

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Household.

VOL. XX.

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NO. 47

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

—BY THE—

Kansas News Co.,
Subscription: One Dollar a Year. Three Copies \$2.25. Five Copies \$3.50. Ten Copies \$6.00.
Three months trial subscriptions, new, 20c.
The Kansas News Co., also publish the Western Farm News, of Lawrence, and nine other country weeklies.
Advertising for the whole list received at lowest rates. (Brokers and manufacturers' cards, of four lines, or less, [25 words] with Spirit of Kansas one year, \$5.00. No order taken for less than three months.)

Goulish stories are related of the way the poor dead are allowed to remain exposed and unburied at the Rochester cemetery, North Topeka.

The next meeting of the state board of pharmacy is to be held in Hutchinson on March 5 and 6. About fifty applicants will be present for examination.

A large portrait of E. W. Howe, editor of the Atchison Globe, has been received at the State Historical society's rooms. He is the handsomest editor in Kansas.

Frank R. Sabin, at one time leading real estate man of Wichita, was held to answer the charge of wife beating and given three months in the county jail. It is said the humane society will at the end of his jail term prefer charges that will give him even more trouble.

William McCrea, an Osage City coal operator, left Saturday afternoon going west, taking about \$3,000. This money should have been used to pay his employees for last month's work. He also owed merchants about \$3,000.

Sheriff Wilkerson took eleven prisoners from Shawnee county to the pen this week. The burglaries and slugging that have taken place also during this week in the capital city will furnish him another batch later on.

Judge J. S. Emery, of Lawrence, delivers a lecture on Prohibition before the Farmers' Alliance of Kaw-waka, on this, Saturday, evening. Judge Emery is one of the soundest and most progressive of democrats. If the whole party were of his stamp there would not be much left of the republican organization.

Moses Harman, editor of Lucifer, the Light Bearer, a free-love sheet, published at Valley Falls, was bound over to the United States district court by United States Commissioner Wagener, on Wednesday, on the charge of publishing a vile and indecently filthy article in his paper, signed by Richard V. O'Neill, M. D. of New York, and circulating the papers containing it through the mails. Noah H. Harman signed his bond for \$1,000. Three indictments against Harman on similar charges are now pending in the United States courts.

A fine portrait of ex-Governor Robinson has just been received at the executive office to be added to the collection of portraits of Kansas governors which adorn the walls of Governor Humphrey's room. Mr. W. W. Admire undertook the work, when he went into the executive office as Governor Martin's stenographer, of obtaining portraits of all the ex-governors. He has succeeded admirably and now has all but two—Anthony and Crawford, both of whom have promised to add their portraits to the list.

The state superintendent of public instruction has apportioning the semi-annual dividend of the permanent school fund among the various counties of the state. The amount apportioned is \$267,345.06, being 51 cents per capita for the school population of the state, 524,206. Shawnee county gets the largest amount of any county, \$9,268.23, having the largest population. Wyandotte county comes next, with something over \$8,000. Other neighboring counties get as follows: Douglas \$4,213.53, Jackson \$2,635.15, Jefferson \$3,334.38, Leavenworth \$6,214.86, Waubesa \$2,164.44.

The overall factory at Arkansas City will start up about March 1.

Mrs. Georgiana B. Balston, of Parsons, has invented a fire escape.

A new church that was being built in Fort Scott was demolished by the wind Sunday.

The west end of the county court house at Hutchinson burned, but none of the records injured.

The bank clearings for last week were \$342,902, against \$329,629, for the corresponding week last year.

George Kennan, the well-known journalist, will lecture in Topeka next month on his Siberian explorations. Fred and John French and Jim Stoker of Seamonville, charged with the killing of Joseph Morgan at a horse race near Weir City, are now in the jail at Columbus.

Hon. Martin Mohler, secretary of the state board of agriculture has returned from a visit to his home in Osborn county. He says the farmers are feeding many cattle this winter. Winter wheat is in splendid condition. He says the farmers' alliance is spreading very rapidly in that section.

A representative of the Hutchinson News claims to have visited over sixty whiskey joints in Wichita. He assumed the role of a liquor dealer and had free rein. He thereupon sends to the News a description of twenty of these places and the manner in which they are conducted.

Topeka is entering upon a prosperous season. Paving will be extended, street railway lines will be built into different parts of the city and building will continue in every direction. The sum of \$100,733.54 was expended in 1889 for public improvements. Three years ago Topeka was without a foot of pavement, but now there are ten miles. The sewer system was built almost entirely during the past year. Topeka can now be said to be one of the best paved cities in the west. Manufacturing has forged ahead and various new industries have plants in operation now which were not thought of three years ago. One of the most valuable adjuncts to Topeka is her electric railway, now having a total of eighteen miles.

The most daring robbery in the history of Topeka occurred at 2 o'clock Tuesday morning when a young man ransacked the residence of B. F. Book-er, a Santa Fe civil engineer, and took \$150 cash, and diamonds, watches and jewelry valued at \$1,000. Mrs. Booker with a servant and three little children were alone in the house. Mrs. Booker was awakened at 2 o'clock and found the burglar in her room. She asked him what he wanted. He answered her and sat down on a window sill and talked for half an hour, finally calling the servant and asking her for her money. He cautioned the woman to make no outcry, assuring them that if they remained quiet until he departed he would hurt no one. Hattie Ragan, the servant, was arrested and held pending an investigation. Toward night her brother William Ragan, was arrested, and during the night made a full confession and went with the officers and assisted them in the recovery of the diamonds and all but \$20 of the \$150 originally stolen.

William Glaze, a farmer who resides near Silver Lake, was held up and robbed of \$35 and a railway ticket while passing the city park on Kansas avenue late Saturday evening. He had been in the city all day and had made the acquaintance of two men. He displayed his money to them and when he started for the Union Pacific depot to take the midnight train, they accompanied him. He says when they were walking past the park the men grabbed him by the throat and dragged him into the park and went through his pockets. As soon as Glaze recovered he reported the case and officers began a search for the highwaymen. Glaze went to the St. James Hotel. William Ready was arrested on Sunday in North Topeka and taken before Glaze, and identified as one of the men.

The Way to Better Times

Senator Plumb, in answer to a Shawnee Country farmer, offers some suggestions. "I know how hard times have been with our farmers, first without crops and then when there is a good crop, the prices are so low as to be wholly unremunerative. I know that a portion, at least, of the difficulty grows out of an inadequate supply of the currency, and this Congress can and ought to remedy, and I have great hopes, also, that before the close of the present session, something at least reasonably adequate will be done. I am also hopeful that there are other causes which will operate in the right direction before long, and shall be greatly surprised if during another season things are not very much better. After all, it is probably true that there are some adverse influences beyond the reach of legislation. The number of sellers is many, and the number of buyers from the sellers few. Every farmer is an active competitor with every other farmer, and in the process of this competition, sends his grain and stock to the two or three great markets of the country, where a handful of men only buy, and these substantially under an understanding with each other, which understanding operates to reduce prices. It is an understanding, also, which probably cannot be reached by law, not taking the actual formal shape of a trust or combination. Our farmers, then, buy back from the same centers, and from a handful of men, everything which they eat and wear. Too many of our Kansas farmers, I am sorry to say, do not even raise their own food, but rely on buying it from Kansas City and other markets; in fact, buy back their own bacon and flour; often buy fruit which they could easily raise for themselves, and so on, thus contributing to their weakness, and the power of those who are their commercial enemies. If the farmers of Kansas would, during the next ten years, raise, as far as possible, their own food, and keep at home the pork and beef necessary for their own needs, and for their neighbors' use, the effect of prices would be realized by reason of the fact that less money expenditure would be necessary. I hope and believe that the tide will turn, and I hope that, as one of the elements in that turning, and one which will be as helpful as any, will be the exercise by our people of the power which they themselves have, the nature of which I have indicated, and as I have before said, I am also hopeful that proper legislation will be passed. I have labored to this end heretofore, and shall not fail to do everything possible to bring about the emancipation of our people, so far as an adequate supply of currency can do it."

SUMTER, SOUTH CAROLINA, JUNE 2d, 1887.
DR. A. T. SHALLENBERGER,

ROCHESTER, PA. Dear Sir: I have been using your Antidote for Malaria in my family for several years. For more than a year I had chills, and was so low down that I had not strength to walk. Mr. Whomsey begged me to try the Antidote, and it cured me at once. I am now a strong, healthy man. We use no other medicine in the family, as we find it the quickest, safest, and also the cheapest.
Yours very truly,
SAMUEL CLARK.

Dry Goods Merchant—You have called in response to our advertisement for a floor-walker? Well, sir, what are your qualifications for the position?
Applicant—I am the father of three pairs of twins.

Teacher (to class in chemistry)—What is gas? Can none of you tell me what it is?
Johnny (in back seat)—Gas is a Dollar'n a quarter a thousand feet, ma'am.

ONCE IN A LIFE TIME.

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The SPIRIT OF KANSAS One Year for 60 cents. For the remainder of this year, 50 cents.

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The SPIRIT and the Times both One Year, and twenty packets of Garden Seeds \$1.25.

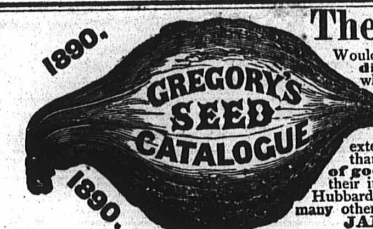
The seeds sent postpaid, will be as follows: Two packets each Beets, Cabbage, Lettuce, Cucumber, Radish; one each Carrot, Muskmelon, Watermelon, Onion, Winter Squash, Summer Squash, Tomato, Turnip, Pepper and Parsnip.

The SPIRIT, the Times, and the Kansas (or the Prairie Farmer) each one year, and the 20 packets of seeds all for \$1.75.

A 25 cent Family Receipt Book and Hints on Health, free to each subscriber when clubs of three or more are sent, on any of the above offers.

Papers sent to different address if desired.

Send to SPIRIT OF KANSAS,
Topeka, Kansas.



1890. GREGORY'S SEED CATALOGUE 1890.

The Public Want

Would they not be most likely to obtain such by buying directly from the grower? I can buy seed at half what it costs me to raise it, but could not sleep sound should I warrant seed of this class. For the same reason I make special effort to procure seed stock directly from their originators. You will find in my new seed catalogue for 1890 (sent free) the usual extensive collection (with the prices of some kinds lower than last season) and the really new vegetables of good promise. You should be able to get from me Hubbard Squash, good seed of Cory Corn, Miller Melon, and other valuable vegetables, which I have introduced.

JAMES J. H. GREGORY, Marblehead, Mass.

How and When to Drink Water.

According to Dr. Leuf, when water is taken into the stomach it does not mingle with the food, as we are taught, but passes along quickly between the food and lesser curvature towards the pylorus, through which it passes into the intestines. The secretion of mucus by the lining membrane is constant, and during the night a considerable amount accumulates in the stomach; some of its liquid portions is absorbed, and that which remains is thick and tenacious. If food is taken into the stomach when in this condition it becomes coated with this mucus, and the secretion of the gastric juice and its action are delayed. These facts show the value of a goblet of water before breakfast. This washes out the tenacious mucus, and stimulates the gastric glands to secretion. In old and feeble persons water should not be taken cold, but it may be with great advantage taken warm or hot. This removal of accumulated mucus from the stomach is probably one of the reasons why taking soup at the beginning of the meal has been found so beneficial.

Literary Note.

The National Magazine for March will contain the continuation of an interesting article by Professor Shale de Vere of the University of Virginia, entitled "How we Write," giving many curious historical facts. Rev. J. C. Quinn, LL. D., will contribute "Biblical Literature." F. W. Harkins, Chancellor of the National University of Chicago will describe the working of the "National Circulating Library" of 20,000 volumes and the new non-resident courses of study of the University. A timely article on England is by Rev. C. C. Willet, Ph. D. The ladies will be particularly interested in the new Woman's Institute on an unique plan, described in this number. Published the first of each month at 147 Throop St., Chicago, Ill. Sample copy 10 cents.

The old settlers of Sedgwick county will have a grand rally and campfire on Washington's birthday.

SORGHUM

A LITTLE book that every farmer ought to have is the "Sorghum Hand Book" for 1890, which may be had free by address The Plymmer Iron Works Co., of Cleveland, O. Sorghum is a very valuable crop for a symposium, feed, and fodder, and this pamphlet gives full information about the different species, the modes of cultivation, etc. Send and get it read!

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References—Armour & Co., Continental National Bank, Chicago; Wear & Allison Bankers, Sioux City, Iowa.

A National Circulating Library.

The National University of Chicago, has arranged for a National Circulating Library of 20,000 volumes, to aid it in its University Extension work, modeled after the English system. The volumes will be sent by mail from Main to Texas. It will supply a long felt want. To cover expense, catalogues are sent only on receipt of ten cents. Address, 147 Throop St.

The unfortunate farmer who has to sell his corn for 13 cents a bushel will do so, but those that can will hold it and get more.

FIRST LOVE.

How does a woman love? Once, no more, though life forever its loss deplore; Deep in sorrow or deep in sin, One king reigneth her heart within. One alone, by night and day, Moves her spirit to curse or pray. One voice only can call her soul Back from the grasp of death's control; Though lovers beset her or friends deride, Yet when she smiles another man's bride, Still for her master her life makes moan— Once is forever, and once alone.

How does a man love? Once for all, The sweetest voices of life may call, Sorrow daunt him or death dismay, Joy's red roses bedeck his way; Fortune smile, or jest, or frown, The cruel thumb of the world turn town; Loss betray him, or love delight, Through storms or sunshine, by day or night, Wandering, toiling, asleep, awake, Though souls may madden, or weak hearts break, Better than wife or child, or pet, Once and forever, he loves—himself.

—Rose Torrey Cooke.

THE CONCEALED LETTER.

"You, madam," he said. "Yes, you, if you please"—for she hesitated and looked about her. "May I beg you to come this way?"

Still the girl hesitated. "Madam," said the hypnotizer, "I see in you a wonderful subject. We have never met before, but if you will honor and oblige me with your presence on this platform, you will materially assist me."

At this the girl arose and advanced with dignity. She was pale, and her features had the regularity of a Greek statue.

Mr. Nouchette asked her some questions in a low tone. She seemed to reply in the affirmative.

Then Mr. Nouchette drew a large arm-chair to the center of the stage.

The lady, having removed her hat and gloves seated herself therein.

"May I beg a gentleman to step forward?" asked Mr. Nouchette.

A sudden thought occurred to me. I would forestall the coming confederate, and offer myself. I rose to my feet.

"Will I do?" I asked, with the air of making a joke. I expected to be declined with thanks, but on the contrary Mr. Nouchette smiled upon me.

"The very man," he said. "Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Hallendine, of the Comet, is known to many here, no doubt. Like many here, he never before met the young lady who has been so kind—"

"Never," I said, bowing first to the lady and then to the audience. "Never, upon my honor."

"Will you permit this gentleman to hold your hand, madam?" asked Mr. Nouchette.

The lady offered me her hand at once. It was small, white, and without a ring of any sort.

"Now," said he, "look at me, and neither speak or move."

He placed the tips of the fingers of his right hand on my left temple, his left hand fingers upon the lady's right temple, his thumb resting on the center of the forehead of each subject. I do not know how long he continued this performance, but at last he removed his hands gently, and said to the lady:

"Madam, tell Mr. Hallendine, if you please, what he has in his vest pocket."

The lady answered in regretful tones.

"Sir," she said, "I am very sorry, but I cannot tell you. I am not in the least clairvoyant."

"I am disappointed," he said, evidently speaking the truth. "I will try again."

As for me, my eyes were shut, and I tried in vain to open them. Yet I saw the lady plainly. I saw her from head to foot. Moreover, I saw not only the stitching on the outside of her coat pocket, but its interior and all its contents.

"Hullo!" said I. "I say, Mr. Nouchette, something has happened to me. I see the lady's pocket, and all that is therein."

"Ah!" cried Mr. Nouchette. "Is it possible?" You are the clairvoyant, then. Well, what do you observe?"

"I see a black silk purse with gold beads," said I.

"Is that so?" asked Mr. Nouchette. "Here it is," said the lady.

The audience applauded.

"I see a handkerchief and a letter," I said.

The audience roared again. The lady must have produced them.

"And," said I, "I see a glove-button."

Again a roar of applause.

"Anything more?" asked Mr. Nouchette.

I kept silent. I saw something else, but a strange power forbade me to name it. I had read the folded letter. It contained these words:

"TO THOSE WHO FIND MY BODY: Lest any innocent person should fall under suspicion, I desire to state that I have committed suicide. I have no friends on earth. I must beg or starve, since I cannot get honest work. I believe that God will forgive me for coming to Him before He called me."

ESTHER GRAY.

In the same pocket I had also seen a little bottle marked "Poison." It was certainly not safe to let this young woman disappear. However, she did not leave her seat until the others rose to go, and I followed her rapidly. I felt as though I had known this girl for years. In some strange way the magnetizer whom I had believed to be a mere trickster, and who I still believe had trained his dupes in their little snow-balling scenes, in their weeping and fighting performances, had placed me in rapport with the forlorn Miss Gray. I knew her and of her vaguely. How, I could not say; as if I had listened to a story told amidst interruptions.

As I stood upon the corner of the

street, I thought: "From the country, an orphan, persecuted by some one, robbed." Her memories had in a measure become mine. I partially read them when I read the folded letter, as I held her hand. But they gave me no clue by which to follow her. Chance did that. A white object lay upon the pavement. It fluttered toward me. I stooped and picked it up. It was a lady's handkerchief, fine and old, and in the corner was a name. "Esther Gray." It was hers, for this was the name that I had seen at the bottom of the letter I had read so mysteriously. She had turned to the right, then. I had this small clue, and I hurried on more hopefully.

Official duty ordered me back to the office with my report. Other duties, and those imperative, it seemed to me, commanded me to find the unhappy girl and save her, if possible, from destruction.

Happily, at this moment I saw that I was at the door of a telegraph and city messenger office, and hurrying in, sent my copy to the Comet by a boy, and felt my conscience lightened.

As I passed out of the door it occurred to me to put a question to an owl-eyed urchin who lingered there.

"Young fellow," said I, "have you noticed a lady passing? a slender lady in brown?"

"Awful white and scary?" asked the boy.

"She may be frightened, being alone," I said.

"One like that turned up alongside the new buildings there," the boy said.

"Awful white she was."

I gave him the first coin my fingers closed on as I thrust them into my pocket, and hastened up the street.

The new buildings were a row of large flat houses, only partially finished. A thick-set old watchman, with a coat that reached to his heels, was trotting up and down, swinging a thick stick.

"Good-evening," I said. "Have you seen a lady pass? Slender, tall?"

"Pass?" he answered. "Ah, sure, it was a lady then!"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Sure, said he, 'didn't I see something white, flitting up the stairs, with the whitest face I ever seen since I was born, and didn't I take it for a ghost? I struck for the officer and he came. 'Patsy Hogan,' says I, 'I've seen a ghost. I'm in a tremble.'"

"I've no orders in regard to ghosts," says he, "but if it's a woman—"

"Where is she?" I asked.

"Up above," said he.

"I must find her at once," said I.

"Which way?"

"I'll go with you," said he. "Wait. Patsy has orders in regard to wimmin, I'll call him."

He struck his club on the pavement. Another answered him from afar. A policeman was with us in a moment, and the watchman's lantern shone along the stairs—up one flight, up another. At last he uttered a cry.

"Here is the woman," he said; and crouched in a corner, with terror in her eyes, I saw the girl for whom I was searching. Her face was white, heaven knows; her hands were passionately clasped together.

"Not even here!" she cried. "Not even here!"

"What do you mean by this? Come along!" said the policeman, advancing toward her.

But I interfered.

"Officer," said I, "this young woman is slightly out of her mind. She has run away from home. I have followed her, but lost sight of her a little while ago. I will take charge of her."

"And who may you be?" asked the policeman.

"Her husband. There is my card," said I, offering one.

"Ah!" said the policeman; "I suppose it's all right." He held it to the light of the lantern, and added: "Lead the way, John. You might get a fall here easy, and I don't want one."

Meanwhile, I stooped over the young woman.

"I lied for your sake," I whispered; "I didn't think you wanted to go to the station-house."

She made no answer, but suffered me to lead her down stairs. Once in the street I kept fast hold of her. When we were out of hearing, I said:

"Do you remember me?"

"You were on the platform at the hall," she said.

"Yes," I said; "when I fell into the curious condition in which I saw the purse, the handkerchief, and the letter, I also saw a bottle labeled 'Poison,' and the contents of the letter. In it you spoke of your intention to commit suicide, and your faith in God. God has chosen to answer by sending you a friend. Look upon me as one; believe me, that though there are villains in this world, an honorable man always stands ready to defend a lady in distress." I took her hand in mine. A strange thrill ran through me.

"Miss Gray," I continued, "command me."

"How do you know my name?" she asked.

"I read it in your letter," I answered. "You are from the country; you were robbed; some one insulted you. Poor little soul! you are safe now."

"Oh you are so good!" she said, bursting into tears; "so very good to me!"

At that instant, I, who had eaten a good dinner at six o'clock, began to feel the most torturing sense of hunger. I understood it at once. It was not I who was starving, it was Miss Gray; and I now quite understood why she was so pale.

"We must eat before we do anything else," I said, and shortly we sat together at the table of a restaurant.

I saw the color return to the sweet

girl's face, I saw that she was herself again. Suddenly she turned to me.

"I must tell you my story," she said. "I don't want you to think me an adventuress. I am the daughter of Owen Gray, a clergyman, who died five years ago in Michigan. My mother had already passed away and I went to live with my married sister."

"Six months ago she died also. I never liked her husband, but I stayed with the children until—"

She paused.

"He offered himself to you," said I.

"Yes," she said. "Then I went to teaching school. He persecuted me, and I fled. I had some money with me—"

"Which was stolen," I added.

"With all my credentials," she went on; "I could get no work. My brother-in-law had spoken falsely of me in my native town. I knew I must starve or beg. I preferred to die. There, you have it. Except that I was at the lecture by accident. The door stood open. I entered and took a seat—for I was very weary. No one noticed me. I think."

"Miss Gray," I said, "will you give me that little bottle and the note?"

"She handed them to me quietly."

"I will leave you here. There is a decent hotel attached to this restaurant," I said. "Will you assure me that you will remain here until I see you again? I shall then be prepared to place you in a good position."

"God certainly sent you to me," she said. "I promise."

I left her in the landlady's care, and went post-haste to the Comet office.

In the early morning hours I sought my bed, and there the thoughts that had been floating through my brain condensed into a resolution that I would marry Esther Gray.

And so I went to the hotel next day with a rose in my buttonhole, and found her fairer than ever, sweeter, more lovely.

I wasted neither time nor words in placing proofs of my respectable position in life before her, and offering her my hand and heart.

She was startled but the idea did not shock her.

Shortly I took her hand and held it, and in the strange old fashion, read that the influence that drew us together had the same power over her heart that it had over mine.

"You must write to people I will tell you of; you must make sure I am what I say," she said.

But I only laughed and kissed her.

And so we were married that very day, and no couple could be happier.

It is a curious fact that I have still only to hold my wife's hand in order to read her every thought; and it is a delightful one, that knowing this, she is always ready to place her palm in mine.—Mary Kyle Dallas.

Ideal Music.

There is no sound where there are no ears, we are told, and the sweetness of sounds, what we call music, certainly depends in great measure upon the susceptibility of the listener.

In Mr. McCook's "Tenants on an Old Farm" there is a discussion about the singing of crickets.

One good woman called the cricket's musical effort a "discordant, ear-piercing creak."

"Oh, no," exclaimed another member of the company, "don't say that! On the contrary I love the cricket's chirrup, and think it very sweet music. But there is no accounting for tastes."

This last remark, though not especially new or original, made an immediate impression upon Dan, the negro servant.

"Dat is jes' so!" said he. "I was remarkin' dat t'other day w'en some one sayed dar wahn't no music on a conk-shell. Now, fer my part, w'en I see hungry and tired workin' on de harvest field, an' Sary Ann comes out to de barn-yard an' blows dat conk of horn fer dinna, an' de too-too-too comes a-rollin' over de fiel's, it seems to me dar's no music out of Canaan et's sweeter'n dat. Dat's de kin' ob cricket on de hearf dat suits my taste—jes' at dem times."—Youth's Companion.

An Oklahoma Romance.

There arrived in Chicago the other day, says the Chicago Herald, Mr. and Mrs. Schoenzenbeck, Katrina Freund and Hannah Kitzler, on their way to Oklahoma City, Indian Territory, where the two unmarried women will marry two friends of Schoenzenbeck.

Some time since Schoenzenbeck and his two partners, who conduct a general store in Oklahoma City, came to the conclusion that single blessedness was a failure. Therefore it was decided that Schoenzenbeck should go to Wurtemberg, Germany, for the purpose of selecting wives for all three.

This he did, and married his own before starting back. When the party arrived at Oklahoma City the marriages of the two German maidens were joyously celebrated.

The Incandescent Bug.

A somewhat singular inquiry has recently been sent to the secretary of the treasury. It refers to the question of whether an importation of lightning-bugs would have to pay duty.

It seems that in Cuba these bugs are large and very luminous, and it is intended to bring them here for the purpose of ornamenting ladies' dresses.

Assistant Secretary Tichenor's reply is very amusing. He says that the dutiable character of insects does not seem to have been considered by the department; the provision in the tariff act prescribe a duty of 20 per cent ad valorem on live animals has at various times been held to be applicable to bees, birds, and live fish respectively.

I saw the color return to the sweet

ABOUT FACE.

How He Got Rid of a Too Talkative Passenger.

Ex-Governor Andrew Shuman entered the smoking car on a Chicago & Northwestern train the other afternoon, says the Chicago Tribune, and took a seat facing toward the engine.

The seat ahead of him was turned over. Mr. Shuman was smoking a good cigar and had an evening paper in his hand. As he settled back an Irishman with a clay pipe in his mouth entered the car. His breath was redolent with bad whisky and redeye tobacco.

"Good avenin', Misther Shuman," said the Irishman, as he set down on the seat opposite.

"How are you, Pat?" said Mr. Shuman.

"Noicely, 'tank you," was the reply.

Pat had probably hoed the garden for Governor Shuman at some time, and he was presuming on old acquaintance. He leaned over, blew a little bad breath and worse tobacco smoke into Governor Shuman's face, and asked:

"How's 'tings in Ivanston, sor?"

"Very nicely," replied Governor Shuman, trying to open the window to get a breath of fresh air.

Pat leaned over again and allowed another whiff of red eye to circle around Governor Shuman's head, as he said:

"O'm glad to hear it, sor. Now, o'd loike to ax you—"

But Governor Shuman was desperate.

"Where are you going, Pat?" he asked abruptly.

"Ivanston, sor," was the reply.

"Evanston!" exclaimed Governor Shuman. "Why, you're going the wrong way. Can't you see you're faced toward Chicago? Turn the seat over."

The Irishman gave a start, turned around and looked toward the engine, and then glanced out of the window.

"Be hivens, you're right!" he exclaimed.

"O'm faced the wrong way. Tank you, Misther Shuman."

He turned his seat over, and Governor Shuman buried his head in his paper and enjoyed the rest of the trip. In fact he was seen to smile once or twice.

Decidedly Embarrassing.

A handsome young woman, with short, curly hair, wearing a double helmet cap and a tight walking jacket was passing down State street. Her soft blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and a certain feminine something about her were the only evidences except her skirt that she was a woman. One had to look twice to be sure that she wasn't a beautiful boy.

Directly in front of the State street entrance to Marshall Field's retail store she was overtaken by an accident. Her skirt fell down.

Under the old dress regime the situation would have been indescribably embarrassing.

It was embarrassing as it was. The young woman looked down in dismay at the limp garment around her feet. But the moment she looked down she realized that she was perfectly clad in a dark-colored, divided skirt. The trousers were not much more baggy than the style at present worn by men. Her upper costume was in keeping with the lower.

Quickly recovering, she walked composedly, as a man might, into the store and up to the cloak department. Then she sent a clerk down to bring up her skirt. The score of witnesses were so paralyzed with admiration that they could not have made the incident a sensation if they had wanted to.—Chicago Tribune.

Two Hearts That Beat as One.

"Maude, I've been thinking seriously lately."

"Really, Fred., you ought to be more judicious than to do anything so grave as that."

"Yes, I know it's a heavy task on my mental capacity, but then I always was reckless that way. This time, however, I think I have been thinking to some purpose. In fact I've been thinking you wouldn't object to having your name changed."

"When?"

"Just as soon as possible."

"Will it be home or church?"

"Church, of course; we want to do this thing in style."

"Have you asked pa?"

"Certainly not. I don't want to marry your father."

"Well, I know; but for form's sake."

"All right, dear; for form's sake. I will see pa, and maybe you had better prepare ma for the ordeal."

"Oh, she won't mind it."

Deep silence reigned again, save as it is broken by the soft sighing of the treetops, swayed by a gentle breeze. Gleefully the stars twinkle; the moon looks beamingly down from heaven to earth, and discovers on a vine-bowered piazza two forms with but a single chair.

A Bigamist Bird.

A Scranton man who gives his attention to raising pigeons says that the only bigamist he has ever seen among pigeons is a male now owned by him. During the breeding season the bigamist maintained two separate wives and households, devoting just about as much attention to one as to the other. He helped raise the broods of each female, and his affection for each was equal. The double duty kept him very busy, but he seemed to take pride in having so much responsibility.

WINGED MISSILES.

In Iceland there are no prisons and no police. Only two thefts in 1,000 years.

Horses are curried by steam in Chicago, and 150 horses are cleaned in two hours.

England is said to have one cow to 8½ persons, France one cow to 8½, and America one cow to 1½ persons.

"The French have a saying that a woman who buys her complexion will sell it." French maxims are not always true.

Queen Victoria's regular mail is about 340 letters per day. She is ready to discriminate quickly and answers but few of them.

A former Marion county, West Virginia, man now residing in Iowa has returned to a Fairmont family a book he borrowed over forty years ago.

A farmer of Upshur county, West Virginia, who owns a number of guinea hens, found a nest where they had been laying containing 387 eggs.

The first apple tree planted in Ohio, they say, can be seen alive and vigorous on Jerome Vincent's farm in Marietta. It was planted in 1739.

A bed of rock salt, over 100 feet in depth, has been struck by gas prospectors at Wadsworth, Ohio. The salt is 2,500 feet below the earth's surface.

The four-year-old son of R. C. McPhar-nstead, Greenville, Tex., accidentally bit his own tongue, producing a wound from which he bled to death.

A novel feature of the coming exhibition in Edinburgh will be a working ship railway, in which the vessel will be immersed in water while upon the car.

A South Chester resident has received a letter from a friend in Tacoma, Wash., where, he says, it costs 50 cents to get shaved and \$1 for a hair-cut.

Rice, a New York suicide, left this message: "It has come to pass that rum won't drown sorrow any longer." There is a big sermon in that short sentence.

The highest individual taxpayer in Boston is Joshua Montgomery Sears, who in 1889 paid \$50,450.55; next is Frederick L. Ames, who contributes \$14,123.67.

The Lancet says that the human body can be embalmed so as to show identification three thousand years after death. That may be so, but who is to do the identification?

Explorer Stanley, in a letter to one of his friends, says: "My hair is like snow from Ruwenzori, but it is the crown of a busy period, and I wear it without regret as the gift of time."

White mahogany is exceedingly rare, but sparingly introduced as borders for tables and delicate frame work of upholstered seats. It has a soft enamel-like gloss and is very costly.

The project of tunneling the English Channel is still cherished by a company of British capitalists, who have expended \$400,000 on experimental works which are not yet completed.

The Chinese government has just ordered a new edition of the famous encyclopedia which was originally compiled during the reign of Kien-Lung. The index alone fills twelve folio volumes.

Albert Gallatin Morton, of Amesbury, Mass., was born in 1804, began preaching in 1825, and has occupied his pulpit regularly ever since without in a single instance writing out a sermon.

What are supposed to be the first playing cards used were recently found in the Pompeian excavations and are now in the possession of a collector in Philadelphia. The cards are perfectly square.

A single lemon tree in Caloosahatchee, Fla., has on it over 5,000 lemons, many of which weigh a pound each. It is predicted that Florida will soon become the greatest lemon-growing country in the world.

A four-year old son of William H. Wood, of Centor Square, Montgomery county, who swallowed a carpet tack in March, 1888, coughed it up a few days ago. His throat ailed continually in the interval.

A lady at Titusville, Fla., has a novelty in the way of roses. One of her many varieties bears a bud which is green when it blossoms. In the bud it is so nearly the color of the foliage as to be hard to distinguish.

The earliest known will has been discovered by Flinders Petri at Kahun, or as the town was known 4,500 years ago, Illahun. The document is so curiously modern in form that it might almost be granted probate to-day.

Where the Cost Comes in Getting Grain to Market.

Freights and Farmers.

A bushel of wheat is hauled by rail 1,500 miles for five cents. That is pretty cheap, and the farmer cannot expect much cheaper railway service very soon. It costs him five cents to haul the bushel about eight miles by wagon. If the cost of the wagon-haul were reduced to one cent per bushel, it would still be thirty-six times the cost of the haul by rail for the same distance, and the farmer would be ahead four cents a bushel, or about \$21 on the average crop of wheat harvested from forty acres of land. Here is the place for economy.

Care in Sowing Seed.

"The result is that most of the seed germinates, the plants have sufficient room for development, they do not get 'leggy,' but are strong and stocky, and in the finely pulverized but well-compacted soil they are well furnished with roots. When these plants are set in the field they do not suffer from the change; their vigor pushes them ahead, they are quickly established, and yield a large proportion of well-developed heads. Low-priced seed, purchased by the same gardener, would have been sown more thickly in loose and coarse soils, where the plants would have been long-drawn, poorly rooted and without vigor when transplanted. The product from such a beginning will be late, small and of inferior quality. This is not an imaginary case. I have seen seed from the same stock give the best satisfaction, and in other cases none at all. The sole reason for these opposite results was that in one instance the seed was sown properly and improperly in others. I have more than once noted experiences of precisely this character among the growers of cauliflower in Suffolk county."

Jersey Cattle for Beef.

breed for the butcher, but it had in these experiments a smaller percentage of waste meat than any other, and was especially fine flavored in parts. These experiments have not been tried far enough yet to be conclusive. Individual peculiarities of farm have much to do with the amount of waste in animals, and the flavor of meat is, as every one knows, greatly dependent upon what the animal has been fed.

Growing Sweet Potatoes in the North.

Very little cultivation is required—just enough to keep down the weeds until the plants cover the ground, when they will take care of themselves. If the vines of the Jersey meet and send runners into the soil they should be lifted enough to break the small roots thus formed and confine the growth to the tubers in the ridge. This is all that is needed until digging time when they may be taken out with a hoe, spade or plow. It is not generally known that the earlier and not wholly ripened potatoes may be much sweeter by laying them in the sun for a few days after digging.

Vitality of Clover Seed.

Lime has the advantage of being beneficial at all seasons, though its effects in the soil may not be immediate. It never injures land, if properly applied, and though its re-

The main spring of farming is the seed. It is more important to secure good seed than to prepare for its reception in the soil. The failure of seed to germinate may cost the farmer the loss of an entire crop. The seed is something that the farmer should carefully examine now, before

Plowing and preparing the ground for corn may be done at any time when the ground is not frozen. The better the preparation of the ground the more plant-food available for the young corn in the spring. This is an excellent time for turning up the cut-worms, as exposure to frost destroys them. Plowing also permits the frost to pulverize the clods.

Household Recipes.

RAISED PORK PIE.—Make a raised crust as for chicken pie, take the bones from a loin of pork, chop fine, season with pepper, salt and powdered sage and fill your pie crust; put on the top crust, fasten the edges wet and rub the top over with the beaten yolk of an egg; bake in two hours with a paper over it to keep from burning.

A Soldier's Farewell.

Oh! mother heart,
Weep not that o'er my tomb
No sculptured marble stands, no roses
bloom,
To mark the spot where, 'neath a stranger
sky,
My ashes lie.

BIRDS AT SEA.

"lived twelve miles." If his wings ever grow weary it is but to settle quietly on the bosom of a great billow and suffer it for a time to rock and roll him amid the hissing spendthrift, the milky flying foam and gleams and disappears again upon the dark slopes. When he pleases, a stroke of the small red foot and a beat of the wonderful wing launch him off from the jagged edge of his billow, and he flits past us at one hundred knots an hour, laughing steam and canvas to scorn, and steering for some nameless crag in Labrador or Funday, or pound it may be homeward for some island or marsh of the far-away Irish coast.

Marvellously expressive of power as is our untrining engine, which all day and all night throbs and pants and pulses in noisy rhythm under the deck, what a clumsy, imperfect affair it is compared to the dainty plumes and delicate machines which will carry that pretty fearless sea swallow back to his roost!—*London Telegraph.*

ANECDOTS OF GREAT MEN.

Ben Johnson said it took one of Bacon's strongest essays to keep him from striking the poet.—New York Sun.

True Courtesy.

I breathed again, the ~~the~~ freely as I saw one and all follow his example.

The average wife is not a goose,
She's on to every subtle ruse,
And so the husband finds the trick a boot-
less vain endeavor.

Optimism.

000
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For me would be dry without it

The Worm Will Turn.

"Has that yellow-haired dude been around here to-night?"

The Worm Will Turn.

"No, I didn't miss my footing on the train. I gently reminded that dude of yours that he wasn't wanted here and this is the result. When he comes to-night tell him he can have you, and he can't have you any too quick to suit me. A man who can use his hands like that fellow is protection enough for a dozen women. If he asks for me tell him I've gone to Africa or Camden and won't be back until the marriage has blown over."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Splendid Recommendation.

Mr. Hyacinth (buying a cigar)—I hope this ain't no one o' those weeds that burn out in no time at all. I want a good long smoke."

Tobaccoonist (impressively) — Mine friends, dot cigar vill last you till you vas sick of it.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

At the same time he looked up into my face and then retreated as if terror stricken.

I thought that mighty funny, but as I was 'green' in your eastern ways and did not know what was coming next I thought it best to make tracks for the hotel and I got there as soon as possible.

"WEEDS OR GRASS," WHICH?

Her widowship.

A San Francisco lady writing to the Chronicle is anxious for some distinguishing mark to distinguish widows and suggest for the one a Divorce Cap. It might be pertinent to remark that there might be two kinds—one trimmed with weeds, the other with grass. This lady says: "I think there ought to be some kind of a divorce cap. A man does not need one. He always looks single. But if some inventive milliner will think up a design for a hat that will permit you to understand whether a woman is a spinster, married or divorced she will save me a great deal of trouble. The most trying thing for a man to find out about a woman he has fallen in love with is to husband and she can stand almost anything else and still hope. But the prudent widow with the child always dresses the child up in a way to attract attention. There's something about the contrast between the two and the way she treats the child that seems to say, 'This poor child has no father.' And man, poor sympathetic man, with his heart drawn to youthful innocence, thinks he is catching the mother by giving candy to the infant. The mother, bless her dear, unsuspecting, frank, ingenious heart, is catching him and saving the expense of the family bonbons. Pity is akin to love, is it? It seems to me that love is akin to pity. Anyway, men don't pity women when they don't love them, but they love them very often when they don't pity them. Other women do the pitying."

A Stream of Phantom Fish.

A Stream of Phantom Fish.

A stream near Benton, Tenn., is said to be full of phantom fish. Standing on the rocks and looking down into the water the eyes can see hundreds of trout, some of them remarkably large, darting about the pool or resting with the gentle motion peculiar to their tribe. The angler casts his line in one of these pools literally swarming with fish to all appearances, and no matter how attractive the fly or how skillful the fisherman, he never gets a bite. As plentiful as they seem to be no one has ever been able to catch a trout in this stream. The fish pay no attention to the hook or line, and the bait is thrown at them, or an attempt is made to spear them, the instrument has the appearance of passing through the fish, but he is not caught; when the barb or spear is removed he is still there.

Wicked Pastimes.

A manufacturer of foot-balls wrote to the "secretary foot-ball club" of a town in Wales soliciting orders. He received from the parish clerk a reply which read: "We have no clubs of the kind here. We are better Christians than to allow our young men to indulge in such wicked pastimes. Let them read their bibles and common prayers and think of death." The admonition to the foot-ball player to "think of death" is timely. They generally do before the game is half over. But the reply of the parish clerk shows that Wales is a decidedly poor place for a young man to obtain a thorough college education. — *Norristown Herald.*

Served Them Both Alike.

Miss Gotham—I don't like young Mr. Dolley. He fairly talked the arm off me last night.

Miss Boston—Yes, he also performed verbal operation on me.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1903

Both Topeka and Lawrence will have it that their bridges are about to fall into the river.

The bill for the admission of Wyoming as a state was reported to the house from the committee on territories.

For one we do not consider the speaker's chances for the presidency worth a Reed. The Maine chance for that has passed.

The supreme court of Colorado has decided that the state has jurisdiction over the saloons of Denver, and the sheriff may close all the saloons Sunday.

Governor Humphrey has offered \$300 for the arrest and conviction of Cass Rody, who on February 8, 1890, stabbed and killed James Patton, three miles west of Paola.

Peanut parties are the latest fad. We do not understand what a peanut party is, but it must be something rather soft. Certainly it is a nut not very hard to crack.

The most injury ever done to a Harrison was when some one called a speech made by Russel B. Harrison at Atlanta, able and eloquent, and then gave extracts from it.

The ice houses in Chicago are reported almost entirely empty, while there has been little out this winter, and an ice famine next summer in the entire area is threatened.

Governor Humphrey appointed George S. Green, of Manhattan, and J. C. Strang, of Larned, supreme court commissioners. B. F. Simpson, of Topeka, was reappointed. Judge Samuel C. Parks, of Winfield, was appointed to fill a vacancy on the state board of pardons.

Attorney General Kellogg is preparing his brief in the case from Leavenworth to test the constitutionality of the prohibitory law which authorizes a county attorney or an assistant attorney general to summon any one before him to testify regarding the operations of the law.

The most horrible feature of the insurance business that has ever come to light, is that of insuring the lives of young children in some of the larger cities, and then maltreating them until they die. It is practiced by unnatural parents, and by scoundrels who adopt the waifs of the street for this purpose. The innate devilry of much of the human kind seems to be inconceivable.

Governor Humphrey has pardoned Jno. W. Webster, who was sent up from Jackson county, June 7, 1889, for two years for forgery, on condition that he abstain from the use of liquor for two years. He forged the name of his brother-in-law, James Bradley, to a note for \$50 while he was under the influence of liquor. He had previously borne a good reputation.

A state gathering of third party prohibitionists will be held in Representative hall in Topeka, February 26 and 27. Mrs. S. T. Grubb, department superintendent of the work of the W. C. T. U. among foreigners, and Prof. Samuel Dickie, chairman of the national prohibition committee, will address the gathering on the evening of the 26th. Ex-Governor John P. St. John and Rev. J. D. Botkin, of Wichita, will speak the following evening.

The St. Louis Post Dispatch calls it a humiliating spectacle when the women of Lathrop, Mo., visit a saloon and destroy the liquors that the people under local option law have said should not be sold. We would say that the spectacle is hardly so humiliating as the necessity. If the officers, and after them the men of the town have not the manhood to properly close up the nuisance, the women may be almost justified in resorting to measures that are not ordinarily to be approved. Heroic measures are sometimes to be sanctioned.

What disgraceful scenes are always presented to our people whenever there is a slight office to be filled. Forty persons, lean, lank, hungry office seekers begging for little crumbs from the governor who has two or three appointive offices to fill. This mania for office on the part of the lower classes of our people is an everlasting shame to this nation. We say of the lower classes, because it is true that our greatest and best men are seldom heard of in our politics. Any old pig who cannot make an honest living, or who has not the manhood to work, believes himself just the man to live at the people's expense. The people should make it a disgrace to seek office.

It is said that the pension office at Topeka disburses more money than any other pension office in the United States.

There were fewer of those abominable things known as "comic" valentines on sale this year than formerly and fewer were sent. It looks as if the alleged comic valentine is falling into disrepute, and it ought to.

Rory Moore, assistant state treasurer under Major Sims, will not be outdone by his chief, and has secured the signatures of about thirty of the wealthiest men in Lawrence, Topeka and elsewhere to his \$200,000 bond.

The president has issued a proclamation directing the removal of all cattle from what is known as the Cherokee Outlet in the northern part of Indiana Territory by the first day of October next, unless negotiations now pending for the cession of that territory to the United States shall have been completed sooner, then the cattle must be removed forthwith upon notice. He also directed that no additional horses be permitted to enter the territory after this date.

The evils that afflict this country are many and serious. The demand is for a change—a reform. It is needed and must come. But it will not come in a twinkling. One farmer writes that immediate relief is necessary. He says that this method or that method may do for next year, but that in six months he will be "busted." There is probably no help for him. Certainly none from legislation. An immediate stay law, which he wants is not possible. The trouble is the people have been slaves to politicians too long to secure freedom at once. Nothing is better just now than for the people to learn that they have a long, hard war before them. They were not wise friends of the Union who predicted in 1861-2 that the war would not last three months. It took two centuries to establish the great charter. In our harum-scarum attempt to insure liberty we have made some mistakes that will not be repaired in years. As a penalty suffering must follow.

The Farmers' Alliance and Laborers' Union is now on trial. It is passing through its crucial stage. Rapid growth is not always the best. It seldom gathers strength. This must come with maturity. So far the Alliance has had remarkable growth. It has also shown unusual wisdom. There are, however, unfavorable symptoms coming to the surface. They are the snags that may impede or wreck its progress. They are the political barnacles and bunners seeking to attach themselves to it. Then there are those who mean well but who will not feel that they can act independent of party when it comes to voting. The source of all the trouble is in our political system. To remove it will require proper legislation. To insure this the right action must be taken at the polls. Early steps must be taken to secure the legislatures of the several states. Resolutions and memorials are all well enough, but the election of legislators who need no such urging and bolstering are much better. The farmers have to determine whether they will control the law making power. It still remains to be seen whether the kid-glove farmer and the soft snap seeker is to work his way in and get control. It is already plain enough that they are trying it.

We have received from the publisher of the American Dairyman, a paper published in New York, presumably in the interest of dairymen, circulars condemning Insurance Commissioner Wilder of Kansas and asking us to circulate a petition, asking the Governor to remove him from that office. We will do no such thing. While we think Wilder used some language in his last report that he had better left out, yet we believe Mr. Wilder has done the state a great service in weeding out the wild, cat insurance companies that were defrauding the people and breaking down honest companies. We want Wilder in that office a few years yet to watch these frauds, and we believe the larger portion of the people of Kansas agree with us. It looks very suspicious to see a pretended dairy paper jumping on Wilder in this manner. It had better attend to its legitimate affairs. The man Harper who is at the head of this very suspicious insurance concern which Mr. Wilder forbade a foothold in Kansas, was made the subject of a two column article from a European correspondent of the New York Independent some time ago. It was there shown how this man Harper went to Germany to establish his company there. He was fully investigated by the German officials including Bismark himself, and his unreliability being shown up, he was not allowed to do business there. Web Wilder is in very good company. The American Dairyman is a fraud.

Money and Brains Rule this Country.

The above caption was a remark made to me by a gentleman of Lincoln who has quite an amount of money, but a very limited modicum of brains. It is a common remark, and is thought to be true by this class of men. But as a matter of fact nothing is further from the truth.

Money certainly, at this time, rules the country; but there never was a time in our history when brains had so little to do with it.

Let us look at a few facts connected with money—"money and brains," as these gentlemen have it.

Silver is one of the leading products of our mines, and is one of the money metals of the world. We demonetized silver, thus destroying one of its best markets and aiding in depreciating its value to an extent never before known. The influence of money accomplished this,—with our assistance—foreign money which was used against our interest. I believe it is now generally conceded that "brains" had little to do with it. What would be thought of a farmer who would do all in his power to destroy the market and lessen the value of one of his leading products, like wheat before offering it for sale. This is what we did with silver.

Again, ours is a debtor country, and our securities were held abroad to a large amount. We were buying money with products to pay our interest to the extent of \$190,000,000 a year.

Sound business principles demanded that we should hold up the purchasing power of products, thereby cheapening money, so we might the more easily meet our obligations. What did we do? We joined Germany and the Latin Union in throwing one of the precious metals—by far the larger one in volume—out of use as money, thereby largely increasing the value of money and diminishing the value of products, and of course in the same ratio increasing the value of our securities abroad and the burden of paying them. [I want your farmer readers to fully realize that, as we buy money with products, just as we diminish the value of products we increase the burden of debt.]

This was a national transaction, carried out by the men who "rule" the country. How much "brains" was in it?

In fact, was it not the worst fool operation any country ever perpetrated?—joining with our debtors to increase our debt and make its payment more difficult.

Again, we are great exporters—i. e. sellers—of food products, which the world must have, no matter what their price.

Now, in regard, what would be to our interest? Manifestly to so manipulate the money as to maintain the price of our products—to so manage as to obtain the largest amount of money for what we have to sell.

This is what "brains" would dictate. What did we do? We did all in our power to lessen the volume of the world's money, thus diminishing the value of our exports which the world must have, and proportionately increasing our burdens as debtors.

As large producers of silver, as a debtor nation with hundreds of millions of our securities drawing interest abroad, as a great exporter of food products, "brains" would have dictated exactly the reverse of the policy that has been pursued. One thousand millions of dollars would not make good to this nation the loss it has suffered by this fool management—by this divorcing of "brains" from sound finance.

This suicidal policy has been dictated by the men whose business is dealing in money—whose income is derived from interest. Their sole object is to enhance the value of money, or incomes derived from lending, in its relation to labor—to control labor by controlling money. Think of the comparative smallness of the class which accomplishes this.

Arrayed against it in numbers as well as in fact and interest, are all laborers, farmers, miners, merchants, manufacturers, artisans, lawyers, teachers—in short, all men of all other classes.

In all this connection "brains" may be counted out. No such national stupidity was ever illustrated before.—J. Butrows in Farmers' Voice.

The democrats in Congress wisely concluded not to continue their factional fight. On Monday morning Mr. Carlisle made a statement in behalf of the democrats, after the reading of the journal, to the effect that they had decided to not oppose the workings of the new rules. He doubted the constitutionality of the rules, but the democrats would make their appeal in some other form than to the house.

INTER-OCEAN MILLS.

PAGE, NORTON & CO,
—NORTH TOPEKA, KANSAS.—

Millers and Grain Merchants

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

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

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

Books and Magazines.

"The City of St. Paul" will be the subject of a four-page supplement, by William Willard Howard, in the number of Harper's Weekly published February 19th. The article will be profusely illustrated.

Benjamin Constant's picture, "A Funeral in Morocco," has been reproduced in a double-page engraving for the number of Harper's Bazar published February 1st. Mary Gay Humphreys has contributed to the same number an article on "Plaster Casts, and How to Use Them."

Mrs. Arthur Brooks contributed an article on "The Berkley Ladies' Athletic Club" to the number of Harper's Young People published February 18th. "Empty Bottles"—a story of a great magician and an ambitious student—written and illustrated by Howard Pyle, will appear in the same number.

The important series of illustrated articles on modern armies of the great powers will be continued in the March number of Harper's Magazine with "The Army of the United States," by General Wesley Merritt, U. S. A., illustrated by R. F. Zogbaum. The changes in the science of war during recent years, and the remarkable development of military organization, have, it is said, enabled General Merritt to point with timely emphasis to some startling truths in regard to our military resources which would be available in case of war.

Alden & Faxon, Newspaper advertising Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio, have just issued a very neat List of the leading newspapers of the United States. The first 10 or 12 pages are devoted to advertisements, which they have written for various firms and which have been prominent successes; also hints and suggestions to new-advertisers. This firm make a specialty of writing advertisements, and of devising methods by which money can be made out of newspaper advertising. Judging by their little book, they have been eminently successful in this direction. This Newspaper List will be sent free on application.

Peterson for March is a number of exceptional beauty and excellence. The principle engravings are fine works of art. The double fashion plate is very attractive, and there are numerous dainty and original needlework designs. The opening article, "A Picture from Italy" is a well told reminiscence, and the views of picturesque Sorrento and its environs are capitally done. Mrs. Lucy H. Hooper's serial, "A Magnificent Marriage," grows more absorbing, and Miss Alice Bowman begins a novelet of Louisiana life, called "The Story of Dagma," which opens in a delightful way. "The News He Brings," and "His Mistake," are noticeable short stories. "Things Worth Knowing," "The Linen Closet," and the household department offer numerous receipts and suggestions. Terms, \$2.00 per year. Address: Peterson's Magazine, No. 306 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Frank Vincent, the well-known traveler, author of the recently published book, "Around and About South America," and of a forthcoming work on Central America, furnishes an elaborate leading article on "The Republics of Central America," in the March number of Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly. Guatemala, Honduras, Salvador, Nicaragua and Costa Rica are graphically described, with numerous and beautiful illustrations, making a contribution of the highest intrinsic interest, as well as of peculiar timeliness in connection with the work of the Pan-American Congress. Other illustrated articles offer attractions in a variety of directions—notably Frederick Daniel's charming description of Richmond, Virginia's historic capital; "The Music of All Nations," as exemplified at the Paris Exposition; "Where Garfield was Canaboy," an account of a leisurely voyage on the Ohio Canal; "Ostrich Feathers," from the bird to the bonnet; "The Photographic Autobiography of a Sioux Chief," etc. Alfred H. Guernsey begins a series of historical papers on Frederick the Great. The serial and short stories are always a special feature of the Popular Monthly, while its pictures are more numerous and excellent than ever.

A splendid twenty-four inch vein of coal was struck at Alma at a depth of four hundred and eighty feet. It is far superior in quality to any vein heretofore discovered there. A shaft 8x18 feet in size is being sunk.

A clerk in one of the Lawrence stores paid quite a compliment to the Indian girls as shoppers a few days ago, saying that he wished more of the white ladies were as easy to wait upon and as polite as the Indian girls from Haskell Institute.

J. H. LYMAN & Co.,

PIANOS & ORGANS.

803 Kansas Avenue.

Agent for the Unequaled Mason & Hamlin Pianos & Organs.

Agents for the Celebrated Estey Pianos and Organs.

—Story and Clark Organs.—

DAVIS SEWING MACHINES.

—TOPEKA.—



ON SALE
TO ALL
PRINCIPAL POINTS
EAST, WEST,
NORTH and SOUTH

—AT—
Topeka, Kansas,
F. A. LEWIS, City Ticket Agent

Farmers and others who think as many of them do, that some one hobby of theirs will bring about a great social revolution, have much to learn. A little change in the money system, a change in the tax system, tariff reform, and many others, all necessary, will not be able to secure desired results, but their adoption will be helps of the right. There may be some speedy relief through a change of conditions, but it will be better to understand that we are entering up on a long struggle, or that we are continuing a long struggle under some new phases, wherein a process of education is to play a principal part. What the results may be within the next two or three generations, the imagination of very few now living can picture. It is probable that some very fine theories of this generation will be dissolved in mist. The proper thing to do is to act up to the best light we have without spinning theories, and to continue to agitate, agitate, agitate.

The Union Pacific now runs its "plug train" from Junction City to Kansas City.

An accident occurred to the south bound passenger on the Santa Fe on Monday morning five miles south of Wichita. Roadmaster Peters was killed and several seriously injured. The bridge over a ten foot culvert was burned, it is believed by tramps, and the engine broke through, three baggage cars piling on top of it.

CATARRH, Catarrhal Deafness—Hay Fever. A NEW HOME TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks. N. B.—This treatment is not a snuff or an ointment; both have been discarded by reputable physicians as injurious. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent on receipt of three cents in stamps to pay postage, by A. H. Dixon & Son, 337 and 339 West King Street, Toronto, Canada—Christian Advocate.

Sufferers from Catarrhal troubles should carefully read the above.

Western Farm News.

According to the report of the Kansas State Dairy Association, out of the 117 creameries in Kansas, all are in successful operation except six.

It costs no more to feed and care for a good animal than it does a poor one. While there is a considerable difference in their value when placed upon the market their difference in value is nearly all profit.

A cow that starts out in the spring in good condition will make better returns through the summer than if she starts out in poor condition. There is nothing made by starving a cow through the winter. Never let her fall away in flesh for want of food.

Trees are already coming into bloom. White maple, white elm, silky willow and common hazel are all in bloom, and in a few days, if this warm weather continues, will be in full bloom. This is at least three weeks earlier than the average of the past fifteen years.

The success of cotton crop in some of the southern counties encourages the farmers to try the crop more extensively this year. Cotton pays much better than corn or wheat, but it is not probable that it will ever be extensively raised except in a few counties.

The Seedmen's Catalogue will now be coming along resplendent in colored covers and chromo illustrations. They are attractive and useful volumes and contain a vast amount of correct and valuable information. Don't invest too heavily in the novelties. Try a few of the most promising, but put your dependence upon the proved standard varieties. Always make out your list of garden seeds and order them long before you want to plant them.—Orchard and Garden.

Do not fail to read our offer to furnish seeds with subscriptions. No such chance was ever before presented and this we can promise only for a short time.

There is no need of bodily ailments. They exist because of violation of laws of health somewhere along the line. There is no need of financial depression, of poverty and want. They exist because of violation of natural law. If we were wise and good enough to enact human law entirely in harmony with natural law, perhaps there would be no money lords and no starving children. But this state of things has never existed. Possibly our own nation comes nearer to the desired condition than any other, and yet it is doubtful if we realize it. If we did, perhaps there would be less probability of future progress. The more one has of wealth or of liberty, the more he wants, and so the struggle goes on. The desire for something just beyond our present reach is the inspiration of the world, and perfect obedience to law is not of this life.

It is a good season just now to get out the posts and other material needed for a grape trellis and prepare them for setting.

A Garden City man realized \$250 from an acre of ground planted to peanuts. The sandhills of Kansas are always in the front row.

A very important point in pruning, is to cover the cuts to protect them from the influence of the weather. Common grafting wax is beneficial, but perhaps the best is gum shellac dissolved in alcohol.

The general history of beef breeds of cattle is that so long as the herds are few and in the hands of good breeders, they are popular, but when they fall into the hands of poor feeders they become unpopular.

Try while there is plenty of time to arrange so that when grass has made a sufficient growth, to supply the pigs with all they can eat, a place can be arranged for them. So long as it can be secured, grass is the cheapest food for growing pigs.

It is a great mistake to let growth run on without restraint for two or three years, and to suppose that a pruning then will set all to rights. The fundamental rule of the art is to take away all young shoots that are not fitted to make permanent bearing branches. Remove these the sooner the better, but remove no others.

After pruning the orchard, care should be taken to clean up and burn all the brush before the embryo insects harboring in it have time to mature. The loose bark should also be scraped off and burned, and every cluster of the eggs of the tent caterpillar be removed betimes and cast into the fire.

April pigs pushed can readily be in a condition to fatten in November and can be marketed by Christmas. This gives a good time for growth and time to fatten before hot weather sets in. In the spring before hot weather sets in and in the fall after the weather gets cooler is the best time to secure a good gain at the lowest cost.

It is now pretty generally conceded that grape vines may be safely pruned at any time during the winter from fall to spring and in that case it is an easy matter to bend the canes to the ground after pruning and there let them lie. In this position they will escape exposure to the cold, dry winds that are more dangerous and damaging than even intense cold. The wood intended for cuttings should be made up into suitable lengths, tied in bundles, labeled and buried in the soil.

The schools of Mound Valley are closed on account of scarlet fever.

The tobacco crop in Cowley county last year yielded \$60 to the acre.

Adam Brenner, who recently died at Doniphan, left \$27,000 life insurance.

Three prisoners escaped from the county jail at Columbus by cutting through the walls.

Farmer Burkett of Parsons assaulted State Senator Kimball on the street the other day with a maul handle.

John Martin and Mrs. Neal of St. John eloped the other day and when last heard from were in Pueblo.

A. S. Everett of Atchison recently sold his gold mine on Bear mountains, near Hot Springs, to a New York syndicate for \$250,000.

The Garden City Imprint says: Finney county has a poor house, but it has never had an occupant as a county charge.

A New York furrier is in Parsons buying up cat skins. The small boys are making more money than they know what to do with.

A Chinaman passed through Hutchinson the other day hunting his runaway wife. He was from San Francisco, where they lived happily till his wife eloped.

A Kiowa hardware firm sold 600 pounds of powder, three tons of shot and 14,000 loaded shells during the last fall and present winter.

The members of the Farmers' alliance in Reno county have pledged their trade to a Hutchinson merchant. He is laying in a wholesale stock.

Ellis county has a farmer who cleared \$1,624 on eighty acres of wheat. The yield was thirty-five bushels to the acre and it was sold at 55 cents a bushel.

The historic city of Lawrence is hoping most earnestly that the bill introduced for an appropriation of \$100,000 for a public building there will go through.

The farmers of Mission township Shawnee county, will vote on a proposition to give \$15,000 bond to aid in the rebuilding of the Topeka sugar works, destroyed by fire last year.

Capt. L. J. Webb of Topeka, a benevolently inclined G. A. R. commander, proposes to establish a paper devoted to the interests of the G. A. R., Sons of Veterans and Woman's Relief corps.

The G. A. R. men of Sterling in mass meeting resolved in favor of Ingalls service pension bill and insist and demand that the Kansas congressman use their influence for its passage.

Newton R. Spencer, the county attorney of Stanton county, headed off \$16,000 in fraudulent bonds that had been issued to the American Sugar company before they reached the state auditor.

The east is being flooded with Kansas advertising matter and boom editions of the different papers. There is nothing selfish about Kansas. They have a good state and want the world to know it.

Gov. Humphrey is daily in receipt of letters approving Hon. Webb Wilder's course in ridding the state of snake infestation companies. When an old time Jayhawker sets out to head off a bad crowd they might as well surrender.

The gross earnings in round numbers of the Burton Stock Car company of Wichita, were \$99,000; the expenses of every sort, \$83,000; net earnings about \$16,000. This is the first annual statement.

The bond of the new state treasurer, Major Wm. Sims, has been approved by the executive council. The bond is for \$1,000,000, but the sureties are easily worth \$5,000,000, making an unusually strong bond.

Eugene F. Ware, the poet lawyer of Fort Scott, has made that city quite a proposition to the effect that he will furnish \$5,000 with which to begin a free library in that city, provided the city council will furnish rooms for the same.

Bishop Link of Leavenworth has issued a lenten pastoral in which the Farmers' alliance is freely discussed. He reviews the constitution of the Farmers' alliance and gives his opinion that no Catholic can become a member of it under its constitution.

The first statistical report concerning the salt industry of Kansas has just been prepared by Secretary Mohler of the agricultural department. The product for the year amounted to 547,224 barrels, and in addition there was 19,056 tons that was not put in barrels. The total value of the product was \$448,238.

A banking company at Marian is constructing a number of capacious warehouses near that city for the storage of corn upon which it is proposed to loan money to the farmers who prefer this method to selling at the present price. The company proposes to accommodate the farmers to the extent of 100,000 bushels and have already contracted with one farmer for 10,000 bushels.

A Kansan by the name of Gillock, living near Hutchinson, three years ago made a fish pond covering an acre of ground and stocked it with German carp. He is now selling about 400 pounds of fish a month at from 4 to 8 cents per pound. He estimates the product of his fish pond at 3,000 pounds, worth \$350. Fishraiser Gillock thinks that others may continue to raise carp at 15 cents a bushel if they so desire.

Judge Benson decided the case of J. B. Watkins vs. J. D. Bowersock, of the National bank of Lawrence, application for the appointment of a receiver, the plaintiff alleging that the defendants had placed the bank in liquidation for the purpose of "freezing out" the plaintiff, he owning 26 per cent of the stock and being the largest single stockholder. The defendants organized the Lawrence National Bank, continuing in business. Watkins alleged that they absorbed the old bank and were now making a speedy effort to wind up the affairs. The defendants claimed they had done nothing not authorized by the national bank act and were making diligent efforts to settle in accordance with the best interests of all concerned. Judge Benson denied the application for the appointment of a receiver.

Free Education for Girls.

A most praiseworthy movement is about to be set on foot by The Ladies' Home Journal of Philadelphia. It proposes to give to any young girl of 16 years or over who will send to it, between now and January 1st, 1891, the largest number of yearly subscribers to the Journal, a complete education at Vassar College or any other American college she may select. The education offered includes every branch of study, with every expense paid, the Journal agreeing to educate the girl irrespective of the time required or the expense involved. To this is also pinned a second offer, which guarantees to any girl of 16 or over who will secure 1000 yearly subscribers before January 1st, a full term of one year at Vassar of any other preferred college, with all expenses paid, thus making it possible for any number of young girls to receive free education at the best colleges. Any girl can enter into the competition, and any such can be thoroughly posted off simply writing to The Ladies' Home Journal at 435 Arch Street, Philadelphia. The management says that it has been led to its generous offer by the fact that there are thousands of parents throughout the country anxious to educate their daughters, and yet who cannot afford the expense. This step helps to a comparatively easy solution of the problem, since it throws a free education into the hands of any bright and active girl. The Journal's movement is one that certainly cannot be too highly commended and praised.

"Buffalo" Jones on Buffaloes.

Mr. C. J. Jones, of Garden City, Kas., popularly known in the west as "Buffalo Jones," appeared before the senate committee on agriculture this morning and made an extended argument in favor of the bill introduced by Senator Plumb for the protection of the American bison. This bill proposes to lease for a term of years to Mr. Jones a portion of the neutral strip south of the western boundary of Kansas, and to permit him to place therein his herd of eighty buffalo, with the object of propagating the American bison. Mr. Jones says that at the present time in the entire North American continent there are but 1,100 buffalo, and of these nearly four hundred are in Manitoba, 500 in captivity in museums and private herds, and 200 in the Yellowstone park. He went into details showing the value of the buffalo as a domestic animal, and exhibited specimens of robes secured from crossing the buffalo with our domestic cattle, in which the luster and color was greatly enhanced. He believes that if the government will afford protection to the few buffalo which remain and stimulate the energies of these desirous of thoroughly domesticating them, that within twenty years the American bison will be seen in many farmyards of the west, and that the prairies which were once covered with hundreds of thousands of these magnificent animals, will once more be populated with their successors.—Chicago News.

The Sun prints a five column article on Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, entitled "Is Talmage a Humbug?" It dwells upon the preacher's advertising methods and describes his peculiar efforts to secure publicity for all his movements and sayings. It says he has acquired a large fortune by pursuing methods not hitherto considered proper in a clergyman and accuses him of profaning sacred places for selfish purposes.

There is an interesting struggle going on between the English and French languages in Canada. Both are of legal use, and a good deal of confusion results. It is especially galling to the English that the language of the country to which they give allegiance cannot be made to answer all purposes, but sometimes give way to the French. The experiment may lead to interesting results. A few centuries of such mixture in England after the Norman conquest resulted in the most copious and flexible language on the face of the earth. What a further admixture of French will do remains to be seen.

Commissioner Betton of the bureau of labor has compiled, for his forthcoming report, some valuable statistics regarding the milling industry of the state. Two hundred and twenty-four mills, with a capital of \$6,401,552, make reports. These use 1,381 sets of rolls and 261 pairs of burrs. Only 15.9-10 per cent was ground by the burrs, and this chiefly cornmeal. Kansas has many first-class mills, equipped with the latest inventions in the way of machinery. One mill reports capital of \$165,000. Eight range from \$100,000 to \$150,000, nine from \$75,000 to 100,000, seven from \$50,000 to \$75,000, fifty-two from \$25,000 to \$50,000, and the rest smaller amounts. The business of flour making is increasing in the larger cities and Kansas flour already has a well established reputation in Europe. Nearly three million barrels were produced during the year ending June 30. The average cost of grain was about 72 cents, and fifteen million bushels were ground.

Supplies for State Institutions.

Mr. Ed. Buschner, of North Topeka, is one of the most prominent citizens of the capital. He is a man of education, quick intelligence, and shrewd business habits. He writes to the Capital a letter which sufficiently explains itself:

"In your issue of the 11th inst., you publish a communication from Mr. L. K. Kirk, chairman board of state institutions, in answer to a request from Governor Humphrey concerning the letter of beef contracts.

I hope you will allow me space to express my views on the subject, being a party interested.

It seems to me Mr. Kirk's letter, which purports to be one of explanation, is certainly in a measure more one of concealment.

When the state board determined to have the state institutions supplied from one or two houses only (which is now the case) it virtually excluded all Kansas slaughter houses in that section of the state that could successfully compete with Kansas City, Mo., on account of transportation. The Wolff Packing company, of this city, which does an annual business of three quarters of a million dollars, could not afford to compete under the conditions required.

Concerning the circular Mr. Kirk refers to as having been prepared, please permit me to say it is a true and exact copy of the Armour Packing company's General Trade circular, and it certainly looks as though the same had been prepared and furnished by that house which is so widely known for its unselfishness, and the house that would have the dear people believe that it only makes 33 cents on every steer it kills.

Now as for prices as compared by Mr. Kirk, I do not claim to be familiar with the prices paid at the different institutions, but I do claim to know what was paid by the reform school. While Mr. Kirk says the state paid 7.215 cents per pound, the fact is the reform school actually paid 5.95 cents all round per pound (according to my letter accompanying my bid) delivered at the school and that for "out beef," which fact is very carefully kept back until prices are given.

Another thing which Mr. Kirk very carefully avoids mentioning: "In the old prices the free delivery of the meat was included at least for the two Topeka institutions. The reform school supplies were delivered during the winter season every other day, in warmer weather every day, and in mid-summer if necessary, it was at the reform school at 5 a. m. Now they are required to come in town for their meats; nor is this all, while the reform school was furnished by local butchers, it had but a small refrigerator. I happened to be present in 1884 when the board (under Glick's administration) took the inventory of the effects of the reform school, and I distinctly remember Mr. Bond, of Sahna, said to Superintendent Beck: "Doctor, in your report to the legislature, ask for an ice house and the board will endorse it," which request was made by Dr. Buck but not granted by the legislature, and which I am inclined to think Dr. Buck has asked for several times since and always been refused. Now, in order to buy the meats as now brought, the board order a large refrigerator and an ice house erected regardless of the legislature. Where is your consistency?

Concerning the quality of meats as furnished by local butchers, referred to by Mr. Kirk, I can only say I have furnished the state reform school with their meats seven years out of the eight and one-half years of its existence, and will cheerfully leave that matter for the public to form its own opinions and conclusions. Hoping you will favor me by giving me above space in your paper, I am sincerely yours, Ed. Buschner.

A slight earthquake was felt at Wamego on Sunday.

Iowa will not go back on prohibition, and North Dakota will not go into the lottery business but Utah will go back on Mormonism. Altogether the country is right side up if not quite level.

Some one suggests that the government build ware-houses for the farmers to store their corn, and thinks this might as well be done as for it to hold vast quantities of whiskey in bond. If the farmer would consent to pay a big tax on corn the same as is paid on whiskey, perhaps the government would do this.

The Louisiana Lottery company is making a desperate effort to retain its corporate life. It has failed to secure a charter from North Dakota, and its next move it is said will be an enormous bribe to the Louisiana legislature for a renewal of its present charter which will expire two years hence. Its proposition will be to pay the entire state debt, amounting to from ten to twelve million dollars. The lottery is earning three millions per annum net. Many prominent Louisianians fear the bribe may be accepted. This lottery is the great American swindle and a national disgrace. It is fed by American fools.

Daniel Webster on Mothers.

Hon. Geo. S. Hale said in a recent address:

Daniel Webster, when he spoke to the women of Richmond (for he condescended to think women were entitled to listen to the speeches of great politicians and statesmen upon some subjects) said:

"Bonaparte once asked Madame De Stael in what manner he could best promote the happiness of France. Her reply is full of political wisdom. She said, 'Instruct the mothers of the French people.'"

In what shall they instruct their children? "They will impress," said Webster, "upon their children the truth that the exercise of the elective franchise is a social duty of as solemn a nature as man can be called to perform; that a man may not innocently trifle with his vote; that every free elector is a trustee as well for others as himself, and that every man and every measure he supports has an important bearing on the interests of others, as well as on his own. It is in the inculcation of high and pure morals such as these, that, in a free republic, woman performs her sacred duty and fulfils her destiny."

And are women competent to inculcate pure and high morals such as these, and incompetent to practise them and to set the example of performing the duty they inculcate? And are these women competent to inculcate such morals, to instruct their sons how to exercise the elective franchise, so that Webster could say that nothing could be done for a great country so effective for the promotion of its honor and virtue and prosperity as to instruct them, and shall we say that they are incapable and unfit to do the thing which they can instruct their sons to do? There can be no greater absurdity than to deny this privilege to those whom you believe to be capable of instructing others in the exercise of that very privilege.

I am sure that no argument could be needed upon such a proposition as this. We believe that the mother is capable of instructing her son from the time she takes him in her arms until she carries him through the school and watches him in the college and brings him to that age at which by our laws he is entitled to exercise the elective franchise, but that then she is incapable to act with him. Then this young soul which she has brought to that time, and has fitted for the great office to which he is admitted, is to exercise it as her master and dictator, without any opening for a share on her part in the exercise of the power given to him and in whose exercise you invite her to instruct him.

I cannot conceive of a more absurd condition of things than that the woman who is capable of doing all this is not capable to do the lesser thing.

The Denver News says: "It will require but a few days now to complete the grading on the Pike's Peak cog road. The traction will begin next week of the electric light line along the road. The electric lights will be placed every 400 feet. If necessary, work will be continued on the road at night by the aid of these lights.

Next July the Illinois law prohibiting aliens from holding title to land in the state will become effective. Over 1,000,000 acres are now held by foreigners.

The greatest flouring mills in the state are said to be in Topeka.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The undersigned having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, [FREE] with the directions for preparing and using the same which will find a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c. Parties wishing the Prescription, will please address, Rev. E. A. WILSON, Williamsburgh, N. Y.

SEEDS. GARDEN, FLOWER AND FIELD. Potatoes, Fruit Trees, Plants and Vines all the best varieties. The New Currant "Crab-apple" a fruit specialty. Send at once for our free catalogue. It is a novelty in these days of bombast and exaggeration that all want, as it gives accurate Description and Fair Prices for the best goods. Send address now to FRANK FORD & SON, Ravenna, Ohio.

TREES. Root Grafts—Everything! No larger stock in U. S. No better. No cheaper. Pike Co. Nurseries, Louisiana, Mo.

\$60 Salary. \$40 Expenses in Advance allowed each month. Steady employment at home or traveling. No soliciting duties delivering and making collections. No postal cards. Address with stamp, HAYES & Co. Plaquemine, La.

FREE. One of the BEST Telescopes in the world. Our telescopes are unequalled, and to introduce our superior goods we will send them to you on any reasonable terms. Only those who write to us at once can make sure of the chance. All you have to do is return to us three of your goods to those who call your neighbors' names. The advertisement showing the small size of the telescope. The following cut gives the appearance of it reduced in size.

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

Rev. T. Dewitt Talmage, the eminent Brooklyn divine, it is announced, will sever his connection with periodical literature, and devote his energies as editor exclusively to the Christian Herald of New York.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes and John G. Whittier are optimistic old men. The former in prose and the latter in poetry have recently given voice to their ideas regarding old age. Their cheerfulness is a rebuke to aged Europeans of note who seem to grow crabbed as they approach the end of life.

It is an interesting fact that the portrait of Queen Victoria in widow's weeds is still used on the 3-cent and 6-cent postage stamps of Newfoundland. The 1-cent stamp of the same country shows the prince of Wales' portrait as a boy. A stamp of the Colony of Victoria bears a representation of the queen sitting on her throne.

Justice Brewer is the youngest member of the United States Supreme Court, both in years and point of service. He is only 52. The Chief Justice and Justice Harlan are 57. Justice Lamar is 65, and Justice Blatchford is five years his senior. Miller and Fields are the same age, 74, and Bradley is the Nestor of the Court, having lived 77 years.

A New Jersey colored man has demonstrated what instinct can do backed with courage. He visited a chicken house and grain shed recently and stole thirty chickens, eighteen bushels of corn, two bags of corn meal, three bags of rye feed and two bags of rye in the grain. After all, he betrayed moderation by not taking the chicken house and shed.

This thing of getting married is a risky business anyhow, but none of the new-fangled ways of going about it have been conspicuously successful. The old-fashioned courtship has yet to be improved on. This is the experience of the Pittsburg man who saw his future wife in a vision and afterwards met and married her. There was a lack of divinity in the affinity. Divorce and alimony.

Kate Field urges a large increase in the salaries of senators and congressmen, and pathetically declares: "Our public men may be rewarded in heaven. They certainly get little but cuffs in this world." Even with the inducements now offered, the supply of would-be statesmen exceeds the demand. It is significant that none of the "ins" display a desire to exchange their cuffs on earth for options on the future life.

Dr. E. Golay, a French physician, thinks that the education of the fair sex is on too narrow a basis, and that the one thing especially wanting in the tuition of the present day is instruction in the art of bringing up children. Who knows but that in the future time of the present world there will be a Professorship of Family-Raising in the female seminaries of the land. And then will come the struggle as to the mode of selection.

From memoranda of the late Henry W. Grady it has been found that during the year 1889 he made loans to various people in amounts from \$50 to \$400, the whole aggregating more than \$13,000. Most of this is collectable, and makes a substantial addition to the editor's estate. It is said that no one ever went away from him empty-handed. His purse was open to any of his friends, and his personal friends were thousands.

The Young Liberal club of Toronto, Ont., at a recent meeting declared in a resolution that, if instead of presenting addresses of a reactionary character, declaring their attachment to the British connection, the legislators would endeavor to secure for the Canada people a larger degree of self-government and thus prepare the way for the complete independence of Canada, their action would be more acceptable to Canadians generally.

The Quebec legislature a few days ago passed a bill offering 100 acres of land to every man who is the father of twelve children. The person entitled to this novel bonus appear to be numerous. At Trois Pistoles there are two families, named Roulette and Belzil, who each have fifteen living children. Another named Gingras, in Bellechasse, has had no fewer than thirty-four children born to him. Still another named Cretien, in L'Islet, has twenty-seven, and one Villancourt, in Kamouraska, has just had his thirty-seventh infant baptized.

A HARD STRUGGLE.

Saved by an Outlaw From an Infuriated Bull.

Dodging Behind Trees to Escape the Terrific Charges of the Mad Brute—Felt Sure He Was Doomed—Magnificent Exhibition of Horsemanship.

I had ridden out to a ranch says a Texas correspondent to the Atlanta constitution and was returning when I met a Mexican with a broken arm hobbling along the road, who told me that a bull had charged him the day before and flung him into a water hole, breaking his arm and bruising him severely all over.

The Mexican warned me that the bull was doubtless still in the neighborhood and that it would stand me in hand to keep a lookout for him. I had ridden a mile or two when I dismounted to drink of a little running stream I had reached and to eat my lunch. My horse I left standing without taking the precaution of tying him, though without unsaddling him. He was a young mustang, as nervous as a woman, and without any apparent cause that I could discover threw up his head all of a sudden and broke down the valley in a mad gallop, carrying of course, my saddle, with my belt containing my pistols, which I had rather foolishly removed from my waist an hour or two before and hung from the horn of my saddle.

There was nothing for it but to follow the horse on foot. So off I put in as bad humor as you can imagine, for I was already fatigued by my long ride, and a tramp of perhaps miles was anything but inviting. I trudged on for an hour or two, until my feet were cut and blistered by the sharp rocks, and had sat down to rest near a clump of cottonwood trees, one of great size, and the rest of them mere saplings. At that moment I heard a loud roar and a crash in a bush behind me, and out rushed at a terrific pace a large bull, charging straight at me. I had only just time to throw myself to one side flat on the ground as he thundered by me. My next move was to make for the clump of cottonwoods, which I succeeded in reaching just as the bull turned again. My hat had fallen to the earth as I ran, and this the animal now attacked with a ferocity and maddened rage that showed how little mercy would be shown the man when his turn came.

Having torn the hat to pieces with horns and hoofs, and having smelled me out, he commenced a circuit around the tree, stamping, pawing and bellowing frightfully. With his blood-shot eyes and long, sharp horns he looked like a demon. I was quite unarmed, having by some unlucky chance neglected to put in my knife in leaving home, and my pistols, as I said before, being in my saddle, and I was wearied unto death. The situation was a desperate one, and my only chance consisted in dodging the bull round the tree until he should be tired out, and this was indeed a faint hope, for the animal seemed fresh and warranted to outlast the strength of ten men. The bull charged again and again, sometimes coming against the tree with such force that he fell on his knees, sometimes bending the saplings behind which I stood until his horns almost reached me. There was not a branch of the one large tree low enough for me to seize and climb up, and I had no time in which to scale it between the bull's charges.

How long this awful game of "touch wood" lasted I cannot tell, for after the first excitement of self-preservation passed off weariness again took possession of me, and it required all the instinct and love of life in me to keep me on my feet. Several times the bull left me for a few seconds, pacing suddenly away, bellowing his malignant discontent of my refusal to come forth and be trampled and gored to death, but before I could cross to a better position he always came back at full speed. My tongue began to cleave to the roof of my mouth, my eyes grew hot and misty, my knees trembled under me, while a ringing in my ears warned me that nature was exhausted, and I felt it impossible to hold out until dark.

At length I grew desperate, and determined to make a run for the opposite covert the moment the bull turned from me. I felt sure I was doomed, and thought of it until I actually began to welcome the idea of its ending in any way. The bull seemed to know I was worn out, and grew more rapid and fierce in his charges, but just when I was going to sit down under the great tree and let him do his worst, I heard the rattle of a horse among the rocks above, and a shout that sounded like the voice of an angel. Then came the barking of a dog and the loud reports of a stock whip, but the bull, with his devilish eyes fixed on me never moved. Up came a horseman at full speed, and crack fell the lash on the bull's black hide, while the blood spouted out in a long streak. The animal turned savagely and charged the horseman, bellowing with astonished rage and pain, but the horse wheeled round just enough to baffle him—no more—and again the lash descended, cutting like a long flexible razor; but the infuriated bull was not to be beaten off with a whip—he charged again and again. But he had met his match, for right and left, as needed, the wiry Spanish mare turned, sometimes on her hind, sometimes on her fore legs. It was the most magnificent exhibition of equestrianism I ever saw, and I actually forgot my fatigue and exhaustion as I watched it. My rescuer now shouted something,

leaped from his horse and strode forward to meet the bull with an open knife between his teeth. As the beast lowered his head to charge, he seemed to catch him by the horns. There was a struggle, a cloud of dust, a stamping like two strong men wrestling. I could not see clearly, but the next moment the bull was on his back, with the blood welling from his throat and the limbs quivering in death. The stranger, covered with dust and blood, came up to me then, saying, apparently as unconscious of triumph as if he had been killing a calf in a slaughter-house. "He's dead enough now, sir; he won't trouble anybody any more."

I walked two or three paces toward the dead beast, when my senses failed me and I fainted. When I came to myself my horse was standing near me, tied to a bush, and my strange rescuer had withdrawn a few feet and was watching me intently. I went up to him, and thanking him for the service rendered me inquired the name of him to whom I owed my life. He was an outlaw and a fugitive from justice, but he certainly saved me from a cruel death, and he was the finest horseman I ever saw.

IT WOULDN'T WORK.

He Put The Letter In the Book. But.

There is a certain city father in this city who is a very busybody, so busy that, in spite of himself, he occasionally forgets some trifling affair. One evening last week he happened to put on a coat that had been hanging up all summer. After he had reached the club he discovered in the pocket of the garment a letter for his wife that had been directed in his care and which had been in his pocket three months or more. One of his friends at the whist table said:

"I'll tell you how I got out just such a scrape once. You take that letter home and quietly put it in a book; then along in the evening accidentally discover it."

"I'll do that very thing," said the banker.

He did. And while the family were seated about the table in the library reading and chatting he accidentally picked up the book and glanced through it. He finally discovered the letter and exclaimed to his wife:

"Oh, here's a letter directed to you. You must have put it here and forgotten it. It has not been opened!"

As she took the letter she gave him a look that had a hidden meaning, and while she was reading the postmark his face had time to take on an expression of guilt. It took her just one minute to detect the scheme and reinforce herself with incontrovertible evidence of his guilt. Then she turned her searching eyes on him and said:

"No you don't old boy. I bought that book this afternoon." He saw the jig was up and surrendered as gracefully as he could.—Chicago Herald.

A Valuable Dog.

A gentleman with a dog entered a restaurant and asked for a bill of fare. The waiter replied:

"What shall I get you, sir?"

"I will take a couple of poached eggs to start with."

"And so will I," said the dog, who had perched himself on a chair by the side of his master.

The waiter looked scared. A few moments later the guest called out:

"Waiter, please bring me some roast beef and potatoes."

"And me, too," added the dog.

Intense stupefaction on the part of the waiter.

At the next table sat an Englishman, who now looked up and said:

"You must have taken immense trouble to teach that dog to talk."

"Yes," replied the gentleman.

"You would not like to part with it?"

"Not for money."

"Pray don't sell me!" exclaimed the dog, in suppliant tones.

"Would you take a thousand pounds for him?" said the Englishman, eagerly.

"A thousand pounds is quite a large sum," was the reply.

At length the bargain was struck. The Englishman wrote out a check for \$1,000 and took up the dog.

"As you have sold me," said the dog, turning around and looking at his old master, "I'll have my revenge and won't speak any more."

Neither did he.

Of course it was ventriloquism.—New York Ledger.

A Budding Monarchist.

They begin the classes in some of the public schools nowadays in the rudiments of civil government at a very early age says the Boston Transcript. And it seems that the young people get, on the whole, a pretty correct idea of the way we are governed.

A teacher who, by the way, is rather fond of English things, was orally instructing a class the other day in the foundations of political science. She had given her young pupils a very interesting lecture about the British system of government. And then she asked the boy at the head of the class:

"And now, Johnny, what are the men called who govern, or rule over, us in this country?"

"Kings!" said Johnny, promptly.

"Oh, no. Tell me, the next one, by whom we are governed?"

"Queens!"

"No! Next boy."

"Jacks!" said the next boy.

And he was not promoted to the head of the class.

"THE GENTEEL POOR."

A Dying Woman's Indictment of Our Social World.

"There is help for all but the genteel poor," is the eloquent indictment hurled at society by a pitiful woman who sought eternity and peace through the dark way of suicide. A woman of good education, of moral excellence, of honest purpose, of refined sensibilities, she was driven from starvation to death because no one would give her employment in New York because she had no "references." In the letter left in the miserable garret where she lived she wrote:

"Women who were so ignorant that I felt sorry for them would not take me into their kitchen because I could not show 'city references.' I tried to explain that I had never had to work; and because I was not born and bred in the gutter I presume I must starve." She might, however, have found easy employment in comfortable homes. There was plenty of steady work within her grasp. She confessed as much herself. These are her words: "Widowers who advertise for housekeepers, and then gently insinuate that you add wifely duties to domestic arrangements, are very plenty in this city, but I do not approve of such economy." She preferred starving, it seems, while she trudged the streets from house to house, in all sorts of weather, seeking "any honest work, even to scrubbing." But she could not give an affirmative answer to the maddening, stereotyped question, "Have you any references?" So she finally dashed out her brains by a leap from a fourth-story window, leaving behind on the bureau a "reference" that should open to her the gates of Paradise while many a "charitable" grand lady knocks in vain at their bar.

This is one of the saddest cases in the list of sad suicides, and is a mournful commentary upon the charity and humanity of large cities.

There is no harder condition imposed by life than that to which the "genteel poor" are subjected when reduced to destitution. There seems to be literally no hope for them. They have neither the assurance to take opportunity by the throat and demand relief, nor the miserable obsequiousness to beg for alms where they should have the right to earn their support. They too frequently have but one or two alternatives as the solution of their life problem, shame and death. This woman in New York prefers the headlong plunge into the terrors of death to a dishonorable life. Happily one can be buried without "reference."

They Had Screwed Up the Door.

During the war, when patriotism and sentiment were at flood tide, the rolls of the two houses of congress were increased almost weekly to make room for wounded soldiers who had been discharged from the service. Doorkeepers, messengers, and watchmen were so thick around the capitol that they were in each other's way. Judge Holman happened to be in the basement one day, says the Washington Post, and endeavored to go through a doorway, guarded by a one-legged veteran.

"Can't get through there," said the guardian of the portal, unconcernedly. "I am a member of congress," said the judge, quietly.

"I don't know that that makes any difference," said the doorkeeper, "unless you came from a district where the people can walk through wood."

"That door is screwed up."

"Then what are you doing here?" inquired Judge Holman, whose curiosity was naturally excited.

"I'm here for \$3.20 a day. There's a fellow from the Sixth Pennsylvania cavalry watching the other side of it, and maybe he can tell you more than I can."

By a circuitous route the judge, through committee rooms, reached the other side of the door. Sure enough there sat another veteran leisurely reading a newspaper. He was equally frank in announcing that the door was screwed.

"You see," he said by way of explanation, "both me and my partner are subject to rheumatiz since we've been in the army and we screwed up this door so we wouldn't be in the draught."

Judge Holman thought that if the government was paying two men \$3.20 a day each for watching a door that could not be opened it was time that somebody proposed retrenchment. He threw himself into the breach, secured a reduction in the house rolls and ever since has been the determined enemy of sinecures and extra salaries.

A New Leaping Invention.

At a recent meeting of the Society of Aerostation in Berlin Prof. Griese entertained the assembly with a description of an invention of his, by means of which a man with his own muscular power may leap into the air and fly for a short time. The machine is called a sprunghugel. Several scientific men have become convinced that Herr Griese's invention is serious and that it will aid considerably in solving the problem of navigating the air.

The Crime of Avarice.

Mrs. Einstein—"Vat vas de madder mid mine lieber Chakey?"

Nurse—"He just swallowed de penny vat his Uncle Isaac gif 'im."

Mrs. Einstein—"Dat's vot gomes de bein' so mean. If he had been generous and gif him a supended sifter ever haf happened."—Society.

TALK OF THE DAY.

Who kills the dead letters? Miss Direction.

Isn't the man who paints a fence a hue-er of wood?

When you look at some people the first thing you think of is a club.

Boys go to West Point for a cadetship, and girls for a cadet-smack.

The chimney-sweep is a contented fellow—at least he is always sooted.

Live within your income, because it is very inconvenient to live without it.

The Frenchman says: When I start out in search of a wife I'm going to Havre.

The wheels of matrimonial life run more smoothly when there is a little juven-ile.

When a man is looking for a wife it is his mission. When he gets her it is his submission.

The owner first breaks the race-horse, then the race-horse proceeds to break the owner.

Most men like to see themselves in "print," but women do not. They prefer silk or satin.

The two ugliest things on earth is the man who looks like a girl and the girl who looks like a man.

Contributor: How much ought I to get for that poem? Editor: You ought to get about 15 cents.

Don't be too severe on the man who scolds his wife in public. Perhaps that is the only time he dares to do so.

The Watch Trust is said to be breaking up. It is time. A great many other trusts, by the way, need watching.

"They tell me you have had some money left you," said Brown. "Yes," replied Fogg, sadly; "it left me long ago."

Teacher—"Now, children, by what is the earth divided?" Tommy (whose father is a kicker)—"By the politicians."

Waiter (at the club)—"There's a lady outside who says that her husband promised to be home early to-night." All (rising)—"Excuse me a moment."

The chin is said to be an important thing for a man to consider in choosing a wife, but the absence of the chin is what he really, truly needs after the ceremony.

A clever man has invented a system of reading music for the blind. How delightful! Now they can feel the eloquence of Wagner's music without having to hear it.

If you would know the reason why, a maiden often answers "no;" "This part of love's philosophy That you must not accept her so."

"Butter," says a learned writer, "was unknown to the ancients." It would be hard to make a man believe that who has ever eaten a meal at a Wellington Hotel.

Severe Adorer (about to enter the ministry): I trust you find a great deal of comfort in thinking of Scripture verses. Interesting Invalid: Yes, indeed! That text, "Grin and bear it," does me a heap of good.

When a dog gets after a rabbit, he makes the hare fly. Sometimes when a woman gets after her derelict husband, she, too, makes the hare fly. And when a mother finds her only son at the jam, she also makes the hare fly.

Brown: "Where is your diamond ring, my dear?" Mrs. Brown: "It is being re-set." Little Johnny (who has been out with his mother): "Does the man always give you money, ma, when you take anything to be repaired?"

Effie's brother—"Do you love my sister Effie?" Effie's steady companion—"Why, Willie, that is a queer question. Why do you want to know?" Effie's brother—"She said last night she would give a dollar to know, and I'd like to scoop it in."

Mrs. Smiten—Bobby, you bad boy, have you been fighting with Tommy Siltson again? Dear, dear! I shall have to get you a new suit. Bobby—"That's nothing, ma. You ought to see Tommy Siltson. His ma may have to get her a new boy."

Brown (to Black who is preparing for a continental trip)—How do you get on with your language, old fellow?" Black—"Capitally. Why I've got so now I can think in French." Brown—"Well, that's a blessing, for it's more than you could ever do in English."

"Mistress (returned from her summer vacation, to her cook)—"I hear that you have been entertaining your soldier lover here. Didn't I forbid your entertaining company in the kitchen during my absence?" Cook—"Yes, madam, but I took him to the parlor."

"Young man," said the banker, "I've decided that it's about time for me to put a check to your aspirations toward the hand of my daughter." Oh, thank you, sir. But wouldn't it be better to wait till after we're married? then the check would come as a wedding present. It would save my feelings a great deal."

Nervous gentleman—"Now, be careful how you drive, caddy, and go slow over the stones, for I hate to be shaken. And mind you pull up at the right house, and look out for those dreadful steam rollers." Caddy—"Never fear, sir, I'll do my best. And which 'orspital would you like to be taken to in case of an accident?"

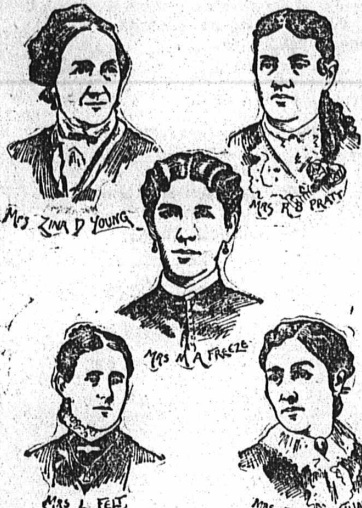
She was not able to support a husband.—"And what answer do you make to my appeal?" he asked as he knelt at her feet. "James, I will be frank with you," she murmured. "Oh, speak," he implored, "and relieve me from this agony of suspense." "Then let me say it cannot be." "Why not?" Oh, why not?" "Because, James, I do not feel able to support a husband."

WIVES OF UTAH'S SAINTS

Women Who Are Leading Spirits in the Mormon Church.

Many of them are Earnest and Intelligent Workers in the Salt Lake Hive—"Aunt Zina," Head of the General Organization of Relief Societies—Elmina Taylor.

The ladies of whom sketches are given in this article are the leading women of the Mormon church in Utah to-day and in many instances have been leading spirits for years. It has been often said that the Mormon church depends on proselytes from foreign countries to sustain its strength yet as a fact every one of the leading women mentioned herein are native born Americans. Another characteristic of these women, which seems in strange contradiction to their lives



and religion, is that they are all strong advocates of women's suffrage and of the rights of women in all phases of life. Temperance also is a favorite tenet of their work, and among them works of charity and benevolence are the rule, although such works seldom if ever extend beyond the members of their own sect. Their religion is to them first of all, and the system by which its progress and spread is attempted would do credit to any creed. From veritable infancy to actual old age the laws and beliefs of the church are constantly spread before their faces and held forth in the hourly happenings of their daily life. Were it not for the circumstances that surround the life of a Mormon woman it would be difficult to believe that she was different from her christian sister.

Mrs. Zina D. Young was born at Watertown, Jefferson county, N. Y., Jan. 31, 1821. She was one of the wives of the late Brigham Young, and has always been prominent as a worker in the benevolent institution of Utah, and is now at the head of the general organization of the relief societies of the church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, which is the formal title of the Mormon church. This organization embraces the whole territory and is next to the church in influence and authority. Throughout Utah Mrs. Young is known as "Aunt Zina." Her maiden name was Huntington and her brother Dominick B. Huntington was one of the most famous Ute Indian interpreters in the Rocky mountain regions.

Mrs. Young is one of the most amiable and motherly of women, with strong devotedness to the principles of her religion, and essentially a leader. In the councils of the church and the relief society, of which she is president, Mrs. Young is noted for her fluency of speech and the impressive earnestness with which she addresses an audience.

Helen Mur Whitney is one of the strongest characters of the Mormon church now alive. She is the eldest daughter of the late President Heber C. Kimball and his first wife Vilate. Her husband was Horace K. Whitney, son of one of the most famous and able bishops of the Mormon church. Mrs. Whitney, although well over 60 years of age, is one of the most effective writers and speakers in Utah.



Her oldest son, Orson F. Whitney, is a bishop in Salt Lake city and considered one of the finest speakers in the church and a poet of no mean ability. As one of a prominent family in the church Mrs. Whitney has no little influence in Mormon circles. Her actions and speeches denote strong intellectual powers and a desire to extend to the utmost limit the principles of which she is an able exemplar and advocate. To her the church is the great aim and its extension her ambition.

Mrs. Sarah M. Kimball is one of the strongest woman suffragists in the Mormon church. Although over 65 years of age, she still directs the affairs of the oldest relief society in Utah, and so business-like and thorough has been her management that the society owns its own buildings and not a little other property besides. Her late husband, Hiram Kimball, was one of the foremost business men in Salt Lake City, and her son is now a member of one of the largest banking houses there. As a woman's rights advocate Mrs. Kimball has gained no little reputation. Her belief is very near the conclusion that man is the inferior animal and woman his superior. Possessed of an intelligent education and a bright mind Mrs. Kimball wields not a little influence. She is one of the chief assistants of Mrs. Young in church charitable work and successful in all her organizations through the executive ability which she possesses in a marked degree. In spite of the amount of society work that Mrs. Kimball does, few women are better known among the poorer people and none give more freely to aid distress.

Priscilla L. Kimball is an elder sister of Mrs. Zina D. Young, and was born at Watertown, N. Y., in 1810. She was one of the wives of the late Heber C. Kimball, who was Brigham Young's first counselor. "Aunt Priscilla," as she is called by men, women and children in Salt Lake City, although nearly 80 years of age, is one of the most enthusiastic supporters and adherents of the church. She is the mother of Bishop Kimball of Rich county, Utah. A woman of much experience and extreme philanthropy, Mrs. Kimball is one of the most popular women in the church which she supports so enthusiastically.

Elmina S. Taylor, a wife of Bishop H. Taylor, is the president of the young ladies mutual improvement society of the Mormon church. This association is composed of the younger women of the church, and is intended as a means of education and improvement to go hand in hand with the tenets of the church, so that no matter what the line of pleasure and study pursued the young women cannot lose sight of the cardinal requirements of their religion or be tempted to stray therefrom. Mrs. Taylor is a little over 50 years of age and a native of the state of New York. In the church she is recognized as a leader and a woman of extraordinary ability as a speaker and teacher. Her husband, though a bishop, is one of the foremost business men in Salt Lake City.



Elizabeth Howard, a native of Ireland, is one of the few foreign-born Mormon women who occupy positions of prominence. She is chief secretary of all the relief organizations of the Mormon church an able speaker and most energetic worker. Her husband, William Howard, is a wealthy man, a fact which enables Mrs. Howard to gratify her generous impulses to an extent greater than is possible to many of her sister members of the church. She is the mother of a large family of children and noted for her cheerfulness and gentleness. She is a prime mover in all entertainments and methods of enjoyment, and is in consequence a great favorite among the young people of the church.

Emeline B. Wells, a wife of Gen. Daniel H. Wells, is the very able editor of the Woman's Exponent, a paper published in Salt Lake City and devoted to the interests of women. Mrs. Wells was born in Massachusetts of good old Puritan stock and is a little over 60 years of age. In matters relating to woman's suffrage Mrs. Wells is noted, having several times attended the suffragist convention held in Washington, D. C., going to the capital as a delegate from the women's association of Utah. There are few women in the country who can write more trenchantly or speak more effectively than Mrs. Wells. She has quite a large family of daughters who promise to carry on the suffragist doctrines of their mother. Mrs. Wells' strong position on the woman's rights question and the fact that she is an editor makes her position in Utah one of the great prominence and influence.

Mrs. Mary E. Freeze is a wife of James P. Freeze, and president of the young ladies' mutual improvement association in Salt Lake county, these associations being divided into territorial, county and municipal divisions. Mrs. Freeze is an able and intelligent speaker and a strong advocate to her religious faith. As she confines her work very closely to the associations of which she is president she is not as prominent in the affairs of the territory as others.

Mrs. Louis Felt, a wife of Josiah H. Felt, is a native of Connecticut, a little over 40 years of age and president of what is called the Primary association

tions of the church, an organization having for its object the moral and religious training of the little children, who from infancy are bred in the doctrines and beliefs of the Mormon church. Mrs. Felt is a noted temperance advocate and exceedingly popular among the little ones she teaches.

Dr. Romania R. Pratt is a graduate of an eastern medical college, a full fledged physician and surgeon and a firm believer in the doctrines and precepts of the Mormon church. She is a woman of marked ability and intelligence. As physician in charge of the Deseret hospital and a noted woman suffragist, she has an extensive practice and occupies a prominent position in Salt Lake City.

Mrs. Zina Young Williams is a daughter of the late Brigham Young, and widow of the late Thomas Williams, famous as the treasurer of the "Zion's co-operative mercantile institution." Mrs. Williams was born in Utah and is a woman of great natural ability, having visited Washington, D. C., several times in the interest of her people and her very intelligent presentation of the Mormon cause and her own amiable character made many friends for her in the east. As a daughter of Brigham Young she has been quite prominent in all matters pertaining to the church and the educational organizations of the Mormon religion.

Augusta Joyce Crocheron is one of the most gifted writers both of poetry and prose that can be found among the Mormon people. She is a native of New England and when a child she, with her family, made the voyage from New York to San Francisco, going around Cape Horn in the ship Brooklyn. The Joyce family formed part of the Mormon company gathered in the New England states by Sam Brannan, then the famous Mormon elder, who afterward left the church and became a financial king in San Francisco for a while, but died a few days ago in poverty. The Mormons published the first paper issued on the Pacific coast called the "Yerba Buena Star," of which Brannan was editor in 1846. Mrs. Crocheron wrote an account of her voyage around the horn, which is considered a very fine piece of literary work. She has also published a volume of her poems, which are chiefly based upon her faith and belief in the Mormon religion.

Emily Hill Woodmansee emigrated from New England to Utah when she was 18 years of age, accompanied by her elder sister. They had become converted to the mormon faith when in their New England home. Mrs. Woodmansee is a rare combination of the poetic and practical, being at once a clever poet and good business woman. She is said to be better posted on real estate matters and the values of land than most of the men in Salt Lake City, although now 55 years of age. She has seven children and is a happy and devoted mother, as well as one of the most brilliant lights of the Mormon church.

Which Road.
If you could go back to the forks of the road—
Back the long miles you have carried the load;
Back to the place you where you had to decide
By this way or that through your life to abide;
Back of the sorrow and back of the care;
Back to the place where the future was fair—
If you were there now, a decision to make,
Oh, pilgrim of sorrow, which road would you take?
Then, after you'd trodden the other long track,
Suppose that again to the forks you went back—
After you found that its promises fair
Were but a delusion that led to a snare—
That the road you first traveled with sighs
And unrest,
Though dear and rough was most graciously blest
With balm for each bruise and a charm for each ache—
Oh, pilgrim of sorrow, which road would you take?
—Chicago Herald.

Persian Flower Worship.
A recent traveler in India gives the following description of flower worship as practiced by the Persians in Bombay. A true Persian, in flowing robe of blue, and on his head a sheepskin hat—black, glossy, curly, the fleece of Kar-Kal—would saunter in and stand and meditate over every flower he saw, and always as if half in vision. And when the vision was fulfilled, and the ideal flower he was seeking found, he would spread his mat and sit before it until the setting of the sun, and then fold up his mat again and go home. And the next night, and night after night, until that particular flower faded away, he would return to it and bring his friends in ever-increasing troops to it, and sit and play the guitar or flute before it, and they would all together pray there, and after prayer still sit before it, sipping sherbet and talking the most hilarious and shocking scandal late into the moonlight, and so again every evening until the flower died. Sometimes by way of a grand finale, the whole company would suddenly arise before the flower and serenade it together with an ode from Hafiz and depart.—Cassell's Journal.

They Let Him Out.
After they had jailed a tramp in Indiana as "poor, friendless and having no home," he invited the Sheriff to dinner, sent out a hundred dollar bill to buy champagne and turkey, and asked him to take charge of \$2,600 he had been carrying in his boot-legs. They managed to get that jail door open back to the jumb as he walked out.

A TOUCHING STORY.

The Unparalleled Heroism of a Mother in Vienna.

An Almost Incredible Story of Self-Sacrifice to Shield Her Son from Anxiety During His Studies, That He Might Graduate With Honors.

In the Quartier Latin Vienna, says a late English paper, lived an aged widow and her only son, a medical student. They were so poor that the mother was obliged to sew almost day and night, and the son gave lessons which occupied the time necessary for his studies in order to enter university life. In such cases, the poor mother or the sister, perhaps a seamstress or a dressmaker, or may be the bride-elect, who is also dependent on needlework, will for months strain her eyes and work her fingers to the bone to allow the candidate, who is the pride of the family, and may in days to come be its support, to devote himself entirely to his books to prepare for his examination. The son of our poor widow was such a candidate, and whilst he was diligently applying himself to his studies, the final examination being very near, the mother deprived herself of the pleasure of even seeing him. One evening, a few weeks ago, the poor old woman pricked her finger with a needle. Soon her hand became swollen, and the woman sought medical advice at a hospital. There she was told the finger must be amputated, and she insisted upon the operation being performed at once, so that the accident might be concealed from her son. Twenty-four hours later the whole hand was gangrenous and had to be taken off. Not a whisper of this misfortune was allowed to reach her son's ears. At last the doctor arrived. The young man left for the university after a hasty farewell of his mother, and he had hardly quitted the house before the doctors arrived to amputate the arm of the silent old sufferer. It was an advanced hour of the day when the son came home radiant with joy to tell his mother that their days of anxiety and want were at an end; that he had passed with honors; and that it would now be his turn to provide for his parent. But the one to whom he intended to communicate his joy was no more. Even the last operation was made too late, and blood poisoning was the consequence of her endeavors to hide her pains from her studious son.

Language of Dakotas.

The bureau of ethnology has just sent to press volume vii. of "Contributions to North American Ethnology," entitled "The Dakota Language," consisting of a Dakota-English dictionary. The author, the late R. S. Riggs, prepared a grammar and dictionary of the Dakota language, which was published by the Smithsonian Institution in 1852. Most of the entries in this work were in the Santee dialect, the dialect then best known to Mr. Riggs and his associates. The present volume contains not only many additional Santee words, but numerous cross-references inserted, making this edition of more value to the student than was the former one. This work will be a quarto volume of 665 pages. It will be followed at an early day by another by the same author, "Grammar Texts and Ethnography of the Dakotas."

Not Eligible.

There are four members of the United States senate who can never be candidates for the presidency of this republic under the constitution because of an alien birth. Senator Jones, of Nevada, was born in Herefordshire, England; General McMillan, of Michigan, in Hamilton, Ont.; Senator Beck, of Kentucky, in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, and Senator Paso, of Florida, in London, Eng. While it is the exception rather than otherwise that a senator was born in the state he represents, sectional lines have been closely observed. Of the northern senators only two were born in the South—Cullom, of Illinois, and Senator Hawley, of Connecticut, in North Carolina. Not one southern senator is of northern origin.

Some Curious Chinese Slang.

Some of the ordinary expressions of the Chinese are very sarcastic and characteristic. A blustering, harmless fellow they call a "paper tiger." When a man values himself overmuch they compare him to "a rat falling into a scale and weighing itself." Overdoing a thing they call "a hunchback making a bow." A spendthrift they compare to a rocket which goes off at once. Those who expend their charity on remote objects, but neglect their family, are said "to hang a lantern on a rope, which is seen afar but gives no light below."

Napoleon's Grand Army.

Napoleon's grand army has dwindled down to a small company. It has been ascertained that there are now only 112 men who wear the medal of St. Helena and whose names appear on the pension list of the Legion of Honor for 1890. In 1833 there were 1,428 of these veterans still living. The next year there were 500 less and in 1837 there were only 224.

If You're Bow Legged.

My son, don't advertise your griefs. If you have crooked legs don't wear striped pantaloons.—Boston Transcript.

THEY'RE ALL HUMAN.

And the Little Woman Knew the Gateman's Weakness.

Now and then one finds a person who understands railroad human nature, as exhibited by the gatemen in the depots. Their orders are to pass no one in without a ticket, and it is the easiest thing in the world for them to wave back old age, youth, beauty and anybody else who wants to pass in to meet a friend expected on that train. One of the surliest officials I ever saw, says the New York Sun, has a gate in the L. & N. depot in Cincinnati, and I have seen him turn stiffly away from desperate men, weeping women and howling children. To every protestation he had but one answer:

"Can't pass 'thout a ticket."
The other day, while I was watching him, a little, blue-eyed woman came gliding into the throng waiting at the gates. Of the two tenders she selected this one to operate on, although any one could have seen that the other had the biggest heart. After several people had been turned away she slid forward in a graceful way and inquired:

"Beg pardon, sir, but am I speaking to the president of the road?"
"N—o, ma'am!" he stammered, thrown on his beam ends by the query.
"Ah! you look so much like him! Are you the superintendent?"

"No, ma'am—not exactly."
"Then, you must be the manager?"
"Hardly, ma'am."
"Dear me! but how could the people be so mistaken?" she went on. "Half a dozen of them said you were one of the high officials, and I am so disappointed to find you are not. Perhaps, though, you have the general manager's powers when he is not here?"

"What is it, ma'am?"
"My sister will be in on the 6.30, and I so want to go inside the gates and help her with the children. As you must have the authority of the manager in his absence, I make bold to—"

"Certainly, ma'am; walk right in," he interrupted.

"You are so kind."
"Don't mention it."

"But all leading railroad men are ever courteous," she said as a parting bit of taffy, and then she made a bee-line down the depot.

We turned to look at the gateman, and the change was surprising. He had braced up until his height was increased by four inches, his chest was thrown out, and he was standing as stiff as a crowbar, while a man pounded him on the back and offered to lick the stuffing out of him if he would come off the perch. The little woman of all had found his weak spot.

After the Battle.

An ex-confederate officer relates that after the battle of Fort Donaldson, it was decided after a hot fight to withdraw from the fort. Upon looking around for Caesar, his colored cook, he was nowhere to be seen. He shouted to him several times, and by and by was answered in such faint tones that he knew his servant was inside of the log on which he was standing.

"Come out of there!" commanded the officer.

"Can't do it!" he shouted in reply.

"But you must. The fight is all over."

"But I can't—dar's fo' white men in dis log behind me."

And when the officer investigated he found that such was the fact. They crawled out, one after the other, each having an excuse to urge, and finally the darkey appeared. The officer was about to open on him, but Caesar protested:

"Doan' say one word. Dis ar' de fust time I ebber got ahead of a white man, an' its gwine to be de worry last! De nex' fout we have Ize gwine to let de white man have de hull log to himself, an' I'll look fur a hole in de ground!"

The Love of First Loves.

The truth is, to be spoken flatly and with confidence that it is truth, that a man who does not love his first love all his life long makes a great mistake and does injustice to his own past. But, of course, he is to love them as they were. The affection they inspired in him, when they did inspire it, is a part of himself for all time, and they, as they then seemed, are a part of him too, and it is as idle for him to try to eradicate them from his actuality as for the leopard to attempt to change spots with the Ethiopian. That he should love what they may become with the lapse of years is manifestly inexpedient and unreasonable, as well as usually improper, if for no other reason, because

"One must not love another's." —Scribner's.

Her Choice.

Said sweet Matilda Jinks,
"I am willing to aver,
If I a widow were,
I'd wed a widower."

How to Evade the Law.

There is one opportunity of influencing voters under the Australian ballot law, which perhaps has not occurred to many of the public. They may still be hired to keep away from the polls. A candidate for an important office in Boston once stated that this was the method in which he proposed to carry an election. The course he intended to pursue was to pay two or three thousand tax bills, and then put the receipts in his own pocket, thus having a guaranty that those to whom they were made out would not register.—Boston Herald.

Household Hints.
Deliberating and planning will accomplish more than unlimited money.

Take the airiest, choicest, and sunniest room in the house for your living room.

At this time of the year good housekeepers are busy planning a spring renovating.

No consciousness of rectitude will entirely take away the sting of being cruelly misjudged.

To keep the cellar dry, take a peck or more of unslacked lime, put it in a box, and place on the floor. The lime will absorb the dampness.

Sprinkle heavy carpets with a little salt before sweeping, it settles the dust, helps to clean them, and keeps them from moths. Salt is said to be a good moth exterminator.

If you would have your sadirons clean, keep them in a dry place. Wash them before using, especially if starched clothes have left a little starch on them. If not washed, the iron soil the garments first ironed.

Let us love; let us look kindly, speak gently, approve readily, censure rarely, lighten every one's burden, and brighten every one's joy, and we shall consult for the yearnings of our own hearts.

Rye Pancakes.—Mix a teacupful each of rye and wheat flour, with a teaspoonful of salt, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a large tablespoonful of sugar, a beaten egg, and a teacupful of milk. Bake on griddle as soon as mixed.

Accidents of a painful nature often occur from carrying scissors, pencils and other sharp pointed instruments in the pockets. To guard against injury they should be protected with a sheath of some kind.

Even a gloomy house, where walls and furniture are dingy brown, you have but to take down the dingy curtains, open wide the window, hang brackets on each side, set flower pots on the brackets, and ivy in the pots, and let the warm air stream freely in.

Never leave a pail, basket, dustpan or broom on the stairs. It is usually done to save steps, the person leaving them intending to take them down the first time he or she descends. Many a broken limb or bruised head or sprained limb results from this.

Remove ironed clothes from the bars as soon as dry, when they have to be kept in the kitchen where cooking is done. They are apt to gather and retain unpleasant odors, especially in cold weather when the windows and doors necessarily have to be kept closed.

A Nice School Lunch.—Drop on a buttered griddle an egg or two, well beaten and seasoned with pepper and salt; spread it thinly over the surface and cook a minute or so, then turn. Spread it over thin slices of buttered bread, and put two together like a sandwich.

Steamed Puff-Pudding.—Butter coffee-cups and place them in your steamer; drop first a spoonful of batter, then one of berries, steamed apples, or any fruit or sauce you happen to have; then put in batter to fill the cup, and steam twenty-five minutes. To make the batter, stir in one pint of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a little salt, then add milk enough to make it quite soft. Serve the pudding with a sauce made of two eggs, one-half cup of butter, and a cup of sugar, beaten well, with a cup of boiled-milk and one of the fruits used for the pudding.

How to Sew on Buttons.—Put the needle down from the right side, then the knot will not get rubbed off in washing and ironing, and will not irritate the skin, especially an infant's. Then take it back through the button on the right side. Now lay a large pin over the button and keep on until the eyes are full, then remove the pin and wrap the thread around the neck of the button until the neck is well covered, then fasten the thread well three times on the wrong side and I think it will prove as satisfactory as possible.

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Suggestions in Milk Setting.

Professor L. B. Arnold says:

First—To make the finest flavored and longest keeping butter the cream must undergo a ripening process by exposure to the oxygen of the air while it is sweet. This is best done while it is rising. The ripening is very tardy when the temperature is low.

Second—After cream becomes sour, the more ripening the more it depreciates. The sooner it is then skimmed and churned the better, but it should not be churned while too new. The best time for skimming and churning is just before acidity becomes apparent.

Third—Cream makes better butter to rise in cold air than to rise in cold water, and the milk will keep sweet longer.

Fourth—The deeper milk is set the less airing the cream gets while rising.

Fifth—The depth of setting should vary with the temperature: the lower it is the deeper milk may be set; the higher, the shallower it should be. Milk should never be set shallow in a low temperature nor deep in a high one. Setting deep in cold water economizes time, labor and space.

Sixth—While milk is standing for cream to rise the purity of the cream and consequently the fine flavor and keeping of the butter, will be injured if the surface of the cream is exposed freely to air much warmer than the cream.

Seventh—When cream is colder than the surrounding air, it takes up moisture and impurities from the air.

When the air is colder than the cream, it takes up moisture and whatever escapes from the cream. In the former case the cream purifies the surrounding air; in the latter, the air helps to purify the cream.

February Fun.

A belting company—Prize fighters.
A vessel under steam—The tea kettle.
A Yankee skipper—The Canadian refugee.

The milky way—To the cheese factory.
A woman should never wear ruffles on her temper.

It is conceded that a fiddler is up to his chin in business.

The difficulty about advice is the predominance of quantity over quality.

The eyes are the windows of the soul, but most of us have pains elsewhere.

Only one thing melts faster than money, and that is the resolution not to spend it.

"I hear that the doctor has given Griggsby up." "Yes, he wouldn't pay his bill."

The devil owes most of his success to the fact that he is always on hand.—Josh Billings.

St. Louis boasts of a dwarf barber less than four feet high. He must be a little shaver.

A barbed-wire trust has been organized but somehow no one seems inclined to sit down on it.

The mother of the modern girl says her daughter is like a piece of cheap calico; she won't wash.

Some one asks if married women go through their husband's pockets. They usually stop at the bottom.

Many a man who is strong enough abroad to quell a riot, is too weak at home to spread a carpet.—Baltimore American.

Two reasons why some people don't mind their own business—Some haven't the mind; others haven't the business.

As long as a young man estimates a pretty face above industrious hands, he is not old enough, or has not sense enough to marry.

Mrs. Little [as her husband enters]—Hush! baby's asleep!

Mr. L.—But that's the only time I have a chance to be heard.

He—Tell me confidently, how much did that bonnet cost you?

She—George, there is but one way in which you can obtain the right to inspect my millinery bills.

The man who says sarcastic things about his "wife going through his trouser pockets" while he is asleep, is generally the one who doesn't give his wife any money when he is awake.

Patent—That medicine you gave me for my cold, doctor, cured me entirely. Doctor [in surprise]—Did it? Well, blamed if I don't believe I will try it myself. I can't get rid of mine.

Teacher (to class in definitions)—What is a widower?

Small Boy—The husband of a widow.

Teacher—What is a stern man?

Boy—One who is always behind.

Teacher—What is a bureau drawer?

Boy—One drawing money from the pension bureau.

Some New York Society Secrets.

A writer in Frank Leslie's Weekly this week devotes nearly a page to letting in some sunlight on New York society. This topic is "The Evolution of the Bradley-Martins," who recently gave the \$50,000 ball at the metropolis. It is mighty splay reading. Leslie's is full of good pictures, including illustrations of the processes of heavy-gun manufacture at Washington, the dog show at New York, a splendid page of foreign pictures, Andrew Carnegie's free library at Alleghany City, several pages illustrating Colorado interests, and a full page of illustrations of Springfield, Ohio. Several columns are devoted to an interesting article on "The Marvelous Growth of Chicago."

Farm Notes.

If you raise mules breed to raise good ones.

Seed and plant catalogues are suggestive reading at this season.

Vegetable seeds of most kinds are still good at the end of the second year.

Plow whenever you can. It saves time in the spring and kills many insects.

It is next to impossible to make a dull, stupid colt a really valuable horse.

The period of cheapest growth in an animal is before the animal matures.

There is no class of stock that is more eagerly sought after than good horses.

A little charcoal occasionally is considered good for both swine and poultry.

With many, now is the time to determine the class of animals you will raise.

It is surely the case that good manure can be used to an advantage in the garden.

Post holes for fencing may be dug while the ground is warm. It saves time in the spring.

Ventilation should exist in well regulated stables, but draughts should be unknown.

The item of condensing labor that the creamery affords us in itself a very considerable item.

An increase in the profits can usually be secured by growing products that the market demands.

A wrench and one or two tools for repairs are easily carried in the farm wagon and come very handy at times.

After washing a horse's feet and legs they should be thoroughly dried otherwise, cracked heels, etc., are invited.

If you expect to establish a trade for your butter, care must be taken never to send anything but the best to market.

A quart of wheat bran and a half a pint of linseed meal can often be used instead of oats in making up the horse rations.

When laying pullets are purchased they frequently cease to lay on account of the change of house, run and surroundings.

Small potatoes boiled and mixed into the warm mash given in morning will help poultry along through the next two months.

Tincture of asafoetida is said to keep rabbits from attacking trees. It may be mixed up with clay and water and applied with a brush.

The milk cows can only do their best when given a good pasture and are in addition well supplied with other food and comfortable quarters.

It costs much less per ton to cut a crop of good hay than it does a poor one so that a much better profit can be realized with a good yield.

White specks in butter often arise from two causes, waiting too long for the cream to rise and keeping the cream too long without churning.

An ingenious farmer and his boys can put together a variety of simple tools and conveniences for farm use in these comparatively leisure days.

When there is leisure it is a good time to look up the harvesting machinery and see that everything is in good repair to commence work when needed.

It is a good plan with stock of all kinds that if any show signs of disease to separate and keep to itself until the nature of the ailment is ascertained.

Hungarian and clover are both good crops for hay, sow as soon as the warm weather fairly sets in; have the soil well prepared in a good tilth before seeding.

Look after your seed corn now. See that it is thoroughly dry and in good condition. Upon the vitality and germinating power of the seed largely depends the success of next season's crop.

Very early lambs will begin to come this month, and they will prove profitable if given attention and forced in growth. A lamb born not later than February will be worth two born in April.

With care ducks will often lay well through the winter; give them hot food as far as possible, also boiled corn the last thing at night, when it is cold weather. Do not forget the grit; they require it as much as fowls, but it should not be so large as that given to fowls.

Southern Cultivator thinks it advisable to avoid the mixing of lime (or ashes) with stable manure unless there be used also a large proportion of acid phosphate, the gypsum of which will fix the ammonia. This is all the more important where the stable manure is decomposed.

To secure a good crop of grass it is fully as necessary as with any other crop that good care should be taken to have the soil reasonably rich and well prepared before sowing the seed. It is quite a serious error to work upon the plan, that land which is too poor to plant to any other crop can be seeded down to grass.

The potato now has another enemy, called the flea beetle. It is a very small insect, moving in large numbers, like clouds, and attacks the vines by piercing the leaves full of holes from the under side. Poison fails to destroy them thus far, and beetle is an enemy that is dangerous. A strong solution of tobacco has been recommended as the most efficacious preventive yet tried, but it is not a sure destroyer of the pests.

The horse is a hardy animal. In a state of nature he is little subject to disease, and even bears unnatural food, unnatural confinement, cruel overdriving, poisonous air and poisonous drugs to an extent that no other equally sensitive animal would do. The patient ox would bear more inaction and confinement, and the omnivorous pig would bear more extremes in his food, but no other animal would bear the same amount of overdriving that is so commonly and so cruelly inflicted upon the horse. Each of the many abuses to which it is subjected in domestication, has produced some corresponding disorder, until the catalogue of his diseases is almost as long and painful as that of the human family, and the average life of the domesticated horse is less than one-half of that of the wild one.—Kentucky Stock Farmer.

Farming at Cross Purposes.

In an address upon this subject, Mr. Hiram Smith, of Wisconsin, spoke substantially as follows:

There is much complaint about competition in various branches of farming, he said, yet few who are in the business can get out of it safely; they are in to stay. The chief point to consider is how to make the business pay. The farmer who aims to produce a little in the many branches of farming and the one who pursues only the old methods is farming at cross purposes, and does not succeed. Take an instance: Here is a farmer with 400 acres of land. He sells steer beef at \$3.25 per hundred. This meat was produced thus: Pastured upon grass land in summer, fed meadow hay in winter, and finished off with corn.

This man farmed at cross purposes. His neighbor, who farmed at a purpose, made money by feeding steers; for he filled his silo, fed them this in winter, and in summer had them upon pasture while feeding a grain ration; then sold in July or August at the best prices. Besides making money, he worked much less hard than his neighbor.

Another case: A farmer, who read that money was made by breeding trotting-horses, went to raising them. Then he read that there was money in Jersey cows; so he tried them. Not knowing how to make butter, he sold his milk at the cheese factory and, of course, it went into the general pool. A dry summer came: the cows went dry, and, to cap the climax, a cow hooked his head trotter, and—he sold out in the fall, bankrupt. He had no purpose in his farming.

The one who studies all advancements, keeps step with all the best methods, devotes his best efforts in one direction, to the production of one class of product, and plans wisely, is farming to a purpose, and succeeds. The sooner the farmers of the country concentrate their efforts on special lines, the earlier will desired success crown their efforts.

Make a specialty of one branch of farming. Crowd that for all it is worth. Bend every energy to be the best in that line, and you can hardly fail to succeed.—Dairy World.

The Ellenwood joints have been closed. The Chetopa castor oil mill is in operation again.

Wichita has a Bellamy club with a good large membership.

The case of Donnelly vs. the Union Pacific railway in Dickinson county has been thrown out of court.

T. A. Shirley of Stevens county is in Topeka seeking aid for the destitute. The board of trade has taken action to help the people.

Hon. J. V. Adair of Oklahoma is named for governor of the territory. Mr. Adair has been a very faithful officer as receiver of public moneys at Kingfisher.

J. Wise, a gambler of Carbonale was barred out of a poker game among the boys for which he has reported on a large number of the leading business men of the city. The affair promises to be quite sensational.

Congressman Anderson is looking out for the president. He has introduced a bill to appropriate \$25,000, or so much thereof as is needed to purchase a residence for the president in or about Washington to be used during the summer months.

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