are 5,000 horses.

Europe's pig-iron output last year was 15,000,000 tons, of which England produced one-half.

There are 20,000,000 dogs in the United States, and \$200,000,000 is required to support them.

Over-production and wage troubles are making the iron outlook at Pittsburg very unsatisfactory.

A syndicate has purchased 40,000 acres of coal and mineral land in Edmonson and Warren counties, Ky.

The Connecticut legislature has passed a law prohibiting the use of tobacco by persons under 16 years of age.

There are 58 electric street railways in operation in this country, with 308 miles of track, and 220 miles building.

Gold discoveries have been made in Montana near the Canadian line, and the country is flooded with prospectors.

Sir Morell Mackenzie, the English doctor, has a son who is acquiring fame as an actor, and will soon try starring.

The twine trust has bought up all the available twine in the country, and is preparing to increase prices from 100 to 200 per cent.

Samuel Jordan, a barber, of Kansas City, has, it is said, amassed a fortune of \$150,000 from his trade during the past fifteen years.

Rider Haggard writes: "My favorite novel is Dickens' 'Tale of Two Cities.' In this great book Dickens touched his highest level."

A teller in a bank in Lynn, Mass., has been arrested, having stolen \$88,000 from the bank. Living beyond his means was the cause.

Lord Lonsdale, who started for the Arctic regions several months ago, is believed to have starved to death in the northwest territories.

The torpedo boat building for the government at Newport, R. I., is expected to make 23 knots per hour, and will be the fastest boat in this country.

Three large steel rail mills in Chicago, which make one-third of the steel rails produced in this country, will combine with a capital of 25,000,000.

The engineer charged with being the cause of the Mud Run, Pa., disaster, has been acquitted of the charge of manslaughter, for which he was tried.

Many are in doubt how Amelie Rives-Chanler pronounces her first name. In a late valentine letter written to a friend she makes it rhyme with "family."

J. Edward Pfeiffer, who lately died in London, left nearly \$500,000 to his wife, Mrs. Emily Pfeiffer, the English poet, to be used for the advancement of women.

The income of Herr Krupp, the great gunmaker of Essen, last year was nearly \$1,500,000. This sum is larger than the income of the richest of the Rothschilds.

The state supreme court of West Virginia has decided that of the three alleged governors of the state, only Wilson, holding over, has a valid claim to the office.

The prohibitory constitutional amendment submitted to the voters of New Hampshire last week was defeated by about 4,000 majority. It required a two-thirds vote to adopt it.

The Newfoundland government will refuse to issue licenses to American fishermen for the purchase of bait and other necessary outfit on account of alleged violation of licenses last year.

England's oldest clergyman, Rev. Bartholomew Edwards, is dead. He lacked but a week or thereabouts of being a century old and had been rector of one church for seventy-six years.

President Harrison's landau is trimmed in green cloth and lace, driver's seat green cloth, crown cover to top, pole straps with silver loops, silver lamps, silver door handles, silver axle caps.

Mme. E. F. Bishop, who recently started a dramatic school in Philadelphia, is the mother of Mind Reader Bishop. She is the principal heir to the Bidderworth estate in Denmark, and intends to devote a large part of her \$23,000,000 to charitable purposes.

Henry Ward Beecher is occasionally quoted as having said that a man ought to feel ashamed of dying before having reached his 75 birthday. There may be doubts that Mr. Beecher ever said anything of the kind, for he knew very well that dead men can have no feeling whatever; not even of mortification.

The Mexicans have a queer way of burying the dead. The corpse is tightly wrapped in century plant matting and placed in a coffin rented for about twenty-five cents. One or two natives, as the case may be, place the coffin on their heads and go in a trot to the grave, where the body is interred, and the coffin is then returned. The wealthy use the street cars as hearses, and the friends follow beside the car on foot.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Make a Good Garden.

The farmer's garden should receive far more attention than it usually gets. It is on his success with this that much of the advantage and greater healthfulness of the farmer's life depends. To have fresh vegetables in succession through their season, and a good variety stored for his winter's use, ought to be the farmer's special privilege. In reality the tables of those in cities earning less than most farmers are better supplied with vegetables and fruit than are those whose lack is only explainable by their neglect to grow them. The city man who has to buy everything finds a variety costs no more than to confine himself to one dish. The farmer often makes a rule to buy nothing that he might grow, and then neglects to grow what he might.

There is an economic aspect to this question not often considered. If farmers grew and used themselves greater varieties of vegetables they would be not only healthier, but the markets for the few specialties they generally grow would be less likely to be glutted. The past year, for example, potatoes have been extremely cheap. The crop is more than the demand. If one-tenth of the potato land had been diverted to growing carrots, turnips, cabbage, celery, parsnips and like vegetables, there would have been no glut in either, and the farmer's profits would be increased. It requires more work, more skill and intelligence to grow a large variety of vegetable crops than to grow one or two. More farmers have got into the habit of growing potatoes than have learned the best methods of growing other vegetables, and this is perhaps one reason why they are so much more largely sold than any other.

We need to learn a lesson from the great famine which prevailed in Ireland more than forty years ago after the failure of the potato crop. The people had become too exclusively dependent on the potato as a means of subsistence. It is not a perfect food for maintaining strength and vigor, and when famine struck the land, the enfeebled poor easily became victims to a pestilence which followed in its wake. It is in countries like India and China, where one kind of food is the main source of subsistence, that the dread Asiatic cholera takes its rise. If men ate more wholesome food, and in greater variety, the attacks of many kinds of disease would be averted.

It is not much that any one farmer can do to change the prevailing dietary habits of the whole country, but each can for himself resolve to set a better example. The first step in this good work is to lay out a garden, not too large to be thoroughly cultivated, and fill it with as great a variety of vegetables as the farmer can successfully manage. When one farmer in any neighborhood does this, others will quickly follow his example, and he can probably dispose for a time of any surplus vegetables he may grow more than are needed for his own use among neighboring farmers. It is not any willingness to live poorly that restricts so many farmers to a diet of bread and butter, with pork for the only meat, and potatoes, with an occasional boiled dinner, with cabbage as the only vegetable. They want to enjoy greater variety of vegetable food, and now, as their thoughts are turning to spring work, is the best time to give them a hint as to the best way to realize their desires.—American Cultivator.

Does Farming Pay?

This is a question that is being very often asked but seldom answered to the entire satisfaction of the inquirer. Farming pays or fails to pay according to the amount of skill, industry, and prudence of the operator. Of course a small business can yield as large a gross income as one in which large investments are judiciously made, yet a small business may pay a larger per cent of profits for the amount of capital invested than a larger business. The reason why the question so often asked, "Does farming pay?" is not so satisfactorily answered is, we believe, because those engaged in farming do not as a rule keep any sort of account with their business that will enable them to show beyond dispute whether their business is paying or not, or if paying at all, how much it is paying.

If the farmer could by any means induce all farm owners to begin a system of accounts with their farms the present season, and carry such accounts through the year in an intelligible manner, so that the question so many are asking could be definitely settled as far as each individual case is concerned, it would have accomplished a commendable work. Almost every spring for the past ten or fifteen years, the farmer has urged the importance of this work, yet so far as we learn, but very few comparatively the farmers have formed the habit of keeping book accounts with their farms. Many neglect the undertaking because they consider it a difficult thing to do. But it is a very simple thing indeed to take an annual account of stock on hand and to record income and cash expenses as they come from day to day through the year. No expensive set of books are needed, nor any complicated system of book entry. We would only ask each farmer to put in black and white what would like to carry in his mind. It is possible to carry it.

There is no indication that a farm does pay because the farmer uses up income of the land in the support of a family. Neither mill operatives nor mill owners are sure to have a

surplus left at the end of their year of toil and anxiety, yet because of this it will not do to say that running a mill or working in a mill does not pay. Farming certainly pays, but few of us can show by our books how much it pays us. Let the first of April see the beginning of an attempt to know exactly, or at least approximately, how much our farms and farm operations are actually worth to us.

We believe that a great many farmers and farmers' wives would be better satisfied with their vocation if they could know for a certainty just what income the farm is bringing into the family, that they might the better compare their situation with others engaged in other pursuits. When the farmer gives his farm credit for house rent, fuel, carriage hire, all kinds of food such as meat, poultry, eggs, milk, butter, fruits, grains and vegetables consumed or given away to friends, and takes account of all the days or parts of days when he is not actually engaged in productive labor, he would find that it would require a higher salary to carry him through the year than he had calculated. Do not again call farming poor business till you can show by accurately kept books just how poorly it has been with you.—Practical Farmer.

Farm Notes.

Save all the wood ashes. Remember that they have great fertilizing value for most soils. Secure all you can for topdressing meadows and grain fields.

At the present low prices paid for beef, it doesn't pay very largely to raise cattle to that end. Still there must be a "stop" in every thing, and let us hope the beef market will soon be firmer.

In selecting fertilizers for the coming spring, remember that gypsum, or land plaster, is a cheap and valuable form of plant food. It is especially valuable for mixing with hen manure, ashes and compost.

Young cattle which have been wintered at the straw stack are quite apt to be lousy. This should be seen to, and proper measures to clean out the parasites. Applications of lard and kerosene oil will do very well.

Cows which are expected to come in soon should have plenty of fodder, bran, roots and such food, but none of a heating character. They should not be allowed to run on icy places, as a slip may produce serious consequences.

Stock of all kinds should be kept off the meadows and grass lands while they are soft and spongy. The damage done by the hoofs in cutting up the turf is many times more than any possible value of the withered faggage they can pick up.

We think that farmers who have had the pluck and enterprise to keep their flocks of sheep up to the standard during the past few years of dullness in the wool market will soon be rewarded, for the indications are that wool growing will assume its old time vitality.

If you have any young colts, now is a good time to break them. When a colt is a year old it should be harnessed and taught to rein readily. There is no danger of breaking a colt when too young. The danger consists in using them. The same is also true of steers. When breaking a colt, do not use a bridle having blinders. Blinders are a nuisance, and if discarded when breaking a colt, they can be dispensed with thereafter.

There are a few vegetables which many farmers never think of cultivating, and they are the richest and rarest too; we refer to asparagus, celery, watercress, spinach and the like. There ought to be an asparagus bed on fifty farms where is one now. It is one of the earliest and most healthful of vegetables. Celery too is just as easily cultivated, and a dish of nice, fresh, crisp celery in the early fall is a most delightful appetizer.

It costs about half a cent a head, on the average, to feed a flock of fowls. A well bred hen should lay about 140—some experienced breeders say 160—eggs per year. Success in this business depends upon the adaptability and intelligent labor of the person engaging in it. Some fail while others succeed, in exactly the same environment. The failure of 95 per cent of commercial ventures does not deter men from going into business. Let the first effort be small. Learn the business through experience, not through books.

No man on earth is in a better position to possess and enjoy a more luxurious table than the American farmer. Properly fed and nicely cured there is no better relish than a nice slice of bacon or pork. But apart from flesh food entirely, what better can any man make from such dishes as may be made from milk and eggs, fruits and vegetables, honey and syrup, corn or oat meal, and either white or graham bread. We venture the assertion that never in the history of the world had the people the opportunities for luxurious living as American farmers possess to-day, and it only requires a little aptness to have and enjoy them all, and what is more, and still better, the inestimable luxury of good health and appetite. Long life attends on simple diet and plenty of work.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Household.

WAFFLES.—Waffles are an old-time supper dish. To a quart of flour stir a quart of sweet milk and half a cup of melted butter, with a teaspoon even full of salt and one of sugar; add half a cup of yeast and when the waffles are very light, two eggs; beat well and let the mixture stand twenty minutes, when it is ready to bake. French pancakes are made in the same way, but are baked on a thin spider in round cakes. Sprinkle powdered sugar over

each cake as you bake it, squeeze lemon juice over it and roll up and serve at once.

QUICK ROLLS.—Mix half a pint of warm milk in which you have melted a scant spoonful of butter with half a cake of yeast, half a teaspoonful of salt and one teaspoonful of sugar with a beaten egg. Warm a pint of flour and use as much of it as will make a batter as thick as you can stir; beat two or three minutes, then set to rise in a warm spot; in two hours, if summer, three if winter, it will be light; beat it down well and drop into roll pans. Let them be half full and rise to the top; this will take about half an hour. Be careful that you beat the batter down thoroughly—fill its bulk is no larger than when you set it to rise, or else the rolls will be light but coarse in texture. When light again, bake fifteen minutes in a hot oven; when they begin to color, take them out and brush them over with butter or with syrup and milk,—a teaspoonful of each.

RISEN CORN BREAD.—One quart of meal, one pint of flour, one tablespoonful of sugar and two ounces of lard or butter, and a teaspoonful (heaped) of salt. Dissolve half a cake of yeast in a pint and a half of warm milk. Melt the butter, mix it with the sugar and salt, then make a hole in the flour and meal—mixed together—and pour in the liquid. Make it into a very stiff batter and set it to rise in buttered pans. When light, bake slowly. Butter the crust when the loaves leave the oven. A small loaf will take an hour.

Forced Migration.

I was lost in admiration
And absorbing contemplation
Of her charms,
And nestled the foundation
Of my constant adoration
In my arms.

In my ardent observation
I succumbed to sweet elation
From long sips
Of a bountiful libation
Of ecstatic osculation
On her lips.

Then I asked her acceptance
Of my heart and worldly station,
But she said,
With excessive animation,
She would be a dear relation—
And I fled!

Then I made an innovation
In our English conversation,
Friends attest!
Now for final consolation
I will seek assassination
Far out west.

—New York Evening Sun.

FAMILY COATS-OF-ARMS.

Nearly All Worn in This Country
Declared to Be Bogus.

"Oh, yes; my business is very good," said the little man to a New York Sun reporter. "I supply coats of arms to all the principal families in New York. They come to me and want me to look up the history of their family and paint their coat of arms for them. I have such a large number of records that I can almost always find it for them."

"But what do they do in case they have no coat of arms?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, well, in that case," replied the little man, "there is no law to hinder a man from adopting one. Sometimes people don't like the colors of the coats that belong to them, and want me to paint them in different colors. Of course, in that case I can only give them a certificate that it is painted like 'copy shown.'"

Mr. Edward Vermont, the well-known editor of the book entitled "American Heraldica," and one of the best authorities on the subject in the country, was found in the editorial rooms of the *Curio*, of which he has charge, and expressed himself as very ready to talk upon the subject.

"The fact is," said he, "there are very few families that are entitled to arms, anyway. The number is much smaller than is generally supposed, even by those well read on the subject. I do not suppose that there are six hundred families in America who have any title to the arms they wear. There surely are not over two hundred in New York, and not over twenty of these are Knickerbocker families. The number of these is very small, indeed, as almost all of the early Dutch settlers came from merchant families in Holland, and there were very few of them that were not 'ignobills,' as they were called in heraldry—that is, not entitled to wear arms."

"How large a proportion of the coats-of-arms that we see on coach panels, then, are genuine?" asked the reporter.

"Not over five per cent," replied Mr. Vermont, "and I doubt if there are that. All the others are bogus. I do not mean that they are all made up out of whole cloth, but most of them are well-known coats which the persons who wear them have no right to whatever. In many instances the people are perfectly honest in their belief that they belong to them. Sometimes their father assumes them, and bore them so long that he began to think he owned them; and their children haven't a doubt that he did. One of the most frequent causes of this is the belief people have that they are entitled to their mother's arms. This is not so. When a man who is entitled to bear arms marries an heiress who is also entitled to bear them, he will place her arms upon a 'shield of pretense' upon his own, and his children will quarter them. But if an 'ignobill'—a man who has no arms—marries an heiress, his children cannot make any use whatever of their mother's arms, because they had nothing to quarter them with."

Courteous.

An English author, writing of the importance of manner in social life, emphasizes the fact that people value more what their friend feels for them than what he does for them. They even look more kindly upon one who meets their request with an affectionate denial than upon one who coldly complies with it.

"An ice-house is very different from a nice house; and a dot will turn a million into one."

Shakespeare mentions the courtesy that "can tickle where she wounds." Not a few public men owe their influence to the fact that they cannot only say no with a good grace, but what is sometimes harder, say yes with a good grace.

Archdeacon Allen, of the Church of England, was so courteous that he has been known, when accidentally he had hit a dog's nose with a cane, to say, half unconsciously, "I beg your pardon, Hector."

He excelled in the politeness which makes the person to whom it is addressed respect himself. Once he visited, with two young gentlemen, a person who was not, though her position in life should have made her, a lady.

"Did you notice," said one of the gentlemen to the other, on leaving the house, "the archdeacon's refinement in pretending not to see how vulgar that old woman was?" He recognized her as a woman, and was anxious to make her respect herself as such.

In visiting the cottages of the poor, his manner was as respectful as when calling at the mansions of the rich. He would take off his hat before crossing the threshold. When the inmate came to the door at his knock, he would ask, "May I come?"

If he happened to call while a cottager's family was at dinner or supper, he never went in but excused himself, saying:

"I see you are at tea, I'll call another time; I hope you are all well."

His children were trained to consider rudeness to a servant as a grave offense. If they wished a servant to perform some duty, they asked for it as a favor, prefacing the request with "please," and annexing "thank you" to its performance.

A lady once said that living with her father was like being brought up in a cathedral. Archdeacon Allen's children understood the meaning of the expression, for their father's reverence for every one was awe-inspiring.—Youth's Companion.

Education and Crime.

Statistics recently published by Mr. Brockway, a sociologist and prison reformer, show that in proportion as schools are multiplied crime increases. This is a drastic reversal of the old supposed alliance between ignorance and immorality. Mr. Brockway does not attempt to explain the phenomenon. He concerns himself with the problem how to take care of the criminals.

His proposal is not likely to commend itself to a too material world. He thinks that too much attention is paid to punishment and not enough to reformation. He believes that if a felon is treated with sufficient indulgence he will change his nature or correct habits and tendencies which were forced upon him by untoward circumstances. He would feed him with the best food, educate him in a liberal fashion, extend to him all the courtesy consistent with detention against his will, and dismiss him into the world equipped for the first time to maintain his part in it like an honest man. Henry George, discussing the same statistics, claims that the increase in crime is due to the number and variety of taxes and is confident that if no man owned the land and the land bore all the taxation we should not require penitentiaries.

While conceding something to Mr. Brockway's zeal for humanity it is difficult to accept his discipline as either feasible or likely to produce the results predicted, while as for Henry George, his theory might be of some value if all criminals were poor. But the fact is that the great increase in crime in settled communities is not crime of violence or physical passion but crime of intelligence and greed. Men are going to the penitentiaries in increasing numbers because they are so intelligent that they want money quicker than it can be honestly earned. It is your forgers, your embezzlers, your swindlers that are swelling the ranks of criminals now. They are very intelligent men. They do not need education. Prison fare, if made dainty and delicious as sybarites', would not be novel, much less reformatory upon them.

It is pitiful and perplexing that crime should increase as intelligence becomes more diffused. Can it be possible that there is too much intellect and not enough morality in the current education?—Chicago Times.

Too Bad.

Dr. Tanner, who has developed from fasting to temperance, said in a recent lecture that in a certain district of Chicago it has been found that there are three drinking women for every one drinking man. There can be no doubt that there has been within a few years an enormous increase in the quantity of alcohol, opium and morphine consumed by women. In this, as in some other respects, we seem to follow the example set by England. It is a little curious that some people find it so easy to imitate all that is worthless in England, while they bestow no thought upon the examples of which England herself is proud.—Chicago Journal.

Schools of Politics.

In Europe "politics" is a profession. In the United States it is a trade. In the older nations men are brought up to diplomacy and statesmanship as they are to law and medicine. In this country they only are expected to learn the trade of office-getting. If they know that nothing more is required.

In England a popular form of instruction and amusement among the working classes is what may be termed a mock parliament. It is conducted in precisely the same manner as the great institution at Westminster, and is provocative of much general culture and keeps the working people wide awake and intelligently alert regarding political affairs. These parliaments are frequently held in an over room to a saloon or public house, but things are conducted decently and in order, and the affairs of the great nation are settled and unsettled in a way that would open the eyes of lords and commoners sitting down in the superb Gothic edifice by the Thames embankment.

The English middle-class man is or thinks he is a politician. He knows thoroughly the politics of his own country, and stoutly struggles with that of his neighbors. He displays an almost pathetic interest, over his pint pot of bitter ale, in the political workings of the United States and, mixing the mysteries of our state legislature, finally resolves it is something no fellow can find out.

It would be impossible to find in an American parlor where liquor and tobacco were being consumed a set of men patiently studying the politics of their country, peaceably argumentative and almost never coming to blows, or even to harsh words. The English Legislature or Parliament is not too easily accessible to the people in whose behalf it is sustained. The people read with an avidity unknown to us the doings of their inherited or popular representatives.

In American civilization the tendency is to make scheming politicians rather than statesmen. But it is impossible that it could be otherwise under our system. Here a man's ability to get into office and remain there is of more importance than his qualifications for the duties of the position. The successful office-getter is a man who has the capacity to gain the assistance of others who are prominent in politics. The chief tie between them is a community of interest. One can help the other. That is all of it. Leading politicians then become mere bosses controlling their hordes of retainers by making his elevation to or retention in office the personal interest of each. Our young men might spend years in studying statesmanship. It would be all in vain, for they would be discarded every time in favor of the men whose knowledge of political philosophy was confined wholly to "working" the wards or being very useful at the polls. The American system does not develop statesmen, but only politicians.—New Orleans Picayune.

"DOING" THE BOERS.

How a Farm for Which \$50,000 Was Asked Was Sold for \$5,500.

It is considered perfectly correct to "do" the Boers, says an article in the *Fortnightly Review*. In the first place money was perfectly useless to them, as they only kept it in gold in chests inside their bedrooms, and are constantly uneasy about it; secondly, the sons were only led into drinking; and bad habits by having ready cash; and lastly it was impossible sometimes to deal with them otherwise. As an instance there is a case where a Boer farmer asked for his farm, upon which gold had been discovered, the exorbitant sum of \$50,000. If the buyer had refused the obstinate man would never have abated the price, so he said he must think it over. Shortly afterward he went to the bank and took out \$5,000 in half-sovereigns in twelve bags of \$500 each. He drove up with these to the farmer's house and took out ten of the bags and said, "I have come to buy the farm." "Have you brought \$50,000?" said the farmer. "Well," said the Jew, "I have brought a lot of money; I will put it on the table." He then poured out the \$5,000 in half-sovereigns. The farmer and his vrow looked on, and their eyes glistened as they looked at the table covered with gold. "How much is there?" said the vrow. "You had better count it," said the Jew. Of course that was impossible, so the vrow said, "Could you not give us some more bags?" "Well," said the Jew, "I must see if I have any more." Then he told the boy to bring one bag out, and he purchased the farm for \$5,500.

The Salvation Army.

In a history of the Salvation army in an English magazine Gen. Booth, its commander, says that it now consists of 2,593 corps in thirty-one different countries and under the leadership of 7,109 officers wholly devoted to the work. The present revenue of the army, drawn "mainly from the streets and public houses," is the great sum of \$3,750,000. In England alone it pays rents aggregating more than \$500,000, and seats in the United Kingdom upward of 700,000 persons every Sunday.

Trout All the Year Round.

A hotel in Greenville, Me., is said to be the only one in the world that serves trout on its table every meal in the year.

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

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

SATURDAY, APRIL, 27.

A ten per cent mortgage will draw the life out of almost any farm.

With this week we close up the first one hundred years as a full-fledged nation.

Many of the boomers will prove to be boomerangs, and will be coming back one of these days.

The chintz bug has not yet had a fair shake in Oklahoma. Wait until he has a chance to get in his work.

Fortunately it is not necessary, but it would have been excusable if the government had seen fit, if it had been necessary, to strain a point to keep whiskey out of Oklahoma.

It is said there is an effort making to found a Chair of Protection for Yale college. There is no need of anything of the kind. We need no free trade, and no protection in our universities, nothing but facts in this connection.

No woman need apply. They are not wanted to fill official positions. The widow of the late Congressman Haskell was a candidate for the Lawrence postoffice. She was the choice of the people, but that did not count. She was a political cipher. She had no influence among the boys, so she was snubbed. Offices must go to those who have influence in politics. Must be sold to the highest bidder, as it were. Reaction may follow.

Senator Ingalls never put more good sound sense in the same space, than was given to a Capital reporter and published in Sunday's issue. He justified the Senate in repudiating Halstead, declared his belief that democrats will generally be permitted to fill out their terms of office; that all Indian titles in the territory, except that of the five civilized tribes, will soon become extinct; that prohibition in Kansas is one of the marvels of modern civilization; and that the new Chancellor of the State university should be a learned and practical man of business rather than a divine. The great obstacle in the way of securing the right man, is the fact that no adequate salary is paid.

It is calculated that the pestilent little English sparrow is covering the surface of the United States and Canada at the rate of 500,000 square miles a year. They do enormous damage to farming crops wherever they spread, and it is high time that the most vigorous measures were adopted for their extermination. The defacement of public buildings and the injury to ivies growing upon them are shown in two statements of the United States Commissioner in his report for 1887. He says that "the sexton of St. John's Church, Providence, R. I., took 970 eggs and two cart-loads of nests at one time from the ivy upon the church," and that "the luxuriant ivy formerly covering portions of the Smithsonian building at Washington was thus totally destroyed."—EXAMINER.

The great Paris Exposition will open May 5th.

Kansas City has sixty miles of cable road.

Negroes in Mississippi exceed the whites by 300,000.

It will cost nearly \$5 to get up 1000 feet to the top of the Eiffel tower in Paris.

Instead of going to Canada, seven out of ten English emigrants come to this country.

The glass workers union of Pittsburgh has a reserve fund of \$300,000.

Farmers continue in their resolution to tie up the twine trust.

D. C. Metcalf, defeated candidate for mayor of Topeka, is now a candidate for Congress in Mr. Ryan's place.

There are some things that should be found on every farm and in almost every town lot, and one of these is anparagus bed.

Four years ago the Farmers Alliance had but three hundred and seventy-three organizations in the United States. To-day Texas alone has 4,500 organizations, a membership of over 250,000, and there is in the United States a membership of over one million and a half. The Farmers' Alliance, like the Grange in the past, is an educational power in the land, which will be felt for good in time to come.

The publishers of the Orange Judd Farmer have bought 25,000 pounds of binding twine at 16, 16, and 17 cents a pound at wholesale, which they propose to sell only to their subscribers at the same price.

The Iowa Homestead advises farmers to raise hemp. It says that the market for foreign grown raw material can be very easily cornered. Another paper talks about flax. We do not see why flax is about flax. We do not see why flax is not used instead of vanilla. It is quite as strong and the color would make no difference. There may be some good reason but we have been unable to discover it.—McPherson REPUBLICAN.

It is not probable you will ever see a copy of the New York Sunday Courier, a so called, but very obscure and quite unknown agricultural paper. Its chief aim in life seems to be to make farmers believe that twenty-five or thirty cents a pound for twine is cheap enough. There is a colored brother in the woodpile.

It is stated that reports from farmers who put frosted corn in silos last fall are generally favorable to that method of preserving such fodder. Many farmers say that their cows never did better than they are doing this winter, eating largely of frosted ensilage.

It is said that there are fully two hundred moonshine stilleries in No Man's Land.

If you can succeed in poisoning one or two rats the others will become distrustful and leave, as they are very suspicious.

A hawk usually alights before attempting to catch a chick in order to make observations. Fasten a steel trap on a tail pole, and the chances are that the hawk will alight thereon and be caught.

Who knows, but that after all, the twine trust will prove a blessing? One thing is certain, the fact that the trust exists is driving farmers into a concert of action, that without such an outrage being attempted upon them, would never have come about at all.

There is no better cow feed than oats, whole, ground or crushed, says the American Dairyman, but whether or not you can afford to raise them for the cows is a matter for you alone to decide. This will of course, depend upon your soil and climate and somewhat on the variety that you sow. It is well to do some figuring on this subject, for the act may be able to help you out of a very close scrape.

The best fertilizer for "pet" trees is ashes from any source. It needs but a trial.

As long as possible the chickens should be allowed in the garden, nursery and orchard. They destroy many injurious insects.

The May number of Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly, crowded as usual with attractive pictures and good reading, opens with a well-illustrated article, by George C. Hurlbut, on "The Paris Exposition and its Significance," which is of special interest and timeliness closely preceding as it does, the opening of the great French Universal Exposition in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the fall of the Bastille. Another notable contribution is David S. Banks's "A New Yorker in Yucatan," giving, with a profusion of pictures, a modern traveler's impressions of this mysterious archaeological wonderland of Central America. A review of the principal "Artistic Conceptions of Cleopatra," accompanied, amongst other illustrations, by John Sartain's beautiful copy of the Encaustic Tablet found at Hadrian's Villa, materially helps the imagination to fancy how Egypt's queenly beauty looked. "Madame de Sevigne's Grandmother" is a pleasant bit of literary biography; and the fully illustrated articles, on "The Lake Michigan Region" and "Glasgow" ably represent the departments of travel and description. These are only a few of the many attractions, in the form of stories, sketches, essays, poems, scientific articles, art illustrations, which make up a model number of this popular magazine.

Weight By Measure.

Ten common sized eggs weigh one pound.

Four teaspoons are equal to one tablespoon.

Soft butter the size of an egg weighs one ounce.

One quart of sifted flour (well heaped) one pound.

One pint of coffee A sugar weighs twelve ounces.

Two tea cups (well heaped) of coffee A weigh one pound.

One pint of best brown sugar weighs thirteen ounces.

Two tablespoons of powdered sugar or flour weigh one ounce.

One and one third pints of powdered sugar weigh one pound.

Two tea cups (level) of granulated sugar weigh one pound.

Two tea cups of soft butter well packed weigh one pound.

One tablespoon (well rounded) of soft butter weighs one ounce.

One pint (heaped) of granulated sugar weighs fourteen ounces.

Two and three fourths tea cups (level) of powdered sugar weigh one pound.

Two and one half tea cups (level) of the best brown sugar weigh one pound.

One tablespoonful (well heaped) granulated coffee A, or best brown sugar, equals one ounce.

Miss Parloa says one generous pint of liquid, or one pint of finely chopped meat packed solidly, weighs one pound, which it would be very convenient to remember.

Teaspoons vary in size, and the new ones hold about twice as much as an old-fashioned spoon of thirty years ago. A medium sized teaspoon contains about a dram.

The conversation had been about children in general, and the mother told the following story about her own child, a little girl not more than three years of age. "The other night she was kneeling by my side and saying her prayer of 'Now I lay me down to sleep.' She got as far as 'If I should die before I wake,' when she stopped; and being in a hurry to place her in bed, I said, 'well, go on; what comes next?' The little eyes were sparkling with earnestness and deep thought, and after having apparently settled the question in her own mind, she said in her baby way, 'A funeral!'"

Ensilage for Hogs.

A correspondent of the National Stockman thinks very highly of this kind of food for hogs. He says:

"The greatest drawback to profitable hog-growing, leaving out of count losses by disease, has been the cost of winter keeping; and whether accepted or not by the masses, this cost has always been enhanced by the lack of green food.

From results of experiments with ensilage, I find that in this I have a practical solution of this difficult problem. I regret that in the use of ensilage the hog has not come in for a greater share. Efforts have been made principally to secure cheap cattle food. In the reports of the great Silo Convention I find but little said about it as food for swine. One of the experiment stations found that corn silage was not just the thing, as hogs would hunt out the corn and leave the fodder.

I believe that good clover ensilage would come nearer meeting the demands for cheap hog food for winter than anything else. I would like to know more of the actual results of feeding ensilage to swine from those who have given it a trial."

The suggestions made in this letter are well worthy the careful attention and thought of farmers. More than that, the subject is one that should be practically experimented upon. It is within the range of possibility that the free use of ensilage as food for hogs, during the season when they are otherwise deprived of green food, may prove most beneficial as a builder up of the degenerating constitution of the modern hog and serve thereby a most useful end in warding off disease.

It is a fact well attested by both scientific and practical experience, that the human race when confined to a simple article of diet, even though it be a wholesome one not only suffers from actual disease, but also degenerates constitutionally. Analogy suggests of course a similar effect from a similar cause in the hog. More than almost any other domestic animal the hog's condition of life have been changed by domestication. Probably no single feature is responsible for so much evil as the almost lifelong diet of corn. This ought to be changed by feeding more green food in the season when it is naturally abundant, and also by the use of ensilage. The writer's suggestion of clover as a plant best suited to make hog ensilage, is a good one. In the silo it cures perfectly and it is whether fresh or as ensilage, one of the most wholesome forage plants for the hog. Moreover, it will, as he says, greatly cheapen the wintering of hogs. In fact, it strikes us that clover ensilage may be a key to the solution of the problem of cheap and healthy pork.

Slant the bottom out of a cutting; it is less liable to rot. Cut it just below a bud, so the roots will start from it at once.

The currant and gooseberry bushes are craving for a heavy mulch of straw or old hay. They will be satisfied with that if they can get no manure.

A strawberry bed will be found in every garden. It need not be large; it need not cost much; it will not require much care—but it should be there.

Plant trees in all waste places; they are liable to grow, and thus make use of the ground which would otherwise grow up to weeds. In time it will be worth something.

The May ELECTRIC presents many interesting features. Mr. Edward Whymper has a strong exposition of the Panama Canal and the causes of its failure, presenting details not hitherto known to the public. Mme Blayde Bury gives us a scathing study of French literature. The Imperial Successions of Austria, is the subject of an able paper by J. D. Bouchier, and Prof. Goldwin Smith has a very interesting article on prohibitionism, as shown in recent agitation in the United States and Canada, which throws much light on a vexed subject. One of the most brilliant and scathing papers recently published is that by Robert Buchanan on "The Modern Young Man as Critic," which cuts to the quick some modern literary tendencies. The next number will contain a brilliant symposium on Agnosticism, by Prof. Huxley, W. H. Mallock, and Prof. Freeman.

Published by E. R. Pelton, 25 Bond Street New York. Terms, \$5 per year; single number, 45 cents; trial subscription for three months, \$1. Electric and any \$4 Magazine, \$5.

In an obscure corner of New Mexico the rigors of lenten piety present a phase more severe than anything elsewhere probably in the world. Near the village of San Mateo is the dwindled relic of a sect of fanatics known as "Los Hermanos Penitentes." The Penitent Brothers, whose austere practices have long since been condemned by the Catholic Church. They are simple Mexicans whose ordinary pursuits are forsaken during lent for daily religious processions in which they stagger beneath the weight of enormous crosses, or flagellate themselves with the stinging buck-horn cactus, winding their agonizing way under the lead of a dismal file to an extemporized Calvary where, on Good Friday, one of their number is crucified. They are seclusive fanatics, hiding their austerities from the world, but an enterprising writer has studied and photographed their eccentric penances, and his article, accompanying illustrations for the first time made public, appears in the May COSMOPOLITAN.

Idleness is the beginning of all vices. Do not be idle in curing your cough; it may be the beginning of consumption. For such disease the only cure is

Warner's Log Cabin COUGH AND CONSUMPTION REMEDY.

Price \$1.00, and 50 cents a bottle. Try it.

Stock Notes.

J. E. Rogers of Binghamton, N. Y. feeds about 100 cows on ensilage the year round, except during the time of filling the silos. He uses grain enough to make balanced rations. He raises the corn ensilage for 100 cows on 55 acres and has cropped the same ground several years.

When hawks are mischievous, and render it difficult to raise chicks, place brush here and there as places of refuge for the chicks. A pile of brush, so arranged as not to harbor rats or other enemies, will save the lives of many chicks. Even corn stalks piled up will be of service, but brush makes the best protection.

It is reported from Fort Dodge, Ia., that there has appeared a terrible cattle disease, hooi-rot, among herds in three widely separated parts of Webster county about the same time and it creates consternation among the large-cattle owners in that part of Iowa. Those fears were further increased by discovery of the disease in a herd of Dan Meredith, a large farmer near Fort Dodge. The hooi have dropped off many of his cattle. The State Veterinarian has been notified, and his coming is anxiously awaited.

Milk is a most excellent food for fowls young and old. Keep a pan of it handy for them all the time, but do not neglect to give good pure water also. Milk is a food and of the best for growing chicks, and they must have water also, but probably not so much as when fed on dry food. A chick will drink water before it will eat, and ought to have it. It should not be fed until it is at least twenty-four hours old, and thirty-six hours is better. The yolk of the egg being taken into the bowels at the last point of incubation, furnishes the best of food strength to last that length of time. Notice the chick as it comes from the shell, it is heavier and more plump than it is thirty-six hours after. Fowls will not drink more than they need if it is always ready when they want it; so there is no danger in supplying them with enough and in a palatable condition.

If about the first of May the borers are taken out (if any have already gotten in), the ground removed a few inches from around the base of the trees; then wrap with thick brown paper, or double newspaper will answer, tie it at top a foot high, replace the earth, and for that season they are safe from the borer. Some say that the borer will sting through the paper and deposit her eggs, but in five years experience I have the first instance of seeing it.

Hints For Beginners.

Glycerine does not agree with a dry skin.

If you use powder always wash it off before going to bed.

When you give your cellar its spring cleaning add a little coperas water and salt to the whitewash.

A little ammonia and borax in the water when washing blankets keeps them soft and prevents shrinkage.

Sprinkling salt on the top and at the bottom of garden walls is said to keep snails from climbing up or down.

For relief from heartburn or dyspepsia drink a little cold water in which has been dissolved a teaspoonful of salt.

For hoarseness beat a fresh egg and thicken it with fine white sugar.

Eat of it freely, and the hoarseness will soon be relieved.

If quilts are folded or rolled tightly after washing, then beaten with a rolling pin or potato masher, it lightens up the cotton and makes them feel soft and new.

Chemists say that it takes more than twice as much sugar to sweeten preserves, sauce, etc., if put in when they begin to cook as it does to sweeten after the fruit is cooked.

Tar may be removed from the hands by rubbing with the outside of fresh orange or lemon peel and drying immediately. The volatile oils dissolve the tar so that it can be rubbed off.

Moths or any summer flying insects may be enticed to destruction by a bright tin pan, half filled with kerosene set in a dark corner of the room. Attracted by the bright pan, the moth will meet his death in the kerosene.

Essence of quassia will drive away flies, and cucumber peel is detested by cock-roaches.

A small bag of sulphur kept in a drawer or closet that is infested with red ants will quickly disperse them.

A brilliant black varnish for iron stoves and fireplaces is made by stirring ivory-black into ordinary shellac varnish.

Milk is made out of a certain class of foods, that is, a certain class of foods make more and better milk than other classes of foods do. Now if a cow will not make milk when given these foods she will not make milk at all, for there are no other foods out of which she can make milk as readily.

If we want to make wheat flour we must feed wheat into the hopper, and having thus fed the wheat, if we find that the product is not flour but cracked wheat, we must conclude that something is the matter with the machine; and that is just what we must conclude if the cow does not make milk when we have given proper foods.

If the cow is sick she may need something out of the usual course of feeding, but if she is well and does not respond when fed oats, bran, oil meal, ensilage, roots and some corn meal, she is no good on general principles.

No less than 2,000 silos were built in Wisconsin last year.

FULLY-ANSWERED

"Subscriber's" Query Causes Comment.

As our readers will remember, a letter was published in our columns a few days ago, signed "Subscriber" which dwelt at some length upon a subject of general interest, and which contained several inquiries which will be found answered in the following:

To THE EDITOR:—Several days ago I noticed a communication in your paper from "Subscriber," in which considerable comment was indulged in concerning the pamphlets which are widely distributed by Messrs. H. H. Warner & Co., of Rochester, N. Y. These pamphlets, as is well known, are published in order that the public may become conversant with the symptoms and growth of disease peculiar to the kidneys, and which is, it must be admitted, the productive cause, in a majority of instances, of other organic disorders. The publishers of these pamphlets are also the discoverers and manufacturers of the noted Warner's Safe Cure, which is known to be the only means for the prevention and cure of kidney disease, as can be testified to in every community. In the pamphlets referred to there appear a number of testimonials from parties who speak in the highest terms of how they have in many instances been restored to health by Warner's Safe Cure, after having been given up by doctors to die, and attached to those statements are the fac-simile signatures of the parties themselves.

I am personally aware that all the testimonials published by this firm are genuine and are the voluntary statements of persons who are anxious to manifest their gratitude for the unexpected return of health and vigor which Warner's Safe Cure has brought them. To make assurance doubly sure, it can be added that Messrs. H. H. Warner & Co., have for years, published a standing offer of \$5,000 to anyone who will prove to an impartial referee that any testimonial published by them is not, so far as they know, bona fide and absolutely true. What more does "Subscriber" desire to convince him, in addition to his own statement, that his neighbors all tell him that Warner's Safe Cure has done more good for them than they have received from the doctors.

In view, Mr. Editor, of the many persons who are sacrificed daily to the bigotry and ignorance of physicians who persist in treating patients for symptoms, called consumption, apoplexy, brain troubles, and nervous disorders, when the real cause is disease of the kidneys—which should be detected and quickly eradicated by the use of Warner's Safe Cure—I maintain that the value of those pamphlets, which place in the hands of the public the means of knowing the truth, cannot be overestimated.

FAIR-PLAY.

Better look after the cellar now. It may save doctor's bills.

All shrubs, as a rule, which do not put out suckers, may be propagated by cuttings.

In transplanting trees lean them towards the "one-o'clock sun." It will add years of usefulness to their lives.

A member was asked what were his objections to a wooden silo. He replied that rats were liable to destroy it.

"Sprinkle snuff in nests of sitting hens and the vermin mites will appear," says The Poultry Raiser.

Fence off a lot for a calf pasture; calves do better if they have a lot by themselves, and do not run with other animals.

A transplanted tree is like a man with a fever: its mouth becomes parched and it craves water. See that it has the requisite amount of moisture.

"Give the hog some show," says Col. F. D. Curtis. "Pigs always kept in a pig-pen are not healthy food, and the man who eats them eats his own pig-pen."

It is better to defer planting for a day or two than to attempt to do it with the ground wet, or when from any cause it is not possible to get it into a good tilth.

Do not look for a crop of vigorous lambs when you have paid little or no attention to the shelter of your breeding ewes from rains and blizzards.

If the land is sandy add lime to the compost if you would raise clover; if marshy, heavy compost made from sandy soil and ashes with night-soil and waste water is best.

"You cannot rid the soil of wire-worms," says The Rural New Yorker "but you can trap a good many of them by burying pieces of carrots in the soil, examining these daily, and killing all the wire-worms found on them."

Another from The Rural New Yorker: "If you want to make a good hired man feel discontented, get him to do all the work of caring for the farm team, and then drive the team yourself. The man who takes care of them ought to drive it—that is, if you want the best work the team can do."

"Warbles or skin bots are the cause of considerable sickness and loss among cattle," says The Western Rural. "At all events there is much loss in the loss of flesh caused by the irritation they cause. A weak solution of carbolic acid poured into the opening is good to kill the insect."

Waldo F. Brown makes a sensible suggestion in The Farmers' Review. It is that the end-posts, which must bear the strain of stretching the wires, be set with concrete. It will take but a few cents' worth of cement to do so, and will make it perfectly firm at the bottom, and also more durable than if set in the clay.

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

VICE PRESIDENT MORTON will assist Taunton, Mass., in celebrating its 250th anniversary.

NOTWITHSTANDING his age—58 years—Count von Moltke is as devoted as ever to music and seldom misses a court concert or any musical entertainment of importance. But he rarely now touches the piano, upon which he used to be a first-rate performer.

EX-GOV. GEORGE PEARODY WETMORE, who seems the favorite in the race for the chair vacated by Senator Chace, is the husband of the handsome Mrs. Wetmore who is said to have declined at Homburg last summer to be presented to the prince of Wales.

BARON REUTER, the telegram magnate, has surrendered his concession for the construction of Persian railways, and has obtained instead a concession for an imperial bank of Persia and for the unappropriated Persian mines. Baron Reuter says his new master the shah won't visit Europe this year.

A VERY unpleasant surprise greeted Baron von Plessen, the German consul general at Pesh, on his arrival at Vienna, where he had gone to celebrate the birthday of William II. at the German embassy. When his boxes were unpacked all his orders were missing. After a long search they were discovered in the shop of a Vienna jeweler, to whom they had been sold by a thief.

MR. SHEPHERD, who owns the land in which George Washington's mother's remains lie, and which was advertised for public sale last week, denies that he authorized the announcement. Good has come out of the sensation, however, for the citizens of Fredericksburg, Va., gathered in mass-meeting, denounced the proposed sale, and took steps to have the grounds improved and a monument placed over the grave.

On the high road in the quaint village of Langbanshyttan in central Sweden stands an iron shaft on a pedestal of coarse granite. It bears an inscription, of which the following is a translation: "In a miner's hut at Langbanshyttan were born the two brothers Niles Ericsson (Jan. 31, 1802) and John Ericsson (July 31, 1802). Both honored their native land. Their way through the world to knowledge and lasting fame is open to every Swedish youth."

SAYS A Washington correspondent: "To look at Judge Cooley, of the interstate commerce commission, who seems to be bound in calf and as unsentimental as his own work on the law of corporations, no one would suppose that he would ever elope with a girl, but that was the way he got his wife. The lady in the case was a farmer's daughter, and it happened more than thirty years ago. She now presides over his house at Ann Arbor, and has spent a good part of the winter at the Arlington Hotel, Washington. There are six children to rise up and call her blessed, and that marriage could possibly be a failure never entered her head."

A PATHETIC little incident is related by the New York Sun: While the friends and relatives of Mr. Thomas Reynolds of the Standard theater were assembled Sunday afternoon at his home awaiting the beginning of the funeral services over his wife his 4-year-old daughter Maggie tiptoed to the coffin and bending over it whispered: "Mamma, dere's lots of nice people here. Dit up and see them." No answer coming to her she turned and said to the listeners: "My mamma is very sleepy and I know she's sorry not to see you all, but I'll tell her." Then wondering that they too made no answer and alarmed by the tears she saw on every cheek she ran to her father.

DURING the Spanish military maneuvers near Madrid the other day Mr. Perry Belmont was allowed an opportunity of doing a graceful little act of kindness. In one of the charges an artilleryman was thrown from his horse and before the onward rush could be checked he was run over by the gun carriage and badly hurt, his leg being broken. The point at which the accident occurred was just opposite where the American minister was looking on from his carriage. Mr. Belmont at once alighted and had the injured man put in his carriage and driven to the hospital, some miles away. He was loudly cheered by the crowd, and the commander-in-chief rode up and tendered Minister Belmont his thanks in person.

DINING OUT.

IMPRESSIONS OF A WOMAN AT NATIONAL TABLES.

The Stiff, Formal Dinner—Dining in the White House—A Story of Gen. Sheridan—Dinners With Charles Sumner.

"Think of me with envy," Thackeray said to an English friend in Paris who had called to take him to a dinner party at which both were expected. Sir Joseph told me that, so far from his being ready, he found Thackeray had sent an excuse based on a (very slight) cold, and had settled himself to complete comfort. In loose morning clothes, with his feet to the fire, he was established in a deep armchair, with a small table beside him; on it a shaded lamp, with a roasted pheasant, claret and fruit, and by way of company a new French novel. This made the entertainment he had bid his friend remember "with envy" when he found himself imprisoned for two hours next an unknown person, possibly a dull one. "I thought nothing was lacking to my comfort, but to see you in evening rig and know I've escaped from what's ahead of you makes me settle down to complete enjoyment of my book and my bird. Just say you called for me, but found me cowering over the fire."

Thackeray's well-known dislike to formal dinners is shared by many who, like himself, are a fashion of the time and liable to be invited because they are a fashion, not for the real charm of the man, which can never come out naturally in that sort of company.

No way of meeting in society is more thoroughly agreeable and refreshing than the small dinner where congenial people meet, where the six or eight chosen persons at the table can talk freely together and the different minds give freshness to each topic, and where gay nonsense has its underlying knowledge and bias of character. Such dining as this is the fine flowering of civilization, and is best found in the great centers where the easy play of minds together has been a growth. But all favoring conditions are nothing without tact, that faculty combining all faculties into harmonious and instant perception and execution. This is vital to social success, and as the Scriptures say of charity, "all else is naught without it." It is as much a lovely gift of nature as the artist's eye or the musician's ear, an enviable charming gift which training and use can develop, but not give.

Constantly one sees people puzzled because they are not the social success they believed inevitably due their position or wealth, or unflagging effort to do the right thing in the finest way. They can not see why "some little house round the corner" succeeds where they fail and gathers the important and charming people whose verdict makes the law of fashion a law unwritten but irresistible.

Washington gives eminent example of this. There, above all places in our country, society tact is a talent of value. For it is the only city in our country where there is a fixed order of society whose established laws must be observed. Their position gives precedence, which no other consideration can alter. With the foreign representatives the once vexed question is settled by the date of arrival. The minister longest resident leads.

For years little Hayti has had precedence of England, Russia and Germany. At official dinners this rule governs and even in the numerous delightful small dinners outside the official people it is respected if officials are there. If these are nice, as well as of importance, they are treated with pleased consideration. For as Mrs. Tom Appleton said of a man with half a million of money, "we must not think the less of him on that account." If he—especially she—is not nice, however, they will be left out of the most pleasant things.

As for a charming woman, though she is an autocrat and power everywhere, nowhere is she so much a power and on so high a level as in Washington. The most truly representative society of our country meet there, freed from local usages and conceits, and numbers of unusual and talented men have to come for longer or shorter time to represent important interests before departments, in Congress and before the Supreme court.

The enforced leisure after the brief busy morning makes of them a delightful contingent to the more established society. And as Washington belongs to all, all feel at home there in this beautiful meeting place of the nation; it is a fit place now for our nation, thanks to Gen. Washington and the French military engineer, Maj. P'Enfant, who designed its noble plan. It is the only city which has had the advantage of growing up on a fixed plan, as it is our only society ordered on a fixed basis, and the result is a sense of harmony and repose.

Except in London, I have not known elsewhere the same variety and charm in dining out.

No one considers the stiff, formal dinners at the President's as a pleasure, hardly as a compliment, for everything is so ordered that the feeling of its being obligatory can not be lost. It is no relaxation to meet en masse the same people who must meet daily on their affairs, but all the supreme court and their wives come in one fell swoop, the Cabinet and its belongings altogether, diplomats, wanting and needing to know the best Americans, are confined to their own corps, and the Senate and House are told off in lots of forty to suit the space in the large dining room. Once there was selection, governed by reasons of political and personal affinities, but for a long time it has been made alphabetical, which has led at times to unsatisfactory neighbors for those "hours of imprisonment." Thackeray dreaded. The unknown neighbor may prove a bore, but the too-known is worse, for in these large companies your neighbor is your fate. All the worse if a pleasant person is on your other side, for formal dinners exact the letter of the law and allow no poaching on a neighbor's rights.

The daytime receptions at the president's gather strangers as well as the fixed society, and some of the most delightful little dinners are given impromptu by those who know how to look around and gather a bouquet, so to speak, from the pleasant people met there. The space back of the president in the blue parlor has always its charming little crowd.

Going around among these, "Can you come to-day?" Clarkson Potter used to ask, "if not to-day then to-morrow?" With an unpretending but a most comfortable house, a good cook and the company always the very best and most agreeable, this charming man's invitations were sure to be accepted if possible. There can never be many, in or out of congress, who could equal him in faithful representation of his state, as well as in unusual personal merit; but his was a type of the best form of dining out—the very cream of pleasant people were to be met in that unpretending dining room. Viollet le Duc in his admirable book on domestic architecture exclaims the former small dining rooms of the great nobles in Paris by their aristocratic exclusiveness.

"They never dreamed of admitting to the intimacy of their table any but personal friends," and he shows how the later and coarser motive of ostentation has changed this feature of house building.

There is a floating story of this different type of dining, at a house gorgeous to behold, and where there was so much new money that its owners earnestly tried to do their duty by it to the uttermost, like the lady in Punch with the aesthetic craze, who, gazing reverently at her last china teapot, exclaims to her husband: "Oh, let us try to live up to it."

"Living up to" to the most minute fads, this hostess said to Gen. Sheridan, who, as her chief guest, had taken her into dinner, "I see you are using the wrong fork for your oysters; that little fork with three sharp prongs is for oysters."

Sheridan looked up, recognized that actually he was being drilled in table usages—he! Then went on using the usual fork, and finished the oysters without speaking. Not feeling this silent rebuke the lady went at him again. "The little fork is only for oysters. My husband is always glad when I put him right."

"Living up to" did not break his silence until he said "Good night." Others had seen and heard, however, and the story flew around to the intense mortification of the lady, who was both modest and kindly natured; but did not break her relative value enough to understand what a personage the head of the army was, and not enough of larger life to realize that a man who has won a great name by the sword is above all petty fashions.

Far back I remember a dinner full of eccentricities at the house of Gerrit Smith, where, as all the guests were men of note, no courage weighed for a moment against the conspicuous and unbecoming crudeness of the dinner. It was the summer of the disputed admission of California, and all present were of one mind as to its free soil constitution, yet it tried all of us to have the dessert served on a service of china representing the "Horrors of slavery," a present to Gerrit Smith from English admirers.

On my plate, through a clear layer of water ice, loomed a very black man standing on a barrel, with very big chains about him; the auctioneer on one side and the most piteous groups of other slaves to be sold covering the ground. It was too painful—because too true—to obtrude on a gathering of the next day. It was well to be instant in season and out of season," but this we felt to be decidedly out of season.

Mr. Chase, after dinner, expiated to me on the charm of a woman's long, floating, white muslin dress as contrasted by the loss of all the poetry of ideas, and when we got home, the hot sun still blazing, my father said, "Get me some cold water and a little claret; our friend Gerrit Smith pushes his dinner to the limit of this weather." Conscience again had forbidden wine, and the delicate, excellent dinner had been served without even the light claret almost indispensable in hot climates.

When the sun was well down, however, we dined with the Aikens of South Carolina, where we met again Mr. Sumner. He was, in those, his younger days, a serene and charming companion and a subject back of the cruel and the evil done him by a near relative of the Aikens seems out of possibility. It changed his nature entirely. The Aikens themselves were people of calm good sense as well as of noble character. We were a small party, and the admission of California came up naturally as the topic of the day, brought forward by Mr. Aiken himself, who in the clearest, most dispassionate manner spoke of the results from this present hunt for the territories. Himself the owner of over a thousand slaves, and inheriting with them a great extent of land in South Carolina, he spoke from evident deep thought on a subject which he had never lessened of the value of such property.

He said it would be well to invest, "for the coming generation" in Western "wild lands," asking of Mr. Fremont, "which, of such lands he had seen, would he advise purchase of?" "In California as it is! Rejecting this as too remote, and of too problematical a future, Kansas was settled upon as an investment which might be of profit in twenty or thirty years." Mr. Aiken proposed to acquire some 40,000 acres, I think not far from Kansas City.

By 1880, the limit he had fixed for possible value to this "wild land," what a contrast was there between the value of this Kansas estate and the lands in the South—no longer having their thousand slave laborers. And what a contrast between such natural, free and safe expression, in the small, well-chosen company and the repressing atmosphere of the more formal affairs, when, as Thackeray's experience had taught him, one must be all the time on guard—Jessie Benton Fremont, in Cincinnati Times.

Test Your Own Tea.
A Russian analyst, writing to the papers, gives the following as a test by which tea can be proved to be genuine or not. Take a pinch of tea in a glass, pour upon it a little cold water, and shake it up well. Pure tea will only slightly color the water, while a strong infusion is quickly got from the adulterated or painted leaf. Now boil both sorts separately, and let them stand till cool, and the difference between them will be most marked. The false tea will become still stronger after long standing, but will remain transparent, whereas the pure tea will become muddy or milky. This last appearance arises from the tannic acid which is a natural property in pure tea, but which in artificial tea is entirely absent.

A Story from Maine.
"One winter," said the man from Maine, "I was lumbering in the northern part of Maine and was at work on the side of a high mountain, around which we hauled and lunched at noon on the opposite side from where we cut the logs. One day at dinner time I thought it would be too much work to walk all the way around the mountain, so I climbed to the top and, sitting on my old double-bitted ax, slid down to the bottom. The mountain was very steep, and the ax grew so hot on the way down that when I reached the bottom I put my dinner-pail on the ax and steeped my tea."

Recollections of Ericsson.

One of the leading marine artists of Boston, who had occasion, five years ago, to call on John Ericsson, in speaking of the visit, said, "I had searched through the navy department for plans of the Monitor to use in my painting of the great battle between the Monitor and Merrimac, for I felt sure that the general opinion in regard to the design of the turret and pilothouse of Ericsson's famous invention was incorrect. But no plans could be found at Washington, and finally Thomas F. Roland, president of the Continental Iron Works at New York, who was the constructor of the Monitor, gave me a letter to Ericsson. I went down to his house at the lower end of New York—a spacious, old-fashioned house on Green street, where the merchants lived before the up-town movement began. The first floor of the house was simply furnished, but was crowded with models of the various things designed by the owner. I had to wait some time before he came down, and was much interested in the models. When he came I realized the expectations I had formed of a remarkable man. He seemed the embodiment of strength. He was not unusually tall, although of good height, which was emphasized by his erect bearing and vigorous manner; but his chest, shoulders and arms showed extraordinary power, and his hands were like a blacksmith's. I had been warned that his brusqueness was something difficult to overcome, but was determined to carry my point. He read the letter I brought and then asked what was wanted. I told him, and he said, in a positive way that was very discouraging, that he had no drawings of the Monitor. I told him it would be impossible to paint my picture without the plans, but he looked as though he did not care whether or not it was ever painted. I was persistent, however, and would not accept his answer as final, and at last, after asking about my work, he said he had some data in regard to the Monitor, and from these statistics he would prepare drawings for me. I had a brief interview with him later, and shortly after received the drawings, from which I completed my picture with the assurance that the architecture of the famous vessel was correctly represented—something most essential for a work of historical value. Ericsson was not a genial man, but in spite of his brusqueness I thoroughly enjoyed meeting him.—Boston Transcript.

Work of a Hotel Chambermaid.
The hotel porter has to move and lift some heavy baggage. But he has an occasional rest. It is on the muscled and sinews of the hotel chambermaid that the heaviest and longest labors fall. There is one on my floor who has an average of thirty-five rooms to attend to every day. That means for each room bed making, sweeping, sheet changing and looking after the toilet requisites. The house-keeper has a sharp eye, is eternally vigilant, and not a room is slighted. Chamber work doesn't look hard, but it's very wearing. I think the man of average strength would look tired after he had bent over his fifteenth bed and tucked the sheets in properly.

Every other morning this girl must rise at four and sweep the parlors. She can escape from the house and her toils every other day from four in the evening until seven next morning. The remainder of the time, when not asleep, she is on the move. She is of the muscular draught horse breed, and, though not over twenty, her shoulders are bent like a bow from years of stooping over beds while making them up. She sings at her work, and tells us that she never could get through it if she did not sing. She will be an old, over-worked woman in ten years. A fresh, younger "help" will supply her place when she tumbles out of the ranks from sheer exhaustion. None but stout girls can endure here. The landlord naturally and reasonably wants the strongest girls, for the same reason we want the strongest horses to draw our loads.—Prentice Mulford, in New York Star.

Bane and Antidote.
For carbolic acid, give flour and water, or glutinous drinks.
For strychnine and nuxvomica, give an emetic of mustard or sulphate of zinc, aided by warm water.

For carbonate of soda, copperas and cobalt, give a prompt emetic—soap or mucilaginous drinks.
For caustic soda, caustic potash and volatile alkali, give freely of water with lemon juice or vinegar in it.

For chloroform and chloral hydrate, pour cold water over the head and face, with artificial respiration, galvanic battery.

For blue vitrol, corrosive sublimate, saltpeter, sugar of lead and bedbug poison, give milk or white of eggs in large quantities.

For Fowler's solution and arsenic, give emetic of mustard and salt, a tablespoonful of each, and follow with sweet oil, butter or milk.

For oil of vitrol, hartshorn, or ammonia, muriatic and oxalic acids, give magnesia or soap, dissolved in water, every two minutes.

For antimonial wine or tartar emetic, give warm water to encourage vomiting. If vomiting does not stop give a grain of opium in water.

For laudanum, morphine and opium, give strong coffee, followed by ground mustard or grease in warm water to produce vomiting. Keep patient in constant motion.

PHILATELY.

A Remarkable Collection of the Postage Stamps of All Nations.

An exhibition of a kind never before attempted in this city is now spread out before the novelty-loving public of New York. It is a complete collection of the postage stamps of all nations, from their first adoption in 1840 to the present time.

Our own country has received the greatest attention, beginning with the issue by the postmaster of New York city in 1842 of the stamp to carry letters from all parts of the city to the general postoffice, then located in City Hall park, opposite the present Brooklyn bridge entrance. The stamps of the United States present a beautiful portrait gallery of honored Americans, and the principal events in the history of the country are here brought before one, from the landing of Columbus to the centennial exhibition at Philadelphia.

The United States stamped envelopes and postal-cards and the United States revenue stamps are also given due attention.

The United States exhibit is followed by specimens of the stamps and envelopes issued by the confederate states during the late war. Some of the envelopes were made of no better material than wall-paper, some newspaper, and many of them, after being used once, were turned inside out and used over again, so great was the scarcity of paper.

The arrangement of the stamps of foreign countries is alphabetical, and the first country issuing stamps according to the alphabet is Angola, the Portuguese colony in Africa. The stamps of Belgium are engraved with excellent portraits of the two kings of that country since they first issued stamps in 1849, Leopold I. and the present king, Leopold II. British Guiana has issued some of the rarest stamps known to philatelists. Canada makes a very interesting exhibit and has many historical portraits on her stamps. Cape Verde islands issued plain enough stamps, but her engraver has made the country an interesting one to collectors, from the fact that he allowed a stamp for the colony of Mozambique, another Portuguese colony, to remain in the plate of Cape Verde stamps. "Ceylon's Isle" is a most beautiful field for stamp collectors, as will be seen by the splendid array set forth for this country.

The stamps of France and her colonies faithfully tell the story of the many changes in her government since their first issue in 1849. Almost its next door neighbor in the exhibition is the exhibit of the stamps of plain but solid Germany. A little further along is the display of Great Britain, and here is seen the first stamp issued (£50) and stamps as high in the face as £5. The queen has here a full monopoly of the portrait business, the first, last, and all intermediate issues bearing her face. In the Spain exhibit is noticed another portrait monopoly for nineteen years in Queen Isabella, whose features adorned those stamps until she was deposed by the revolution of 1863. The fear of counterfeiting made the Spaniards change their stamps every year, and this has made Spain an interesting country to stamp-gatherers.

The stamps representing the various Australian colonies are full of interest and tell of the advance of civilization in these heretofore wild places. The colony of New South Wales has just celebrated her centennial and had a new issue of stamps, one of which bears the view of the capital town of Sydney, the same as shown on the first stamp of this colony. Another of the centennial stamps bears the portrait of Capt. Cook, the great navigator, who was killed by the natives of the Sandwich islands in 1779. One feature of the British colonial postage business is the fact that in most of the colonies a revenue or fiscal stamp will carry a letter the same as a postage stamp.

The exhibition is held under the auspices of the three Philatelic clubs in and near New York—the Brooklyn Philatelic club, the National Philatelic Society of New York, and the Staten Island Philatelic society.—Chicago Times.

Woods Used in Canes.

No one need complain on the score of variety in the woods used for walking-sticks. About everything procurable and at all suitable has been pressed into service. Most of the woods are from foreign climes. Among the conspicuous sorts are the whangee sticks; they are Chinese products and prized because of the regularity of their joints. The orange and lemon sticks are always more or less fashionable. We get them from the West Indies and Florida. The orange has a beautiful green bark and odd-looking markings which run the length of the cane. The lemon is rougher, and has prominent knots at regular intervals. Algeria supplies us with myrtle sticks, which are carried by those who admire odd effects. Other imported sticks are ebony, palmetto, rosewood, thorn, cactus, hairwood, partridge, and lots of other woods whose names are already well known and need not be repeated here. A peculiar stick we get from a species of palm grown in Borneo, and is called rajah; but the most celebrated of all palm canes is malacca. It comes from a species of calamus, a slender, climbing palm. The strangest part of it is that it does not hail from Malacca, but from a small place on the opposite coast of Sumatra. We do not know why it is called malacca.—Men's Outfitter.

A SCOUNDRELLY TRADE.

How Shark Lawyers and Money-Lenders Bleed Their Victims.

Have you noticed in the financial columns of the daily papers the numerous advertisements offering to loan money privately at legal rates on household furniture in use? Woe betide the luckless creature who may be allured into believing that they present a means of escape from financial straits! Here, says the New York Town Topics, is a case which is typical of thousands in this city; for this reason I give it in detail. I have assured myself of the facts. A well bred lady, Mrs. B., having been thrown upon her own resources, with four young children to care for, found a very modest living for herself and her little ones as a shopping agent. By ceaseless work she was able to exist. A few months ago she fell ill. Dire financial distress resulted. It became necessary for her to raise \$100. She responded to one of the above class of advertisements. Her furniture consisted of the necessary belongings of a small flat in One Hundred and Nineteenth street. The money-lender, whose place is in Eleventh street, in this case proved to be a woman. The latter informed Mrs. B. that she could have the \$100 for three months at legal interest if the furniture proved sufficient security, and that the only extra cost would be her lawyer's fee of about \$5 for preparing the mortgage. Although this seemed a large charge for a few minutes' work (the mortgage being mainly a printed form), Mrs. B. accepted the terms, not knowing what else to do. She was confident that she could earn enough to pay the loan when due. The money-lender inventoried her furniture and found it ample security. She then sent Mrs. B. to her lawyer, one C. in the Patter building. The latter drew the mortgage with conditions that the \$100 should be repaid in three equal parts at the end of each month; in other words, the payment of one-third should be due one month after making the loan. When Mrs. B. came to examine the mortgage she found it to be for \$115. The lawyer explained that the extra \$15 was his fee for drawing the paper. Having been informed that his charge would not exceed \$5, Mrs. B. demurred; but the lawyer insisted that he always charged that much and more if the sum borrowed were larger, and that she must allow it or she could not have the money. Being in desperate straits Mrs. B. finally consented and signed the mortgage. A month later Mrs. B. went to the money-lender to make her first payment of \$38. This sum she paid, together with \$2 more, which the money-lender demanded as interest—a sum about four times the legal rate. This appeared to Mrs. B. as another extortion, but as it took all the money she had, and having no legal friend who would advise her without pay, she submitted. She then to first realize how far she placed herself in the power of the money-lender and her accomplice, the lawyer. When the next month's payment fell due Mrs. B., owing to delays in collecting for her work, was unable to meet it. She went to the money-lender and begged a few days' grace. When these expired she still found herself without the money to meet her overdue payment. She begged for a day or two longer and this was refused; but the money-lender said there was a way by which she could save her furniture—namely to begin anew, by giving a new mortgage or to take up or replace the old one. If she would not do this they would seize her furniture that day. The balance still due on the old mortgage was \$77. In reality no new mortgage was necessary; half a dozen words extending the old one would have perfectly covered every honest purpose. Never dreaming that she would again be subjected to an outrageous charge by the lawyer she consented to the plan. He then made out a new mortgage for an even \$100, which Mrs. B. signed. On account of this they gave her just \$6. The lawyer again charged her \$15 for drawing the new mortgage, which sum, with \$2 more for interest added to the \$79 made \$94. One may imagine Mrs. B.'s distress at seeing herself thus plundered, but she was in their power and her furniture was practically within their grasp. How dared she protest? Another month passed. Ill luck had pursued the poor woman. She tried her hardest, but could not raise the money for her payment on time. This time grace was not granted her. She was again compelled to accept the only alternative other than the seizure and sale of the furniture she and her children were using. The lawyer made out a new and third mortgage, this time for \$117 (\$100 to replace the old one, \$2 for "interest," and \$15 for his fees), and she was compelled to sign it or go homeless with her two little ones into the street. Thus just two months after making the loan she found her furniture mortgaged for \$2 more than originally although in the meanwhile she had paid \$40 of her hard-earned money to these vampires. Is there any wonder that Mrs. B. was appalled at being compelled to pay \$17 for the use of \$100 to these wretches, out of whose clutches she at last saw no escape, or that she should have appealed to me to give this outrage a hearing before the world? As I have said, this is a typical case among thousands. The money lender and the lawyer combine and divide their ill-gotten plunder. The usury they dare not extort directly is wrung from the victim in the shape of lawyer's fees. Most damnable of all is the fact that their victims are always of that class of

unfortunate creatures from whom the extortion of money means the sapping of their life blood. The mortgages they take give them the right to seize furniture without a moment's warning. The lawyer charges \$15 for a service he ought to render for \$3. If the sum borrowed is larger, his fee is increased correspondingly. The money that would soon pay the whole principal is gradually absorbed in paying these fees. At last, if the victim, after paying enough to cover the principal two or three times is driven to rebel, his or her furniture is instantly seized, carted away and sold. He has no money for litigation.

Mrs. Morton, the Wife of the Vice-President.

Anna Livingstone Morton was born at Poughkeepsie, where her father, the late William I. Street, practiced law for many years. In her maiden days she was one of the notably beautiful women of New York; and to-day she represents a rare attractiveness of face and form. Most of her girlhood was passed in Albany, and it was there she met Mr. Morton, who was then a widower. Mrs. Morton is very well known in Washington, where for two winters, not many years ago, she shone as a leader, and few houses in Washington were more popular than theirs.

The signature of Mr. Morton's appointment as Minister to France was one of the official acts of General Garfield, and he sailed for his post with his family, while the president was trembling between life and death at Elberon. The president's death took place shortly after their arrival, and the intense sympathy which it elicited in France entailed the reception of official letters of condolence in number that would have broken down people of less resolution and pluck. But the new minister and his wife received and returned all these courtesies, and then set about preparing the house which for four years was the scene of a most brilliant hospitality; a hospitality so generally known and enjoyed that it is unnecessary to dwell upon it here.

Mrs. Morton is a delicate lady, with a sweet, refined face and a gentle, graceful bearing—an accomplished hostess, and a woman of fine breeding and manners. She has a quick mind, excellent powers of conversation, and has industriously and effectively made the most of her talents. All her life she has had the disposition, the leisure and the opportunities to cultivate herself, and she has been equal to the rather exacting demands which Mr. Morton's position has made upon her. She is a woman of society, but there is a strong and very beautiful domestic side to her character. She is the very intelligent and affectionate mother of five daughters, and superintends their education and training as thoroughly as if she had no thought of the social duties which are imposed upon her, and in which she undoubtedly finds a good deal of pleasure. One who has known her long and intimately says of her: "Another truly good woman is added to the list of those who adorn the society of our national capital. She encourages all that is true in her sex; and has great charity for those whose standard of womanhood is not up to hers. While always foremost in our public charities, it was in quiet ways that she most contributed to the needy, and lifted souls out of despair. Even her society life had a motive for good rather than for vanity. Much of the money expended was made to directly reach those who needed help, yet resolutely and proudly relied upon their own efforts. Then she was so generous in hospitality; never snobbishly confining her list to the merely monied or the ultra fashionable. She had the happiest way of finding sweet girls who needed an uplifting word, and to whom she opened the gates of healthful pleasure." This is testimony that is as sweet as it is rare. Mrs. Morton is also a woman of uncommonly quick perception and is thoroughly versed in the political questions of the day. There is no subject of public interest that fails to interest her, though she in no sense can be called a political woman. She is strong in her republican principles, never obtruding her views, and her peaceful tact has often warded off an attack, or silenced an opponent.

While in Paris, she was one evening seated at dinner by the side of M. Jules Ferry, the French Premier, who rallied her upon the action of our congress in imposing duties upon foreign works of art. "I grant all you say," said she, "but let us make a treaty—you admit our pork, and we will admit your pictures." Newport and New York have been the abiding-places of Mr. and Mrs. Morton, but recently they have established their summer home at Rhinecliff, on the Hudson. Mr. Morton having purchased the great Kelley estate, which has been a landmark for more than two generations. "Ellerslie" is the new name which Mrs. Morton has given to the property. The former family house in Washington has been pulled down to make way for flats. But there will be a new Morton home, and it will be delightful, and the national capital is to be congratulated on the acquisition of so valuable an ornament to its social circle.—Daughters of America.

Against Smoking.

In the October number of the Young Man, in answering the question "Shall We Smoke?" Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes replies, "Certainly not. Smoking is liable to injure the sight, to render the nerves unsteady, to enfeeble the will, and enslave the nature to an imperious habit, likely to stand in the way of a duty to be performed."

Your Big Brother.

While he was "Georgie darling," the little fellow, he had friends enough from attic to cellar of his home.

But now that he has just begun to shave, and is in general the big boy of the family, there's small tenderness for Georgie. He is nobody's "darling" now. He often passes days on days without a solitary kindly, affectionate word addressed to him by any mortal on earth. And for days on days he doesn't care, doesn't miss any love. But there come occasional minutes when it suddenly flashes upon him that this is a chilling world and nobody seems any longer to love him.

This big brother is not chicken-hearted. Quite likely he himself is at fault that he sees no more of the tender side of his home. He avoids his father, who begins to be somewhat stern with him, and to suspect him of voluntarily going to the bad. He rarely gives his busy mother's heart much chance to draw nigh to him and show him that wealth of deathless love that is ever warm toward all her babies, whisker or no whisker. He bullies the "small fry" in a careless, not a deliberately malicious way. He nags his sisters, who are about his age, and is generally disagreeable to them about two-thirds of the time; but it is more the result of a spirit of rude fun than want of regard for them. He is head-full of athletics, or the regiment, or business, and is a great deal out of doors. The rough and boisterous in his nature is having its full development. He is hungry most of the time. His physical personality is just now completing its growth, and he has not adjusted it to his mental, moral, nor his aesthetic personality. He often acts like a young bear.

Yet, for all that, Georgie is -by no means hardened to affection; no, not by a score of years to come—I mean unless he is going wrong, drinks, carouses, and is coarsely animal. He is tender-hearted. You, his sister, could lead him with a straw. You ought to do it. He would take to your tyranny, which, by the thousand little womanly arts at your command, you could cast over him, as ducks take to water. If you were to meet him at the door, girl, at night, a few times, with a kiss and a hug; if you were to dance along at his side as he went forth, a few mornings, and as you walked to drop a letter in the lamp-post box, and chat and confide in him, and sparkle about him like a sisterly sunbeam—and where is a handsomer or more manly form than Georgie's to walk the avenue with? If you were to pat his cheek occasionally at the supper-table as you pass his chair, just a little soft love-touch, that nobody sees, but that he would thrill under, from your girlish palm—this, instead of saucy jokes at the expense of the down on the same cheek, which may make everybody laugh, yet which is an exasperating sally; if you would try, half try, girl, Georgie's sister—you might win that boy.

Boys are queer creatures, anyway. They all have soft hearts. They are dreaming of love two-thirds of their time. They make love to a big dog, a horse, the heroine of a novel—or, alas, some actress who would delude them for the fun of it. This boy sometimes feels the fact that he is "crowded out" of his mother's and father's attention and endearment by the younglings. He sometimes, I say, not always, feels the indelible fact that home is a sort of boarding-house to him, he wishes, in such moments, that it were not so, but he does not exactly know how to fix things. A boy is not adroit; he has no small courtesy ready at hand; he is at the awkward period of his life, and could fight easier than he can manage that sweet finess that is necessary to win and keep the love confidences of home. Girl, you can do all these things for him, nine times out of ten. And if you try you will be astonished by the wealth of affection that the fellow will pour out on you. That is, if he is not yet poisoned at heart by some evil companion of the outside world. God grant that you yet have time, and with your Georgie that it is not yet too late!

A big, hardly grown young man is exceedingly sensitive in certain directions, though indifferent enough in others. You must not make fun of his clothes; you simply must not. You must not joke him about his attempts to be older than he is. You must not carp at his manners, his blunders in polite things, or his efforts to play the gallant with your pretty neighbor. He can stand a great many blows; but there are sneers and laughs that cut him to the quick. If you indulge them it may seem of small account to-day; but he will call you disagreeable at first, and end by actually hating you. Years will not suffice for the healing of such estrangements. Of all the people in the house, he can endure ridicule from his sister with the least grace; for he often thinks with envy of your more graceful ways; it comes natural to woman to be graceful rather than to man; and for you to sneer at his blunders is simply maddening. Take my warning. Help him out in these matters, and he will never forget the kindness. Lend him your taste in the question of dress, quietly and privately.

How many a young fellow might have been saved from ruin if a little of the care that is given to the bib-and-tucker small creatures had been bestowed on him. I tell you, mothers, you had far better allow tiny Johnny to go with a dirty face, if necessary, than you may have a five minutes' confidential chat every day with big Georgie. The broom is not of so much account as Georgie. I know how full our hands are; but your hands must

never let go of Georgie; yours are the only hands that can always fashion him. The great strapping fellow will get along without you, if you say so; but while his body is large enough not to need a mother's care, his mind, his heart, are not large enough by any means. I assure you the boy often yearns for a little endearment from you. He often keeps away from you because he wishes to spare you trouble; but you simply must show him that it is never, never any trouble to his mother's heart to share his confidences. And you yourself know how fondly you do in reality love him who grows now to resemble so closely your husband of the old boyish days when he first came wooing you.

God bless the big boys of all homes, and preserve them to those homes. Harkley Harker, in New York Weekly.

A Wild Romance.

There was a city full
Of maidens mad;
Only a month before
They were so glad;
For a new lord had come
To view them o'er,
And take his pick of them,
With wealth galore.
Strange is the tale I tell:
Visiting one of them,
Captured the ear!
—Aristine Anderson in Puck.

Large Game Becoming Extinct.

The total extinction of wild animals that are too large to effectively secrete themselves from rapacious hunters is merely a question of time. The railroad has so improved the huntsman's opportunities to indulge in his favorite sport that no corner of the world is now too remote to be included in the plans of campaign of sporting clubs and private groups of sportsmen. Within a year or so past the departure was chronicled of a titled nabob from his Wyoming cattle ranch, for a tiger hunt in far-away India.

It is reported that in a large section of Africa where elephants were once very numerous, the mighty animal is now almost extinct, owing to the assiduity of professional hunters in the ivory trade. As evidence of the decrease in the number of elephants, the St. James Gazette states that in 1875 the value of ivory exported through Cape Colony was £60,402; in 1886 it was £2,150. In 1873 £17,199 worth of ivory was exported from Natal, against £4,100 worth in 1885. The Cape government years ago threw legal safe-guards around the elephant in that section, and as a result the huge animals are said to be more numerous along the Indian Ocean in Cape Colony than they are 1,500 miles inland.

In our own country the slaughter of the buffalo has illustrated the need of legislation on the subject, if the bison is to be preserved from utter extinction. There is not a single herd left of the vast number of buffalo that roamed the prairies when the red man held undisputed possession of the great west. A report which was circulated about a year ago that there was in the Pan-handle of Texas a small herd of buffalo was undoubtedly sufficient to induce hunters innumerable to that section, all eager to win the honor of killing a buffalo. The hunter of the future who wishes to assert with truth that he has shot a buffalo will have to purchase one of the animals now being domesticated and crossed with beef cattle, or send a bullet into the stuffed effigy of a buffalo.

The day is coming, unless the law intervenes, when no animals but those that crawl and burrow will be left for the sportsman. In that coming time turtle-stalking may of necessity be raised to the rank of sport.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Some Moralizing.

Almost every fourth man one meets in these beautiful March days remarks, if he have time, 'This is divine weather,' and then adds instantly and omnisciently as his face visibly lengthens: "Of course this sort of thing can't last, and in protracted and violent storm we will yet pay dearly for the comfort we now enjoy."

But come now, isn't that a shamefully ungracious way of taking the good things of life—weather or anything else? Isn't it also a very unphilosophic way? And, most of all, isn't it a way very inconsistent?

It is quite unlike the most of us when we are in the toss and whirl of ugly storms, either of the elements or in our individual experience, to stop and say, "This sort of thing can't last," and "of course we are sure to be well paid for all this in the speedy coming of brightness and sunlight. Oh, no. There are far too many pessimists among us to reverse the order in any such cheerful and sensible fashion as that. Yet rules work both ways; and storm breeds sunshine as surely as sunshine is the forerunner of storm. The presence of clouds anywhere is the sign of the fact of the sun; and "the dark night is the mother of the morning."

It, then, we must anticipate concerning the weather, and also the thousand and one experiences vouchsafed to our individual lives, let us at least "play fair." If we must creak that the brightness and balm of these March days are storm-breeders, as we are all too prone to do, let us at least be able to remember when the storms whose coming we dread are upon us, that they are just as surely breeders of coming sunshine.

If we will cloud any present brightness by borrowing trouble of the future, let us also, in simple justice to ourselves, brighten present darkness by borrowing happiness likewise, from the days that lie ahead.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

MATZE MAKING.

How Hand-Made Passover Bread Is Turned Out in New York.

Walking in Norfolk street, near Grand street, recently a reporter of the New York Sun came across two Hebrews carrying between them a basket filled with large circular biscuits. Upon the side of the basket was printed this, in fairly good-sized type: "Matzes. From Grand Rabbi Joseph's bakery,—Norfolk street."

The Hebrews carried their basket to Hester street and gave it to two young men, who removed the biscuits from the baskets into paper bags of various sizes, which they placed upon tables near them. The reporter found at Hester street a small man, delicately featured, with neat bushy whiskers and hair.

"I am making these matzes under direction of Grand Rabbi Joseph," he said, gesticulating with his fingers and hands. "You know that matze is the name of the unleavened bread that the Hebrews eat during passover. Matze is the German for passover bread. Before the grand rabbi came to this city and for some time afterward matzes were made by machinery. In fact, they are so made now by Hebrew rabbis; but that is contrary to the customs and traditions of the Jews. It is customary to use the utmost caution in making the matze—a little more so than any other article of food used by the Jews. The machine-made matze is cheaper than the matze we make, which is entirely hand-made and within the strict rule of the Jewish faith. The grand rabbi has given our matze his strict approval and it is eaten by all his congregation."

The bakery in Norfolk street is much like other bakeries on the east side, only that instead of empty and filled barrels and dough-trays lying promiscuously about, all the room is taken up with human beings. There are sixty females, of all ages, sizes, and styles of beauty, busily rolling out balls of dough. Old and young men are sandwiched there, so that it is with difficulty that one can move about. G. Schoolman who knows all about matzes, says: "The flour from which the dough is made is specially ground in a mill at West Nyack by Jews from carefully selected wheat. Great care is taken that no impurities get into the wheat. After it is ground a sample is carried to Grand Rabbi Joseph in his house in this city, and he approves of it or not, according as it meets his notions. With his consent it is put in barrels, clean new ones, marked especially for the occasion. When brought in here it is fetched into a room outside of the bakery, a narrow place built for a coal cellar. The barrels of flour are stowed carefully alongside the wall. Four men work there. Two knead the dough in wooden dishes and one carries flour and the other water from opposite corners. There is one man to ladle out the flour from the bin into the wooden dough-tray, another to pour a cup of water into the tray afterward. It is absolutely necessary that there should be two men, for if only one were employed specks of flour would get into the water and drops of water into the flour. This would be a dreadful state of things, for the flour might get sour. In order to get the water clear of all impurities it is brought in over night and allowed to settle, and in dipping the water out the man is careful not to stir it. These two men rest while not pouring flour or water into the dough-trays and until the dough is carried out into the outer room. The dough is kneaded hard, and care is taken to prevent impurities from getting into it anywhere. It is now a roll of dough weighing about ten pounds. It is then cut into chunks by a man who does nothing else, and carried by another man, hired for just that sole purpose, to the females, who proceed to roll out the chunks into flat dough. Men pick up the flat pieces and toss them to another set of men, who roll over them two sets of wheels, impressing little diamonds on the biscuit. They are then placed by a man upon a ladle. Another keeps shoving them into the oven and pulling them out, tossing them upon tables. The women first flatten the dough with their hands. While this is done a Hebrew comes with sand paper and glass and removes any specks of dough from the rolling-pins. The women stand close together and beat a tattoo as they keep up a continual roll upon the board. The baking of matzes can only be carried on during daylight. Work begins at daylight and stops at sundown. They work until noon Friday. The matzes sold from this bakery bring 11 and 12 cents a pound, while the machine-made fetch 6 and 7 cents. Just before the passover a highly prized matze is baked for all the holy men among the Hebrews and is disposed of at upward of 40 and 50 cents a pound.

Railroad Conductors.

"The old breed of railroad conductors is disappearing," said a famous railroad man the other day. "The conductors now are lean and pale and narrow-chested. They look like clerks. The big brawny fellows who used to throw prize-fighters out of the cars and were not afraid to face a carload of cowboys, are all passing away. The air-brake is to blame. It has so lightened the work of the passenger brakeman that men can step out of counting-rooms to man the train nowadays. They remain small and light, and in that condition are promoted to be conductors. The old conditions still surround the freight brakeman, but not one in five thousand of them ever becomes a passenger conductor.—New York Sun.

