

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

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Chief Arthur, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, will support Harrison and Morton.

With Thurman too sick to speak in New York, and Cleveland caged and muzzled, per order of the committee, the speeches from the leaders, so far, are far and few between.

They are still figuring about that election down in Arkansas, and the democratic candidate is getting a smaller and smaller majority. There is a bare possibility that Eagle is not flying so high as he was.

The Lawrence republicans did them selves proud yesterday. The parade, the enthusiasm and the reception were all that befits the Grand Old Party. Marshall's band and the Topeka Flambeau club were the principal attractions of course.

The Lawrence Tribune has been listening to Colonel Burris' campaign as follows: First half hour—"The man who says the democratic party favors free trade is a liar." Second half hour—"The man who thinks protection benefits this country is a fool."

Allen G. Thurman declares that the surplus amounts to \$115,000,000, and Cleveland's treasurer, James V. Wyatt, says: "there is no surplus." Being on the inside Mr. Wyatt ought to know, and we think Allen G. must be wrong this time.

The last election before that of November 6, is in Maine, on September 10. That will, of course, be a walk away and the indications given by the three states, Arkansas, Vermont and Maine, ought to show thinking were the drift of popular sentiment.

There has been considerable discussion about the position of the state of Indiana in the coming election. If any one doubts a strong republican majority let them read of the parade at Indianapolis on Harrison's return home, the most prominent feature in it being the numbers and enthusiasm of the rail road men.

Wichita Eagle: The republican state platform contains a clause favoring the enactment of a law providing for weekly payments to all employees in the state—a law solely in the interests of the laboring classes. The union labor convention was as dumb as a clam on the subject, and yet it poses as the special friend and champion of the rights and interests of the laboring people. Bah!

After the ratification meeting held by the prohibitionists a short time ago it is in order to suggest a few calm thoughts to the enthusiastic supporters of Fiske and Brooks.

They wish to obtain the enactment of laws for the restriction of the liquor traffic. They do not even hope to obtain a single electoral vote. Their policy therefore should be to use their votes for the best good of their cause. How that can be done is easily shown by facts of recent occurrence.

The states which have given majorities for the restriction of the liquor traffic are those which uniformly give majorities for the Republican ticket. The states which have buried their cause beyond resurrection are uniformly Democratic.

The estimable gentleman who presented a temperance resolution to the Democratic convention, at St.

Louis, was booed, hissed and insulted. Another lady, who presented a similar resolution to the Chicago convention, was received with courtesy and heard with respect.

The leading Democratic political committeeman of this city is Murphy, the brewer, and throughout the country the machinery of the Democratic party is in the hands of distillers and brewers. The Republican party managers are manufacturers and business men, who generally advocate the restriction of the liquor traffic, and make sobriety the first condition of giving employment to their helpers.

In New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Ohio, the Republican legislatures have done all that has been done to reduce the evils of the liquor traffic, and in every case they have been impeded more or less by vetoes from Democratic governors or obstruction by Democratic members. The Democratic leader of this state, Governor Hill, sold himself bodily to the liquor Mephistopheles.

Four years ago the prohibitionists of this state used the balance of power in their hands to defeat the Republican ticket and place the whiskey trust in power at Washington. The balance of power is not likely to rest with them again, but if it does, it is to be hoped that they will see, in these unvarnished facts, good and substantial reasons for voting with the Republican party as a matter of common sense and good policy.—New York Press.

Telegraphic Brevities.

Mrs. Grant, of Winnipeg, Manitoba, was burned to death last night while making a heroic attempt to save her children from the fire.

Ben. V. Sampson, son of Hon. V. Sampson, a well known real estate dealer and millionaire, of Winona, Minn., committed suicide by poisoning and drowning himself last night.

It has been discovered that S. O. Dupree, the cashier of the Lyons bank, at Lyons, Kansas, who is missing and whose account is \$10,000 short, stopped at a hotel in Montreal recently and then went west.

Near Columbus, Ind., last night James Ford, a farmer, while suffering from delirium caused by fear, sprang from his bed, seized a chair and killed his youngest child, a babe, and fatally injured his wife and 10 year old son.

The boiler of Goulett & Letson's threshing outfit at Ellendale, Dak., exploded near the Manitoba depot about 8 o'clock last evening. A crew of ten or twelve men were engaged near by, and of this number eight were either killed outright or badly injured.

Conductor Smith, who runs a passenger train on the Kansas Pacific road, had an experience recently that will probably make him bald-headed before he becomes half old enough. While going through the cars taking the tickets, just after leaving Ellsworth, he shook up a passenger who was found to be stone dead, stiff and cold, sitting upright in his seat. The lifeless man's wife sat beside him, but did not know he was dead until the conductor apprised her of the fact. Inquiry developed the information that Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wynch, en route to Carneiro, Kansas, had boarded the train at Kansas City, and occupied one seat. The man had, when his condition was discovered, been dead several hours.

State Treasurer Hamletton brought up from Wellington four ears of corn which average from 10 1/2 to 11 1/2 inches in length, from 7 1/2 to 8 1/2 inches in circumference, and are solid and well filled. The four ears weighed 5 1/2 pounds. They were gathered on the farm of Mike Barnes of Sumner county, and in selecting them Mr. Barnes did not take extraordinary pains to get the biggest in his field. Mr. Barnes has 500 acres of corn this year, and he estimates that it will average sixty bushels to the acre. 30,000 bushels, every bushel of which will be consumed on his 2,000 acre farm by his hogs, cattle and horses, and marketed in the shape of fat live stock. Mr. Hamletton says that while a portion of Sumner county suffered from the hot winds to a considerable extent, there will be more corn raised in the county than ever before.

Those summer hotels that provide wood fires for their guests have proved most popular this season.

Thirty million trees were planted in Kansas this year.

Texas millers are buying large quantities of Kansas wheat.

The sunflower show in Kansas was never more gorgeous than this year.

R. R. Shepherd, living near Logan, was killed by a bull a few days ago.

A case of yellow fever is reported in Georgia.

Gen. Harrison never owns but one horse at a time.

A prominent Southern Charity is that of the water fund.

The wheat crops in Russia and India are unusually good.

John Dillon is said to be very ill, in the prison at Dunblath.

Three million cents were coined by the Philadelphia Mint in July.

The London Times pays out yearly almost \$150,000 as salaries to correspondents.

They are fortunate who may remain in pleasant country homes until November.

The marriage of the young Emperor of China is expected to cost six million dollars.

Tramps are always unusually numerous in the peach district, at this season when the fruit is ripe.

The volcanic eruption in the Island of Lipari, still rages and it is impossible to approach the island.

Shawnee is now the most populous county in the state—51,445 or 263 more than Sedgwick.

The Waverly Newsman says he wants his subscribers to pay up because he is paying 60 per cent interest on borrowed money.

The Garden City Herald calls him a tooth carpenter, because he did not pay the Herald bill. Had he paid he would have been the painless dentist.

E. L. Chapman has resigned as candidate for presidential elector on the Republican ticket for the seventh district because he has been nominated for senator, and Willis G. Emerson has been chosen his successor.

The badge to be worn by the Kansas G. A. R. at the Columbus reunion is as follows: From the bar, a silver or copper, hangs a blood-red ribbon, bearing in letters of gold the single word "Kansas." To this ribbon is attached a golden sunflower with a dark center.

This is put down as the latest swindle in connection with the sharper: The sharper objects to giving his note and having it discounted for cash. The sharper says: "Oh, we'll keep the note," and writes across the face "not transferable." In a short time it is found in the hands of another party with an "e" added to the "not," which makes it read "Note transferable."

The September WIDE AWAKE opens with a jolly story of the Harrison campaign of 1840. Another story and very amusing, is "Ned's Base-Ball Club"; Still another, delicious in its fun, is "Jermick's Sacrifice," by Katharine B. Foot. "A Little Lombard Hero" is a touching Italian story. Risley Stewart has an entertaining paper, "An Abyssinian Monkey," narrating his adventures with him, and how he became the property of Senator Everts. Edward Everett Hale writes of some of the great visitors who have "received" on Boston Common. There is a fine article by Rev. H. O. Ladd, the president of the University of New Mexico, describing the Ramona Industrial School for Indian Girls. There is a beautiful article for young painters entitled "Summer Lanes." In Mrs. Crowninshield's training-ship story, "Plucky" and "Pandy" have a rather damp experience with the life-buoy. There is an excellent article on Daniel Defoe by Oscar Fay Adams, and another on the odd people of Corea by Mrs. Leonowens. WIDE AWAKE is \$2.40 a year. D. Lothrop Company, Publishers, Boston, Mass.

The republican flambeau club was photographed at the capital building yesterday, just before their departure for Lawrence. They were arranged in tiers on temporary steps built for the purpose and made a fine appearance.

There has almost been a gasoline famine for the last day or two. Those who had a supply were fortunate. Those who had not wondered what they would do for "grab to eat."

M. C. Holman is superintending the decorating of the special car for the Modocs for the Columbus excursion.

Presbyterian Sunday School Picnic.

A joyous, happy time to the little folks assembled, was the annual picnic, of Mrs. A. J. Arnold's Sunday School class at her pleasant home, 920 Jackson St. yesterday afternoon. The weather was perfect. The lawn was in beautiful order. Hammocks and swings tempted those inclined to such amusements, but "Pull away" "New York," and such games seemed most in favor. At 4 o'clock Mrs. Arnold called the company to order, and after telling them a story, called for some one present to "say pieces." Miss Jessie Payne was the first to respond with a suitable recitation, after which Pearl Burdge, Grace Conway, Bessie Root and Corine Campbell favored the audience in a similar way. Then a call for another story by Mrs. Arnold, who read to them from the August Fanny. "The way that Harrison does," as told by his little sister Katy, who finishes her remarks, by

"I say again, he's the nicest boy that any one ever saw;

And I'm as proud as I can be Of my brother, Harrison Shaw."

This little story, suitable for a recitation for a child, is quite taking to the heart.

The arrival of the ice cream wagon was the signal for a final romp, preparatory to supper. Exactly at 5 o'clock the whole company filed into the dining-room where refreshments were served. All present decided this part was very nice indeed. Mrs. S. Tracy and Grandpa Ross, treated the crowd to water melons. While many of the class failed to be present for various reasons, the visitors made up quite a large party. The following were there: Jessie and Earnest Fridly, Grace Miller, Clara Mitchell, Minnie Dick, Pearl and Aggie Burdge, Lizzie Shellabarger, Nellie Marshall, Fred Hale, Fred and Gertrude Jessup, Carl Matthews, Whitmer and Grover King, Gertrude Allen, Grace Conway, Lulu and Fred McMaster, Nellie and Park Kimball, Bessie Root, Floy Campbell, Jessie Payne, Annie Paine, Bessie Paine, Hallie and Glen Hamrick, and Corine Campbell, of Boulder, Colorado.

Rev. C. Holman is erecting a new barn 18x24, at his home in Park place.

A young man named Williams of Atchison lost a pocket book containing \$80 on the Atchison train yesterday morning. He was en route to Lawrence, where he will attend the state university.

Constable Smith of Justice Jamison's court, returned from Lawrence, bringing Henry Johnson, a colored man who is charged with assault with intent to kill.

A circular issued by General Freight Agent S. B. Hyman announces the appointment of W. E. Biddle as assistant general freight agent, with office at Topeka, the appointment taking effect at this date.

During the past eight months there has been a general decrease in the prison population of the state of Kansas; which at present is only 865. This is a falling off of 121, or 12.1 per cent. Kansas has now only about one convict to each 2,000 of population, and showing is equalled by only one state in the union, Iowa.

A school will be opened shortly near the File Works which will be a great convenience to the rising generation in that district. A lady has already been engaged as teacher.

William Higgins, republican candidate for secretary of state, has returned from a tour through western Kansas and reports the political situation out that way all that could be wished.

Among the warrants issued by the state auditor yesterday was one for \$6,714.81, in payment for work done on the north wing of the blind asylum at Wyandotte.

J. R. Hankla has been ill for two weeks with mountain fever at Manitou, Colorado, where he went with his family for a pleasure trip. His illness is quite severe.

Warden John H. Smith, of the state penitentiary, made his monthly settlement with the state treasurer yesterday. The expenses for the month were \$13,738.63; the receipts, \$9,898.37.

Nearly every trunk line has had representatives in this city for several days to look after the 5,000 soldiers who will attend the encampment at Columbus.

The democrats of the First ward will give a big reception to the Hon. Dave Overmeyer at Lukens' opera house Saturday night. Several democratic organizations in this, and other counties will be present.

The Lincoln Post Flambeau club, the Lincoln Post Drum corps, and about fifty members of the post and of Rice and Fort Pillow posts will leave Saturday afternoon via the Santa Fe for the national encampment at Columbus.

Major. H. Downs returned yesterday from Colorado where he has been sojourning for several weeks.

Councilman E. N. Gunn has filed a suit

in the district court against D. N. Burge as county clerk, and Byron Roberts, as county treasurer, praying for an injunction to restrain the county officers named from selling certain described property in Shawnee county for the unpaid taxes thereon. Plaintiff alleges that the lands are improperly taxed and that he has offered to pay the amount of tax usually paid, added to the additional amount, made by increased valuation. An injunction has been granted by Judge Guthrie restraining the county officers.

Yesterday afternoon two little girls probably aged 10 and 12 years, and their mother were driving a nice little drove of cattle, three cows and two calves, up Kansas avenue. The cattle were fat and sleek and kept their followers going at a good pace to keep hold of the ropes. The woman and children were barefooted but seemed blissfully unconscious of their unusual appearance. Their dresses were pretty dark prints and their heads were protected by sunbonnets. There is many brave women in Kansas who have gone from February to December, and frequently during the cold months with her feet unclad, that her little family or oftener her big family might have bread and that the farm might be well started and that the children might be kept in school. Talk about heroism on the battle field, there is not one in 5,000 who had not rather face death at the cannon's mouth than be compelled by circumstances to break a common law of custom.

Councilman E. N. Gunn, was in Oklahoma, yesterday on some legal business. Washburn college opens Wednesday next. Students are already commencing to arrive.

On the 18th of this month the Kansas university of embalming will meet in this city.

Will Danvers and Austin Prescott of the Kansas Preserving works went down to Lawrence with the Flambeau.

The many friends of Maude Ramsour and Lillie Simmons met Wednesday evening at the home of Miss Ramsour on Harrison street to give a farewell party to the young ladies, as they leave Saturday for Jewett, Ohio. Refreshments were served and a very enjoyable time was had by the young people. Following are the names of those present: The Misses Alma and Nellie Conklin, Flora Bainbridge, Lou and Ella Sheeltz. The Messrs. Will Overholt, Oliver Willey, Everett Sheldon, John Tracy and Harry Allen.

The sewer committee of the city council met at the city clerk's office yesterday afternoon to consider the First ward sewerage question. Nothing was done except to appoint a committee consisting of Councilman Gunn and Messrs. Newton and Nystrom to look after the right of way and other matters and report to the council as soon as practicable.

Charles Albert, the young man run over by a loaded brick wagon, is getting along very well. It was thought that amputation of the leg would be necessary, but the physicians lanced the injury and extracted the broken bone, and hopes for the saving of the leg are now entertained.

Silver Lake.

Nurseryman Entsminger, says he has sold over 20,000 pounds of grapes so far this season.

An election will be held in Silver Lake October 9, for the purpose of re-submitting the proposition to the voters of that township, asking for \$15,000 bonds to complete the North Topeka, Silver Lake & Rossville Rapid Transit through their township. If the bonds are voted, work will commence on the extension of the road at once and in thirty days it will be in operation from this city to that place.

G. A. R.

FOR THE National Encampment of the Grand Arm of the Republic, AT COLUMBUS, OHIO, SEPT. 10-14th

THE UNION PACIFIC, "The Overland Route," will sell tickets at a rate as low as the lowest.

Remember this is the only line offering the choice of six different routes from the Missouri River to Columbus. For a party of twenty-five or more, Family Sleepers will be furnished free from any point on the line through to Columbus, without change.

For dates of sale, limit of tickets, etc., call on your nearest ticket agent.

Thos. L. Kimball, E. L. Lomax, Act'g Gen'l Mgr. A. G. P. & T. A. J. S. Tabbeta, 3. P. & T. A.

The Spirit of Kansas

TOPEKA, - - KANSAS.

Among the poverty-stricken kings of this world Milan, of Serbia, is said to wear the crown.

CARDINAL MANNING says that "London is a desolation beyond that of any city in the civilized world."

THE family of Chief-Justice Fuller are said to feel keen regrets over the necessity of severing their pleasant relations with Chicago society.

MR. JAMES B. OSGOOD has recently been elected to membership in the London Reform Club. Only four other Americans share this distinction with him.

THE wool interest in Australia has suffered severely from droughts. The sheep have died by millions. Nevertheless the supply of wool shows a steady increase.

A COMPANY has been formed in London, with a capital of \$2,500,000, for the manufacture of aluminum, sodium and potassium. It has acquired all the best patents for the purpose.

A WARM discussion is going on in England as to whether Queen Victoria eats bread. We are inclined to think that she does. At all events, it is known that she is sometimes very crusty herself.

MORE than three hundred Italian laborers sailed from New York for home the other day, being unable to find employment. Two brigands, who have been confined ever since their arrival were sent back by the same steamer.

A DAUGHTER was born the other day to Mr. and Mrs. John A. Logan, of Youngtown, O. The young heiress has been named Mary Louise, after Mrs. Gen. Logan and Mrs. C. H. Andrews. Mrs. Gen. Logan is still with her son, and has nearly regained her health.

THE Atlanta Constitution says that Amos Cumming is the best reporter America has produced. It doubtless refers to Amos Jay Cummings, the law-giver, whose fame is just breaking through the South. Mr. Cummings is a great journalist and he deserves to have his name spelled properly.

THE clergyman who married Cors Belle Fellows to Chaska, the Indian, has been fatally mangled by a mowing-machine. Some people will say this is a judgment on him, but there is no historic evidence that the first man who monkeyed with a buzz-saw had ever committed a mis-marriage. Fate grips hard, but she is not known to have as many teeth as a reaper.

THE food of the sultan of Turkey is cooked by one man and his aids. It is prepared in silver vessels, and each vessel is sealed by a slip of paper and a stamp after the meal is cooked. These seals are broken in the presence of the sultan by the high chamberlain, who takes a spoonful of each dish before the sultan tastes it. The annual expenditure of the sultan's household is over \$41,000,000.

A CORRESPONDENT writing from the City of Mexico says: "I saw 'Don Porfirio,' as the people familiarly call the president, in the forest of Chapultepec this morning. He was mounted on a handsome horse, wore a black cutaway coat, riding trousers, top-boots and a tall, shiny hat and was as handsome a figure on horseback as he is on foot, which is saying a good deal, as Gen. Diaz is a very noble-looking man. He rides with grace and ease, and was to-day accompanied by an aide in characteristic Mexican riding costume. Now we are to have, as we trust, four more years of Diaz and peace, which the busy, progressive men of the country fervently hope for."

FLANNEL shirts have become popular among the members of the United States senate. Senator Platt started the fashion by appearing in a blue and white fine-striped shirt some time ago. Senators Beck and Blackburn at once abolished boiled shirts and the festive flannel was adopted in their place. But the astonishment of the senate was unbounded when Mr. Edmunds walked into the chamber Monday wearing a shirt of white flannel. Senator Edmunds, the dignified, the conservative iceberg from Vermont, had never before appeared among his colleagues attired in so free-and-easy a costume. Perhaps blazers and tennis shoes may yet find acceptance among our nation's lawmakers.

MAKING A MAN OVER.

A Formulator Gives Away the Secrets of His Art.

"Formulating done here," read a sign on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street over a store. A New York Star reporter who was ignorant of the meaning ventured in to ask. He went in to a close, dark apartment on the second floor of the building, and as he entered he heard the remark: "If they were not as vain as women I wouldn't be here to-day." The speaker was a little stubby man with small grey eyes, full, read beard and an unctuous flabby face. Scattered around him on the bench on which he sat and about the floor were pieces of silk, satin, serge, bundles of horse hair and packages of half-opened cotton. The little man was busily stitching a blue satin quilted article that looked like the back of a baby carriage.

"Yes, I am what tailors term a formulator," he continued, in a thin, squeaky voice. "The word is indicative of my trade, or rather profession. My occupation is truly the latter, inasmuch as it is an art—the art of improving, embellishing or modifying the masculine figure, as the case demands."

"Padding? Yes, some might term it that. Didn't you know that men pad, eh? Why, bless your soul, they have been doing it since the days of Joseph. There is a trite saying among our craft that his 'coat of many colors' was made by a formulator. You see, our mission is a benefaction to mankind. We are the foundation stones for tailoring. Indeed, if it wasn't for the formulator, I doubt if that trade would be as much in vogue."

The speaker separated a thread with a finger-nail close to the garment. Then he held the pad toward the light, scrutinizing it critically, seized his tape line and began measuring the garment, referring constantly to a small piece of paper with the measurements on it.

"The man I refer to is a creature of dissatisfaction. Nothing about his own personality or make-up contents him. He is essentially a being of observation. If he has a friend who is short and fat, while he himself is tall and thin, he forms the idea that he, too, would like to be stumpy and adipose."

"A tailor can do little for him, but we can. Liberal but discriminating padding will make him corpulent, and if his make-up is expertly perfected it will give him the appearance of being considerably shorter than when in his normal state. His friend will remark how well he is looking, ask how he has grown so fleshy, and the artful deceiver will launch into such a dissertation of gastronomy that the horse hair appliances in his artificial chest will shrivel up into a double bow knot with surprise."

"These forms are not limited entirely to the trunk of the subject. The calves, hips and knees all come in for its benefit. You know the knee of a man's trousers in less than a month become 'baggy.' This necessitates any amount of running to the tailor's and having the garment pressed, if the wearer desires to be well dressed. Although a constant bending of the knee is in part the cause of this eyecore to men, the construction of the member is the principal reason of such a state of things. Now look here," and the little man stretched one of his fat legs straight out before him. "Feel my knee; you see the knee-cap sits like a hillook over the points. Below it the limb swerves in. Now, how are you going to make a trouser leg sit smoothly here without catching? Can't say? Then I'll tell you; use forms below and above the cap and the trousers will fit like a glove, and won't bag."

"You see the form being stitched to the lining of the garment makes it stiff and firm and prevents the cloth straining. You may have noticed that the cloth never stretched at the knee cap, but above and below it. A little dressing about the too large calf and a little doctoring at this member itself is a valuable aid to the fit of the leg casement."

"You can't imagine how extensively padding is carried on with professionals. Of course, the ballet is composed more or less of the fair sex; it is not my province to comment on them in my talk with you. But actors—tragic, comic and melodramic—nearly all pad. Why, there was an actor in a company here recently, a leading man, too, whose form was a constant subject of flattering comment with the audience. He was dressed in the costume of medieval times, his legs were exquisitely molded, and his chest, back and hips full and muscular, in short, he was a model of manhood."

"Had you seen him as I did in his room at the hotel one day, you would have been pretty well disgusted with the way nature had used him."

"Fats" are made of a variety of materials and worn in a variety of ways. Chest and spinal articles are made like a sleeveless pocket of one continuous piece of material. There is a hole for the head and the garment is slipped on by extending the arms upward and perpendicularly and letting the article fall on. Over the muscles of the chest the garment is padded to any extent desired. The small of the back is also touched up as necessity dictates. The body of the article is of silk or chamois. The chest pads in cold weather are always worn next to the skin. By this arrangement the effect is natural and consistent, and it is almost impossible, even by feeling, to discover the artificiality of the paddler's figure. The complete chamois outfit is the most expensive, ranging in price from twenty-five to fifty dollars for an entire new shape of these goods. I can make you, to all intents and purposes, as fine an athlete in one week as the best gymnasium would require a year to accomplish. Why, there is no limit to our possibilities. A good many of our business men wear padded undergarments, not particularly for the effect, but because the clothing fits more comfortably."

DOCTORS IN OLIVE-GREEN.

A Proposition that Medical Men Wear Some Mark of Distinction.

An olive-colored button adorned the lapel of Dr. James E. Briggs' coat as he started out yesterday from his office to visit patients, says the New York Sun. He has worn the button three months to the wonderment of many of his patients, who could not imagine whether he was a Knight of Labor, or belonged to some secret political organization.

The olive button simply signified that he was a physician. He is a believer in doctors wearing some distinctive style of dress or insignia. Some time ago the Philadelphia Medical World started a discussion upon the advisability of a doctors' uniform. A physician at Lynn, Mass., has received over a thousand letters from doctors in favor of the idea. It has not been much agitated in this city, though the question will probably come up in some of the medical societies this fall.

Dr. Briggs said last night that often there were accidents on boats and trains and even in the street when a few moments' time meant a great deal to the patient. A doctor might be near and the olive button or hat band would designate him and he could be called to the injured man at once. In a country town, the doctor said, a physician twenty miles away was sent for when there was another boarding for a part of the summer not a quarter of a mile away, though no one knew he was a physician. On excursion and passenger boats the cry was often heard, "Is there a doctor on board?" A mark of designation would be noticed and the physician or surgeon found quickly. Clergymen were distinguished by their dress, why should not the physicians be?

The doctors who have discussed the matter in the Medical World favor olive as the color to fittingly represent medical lore. A hatband or a button or clothing of that color could be easily worn and readily distinguished. Dr. Briggs does not know of another physician in the city who wears the olive button, but believes soon they will be almost as abundant as campaign buttons.

Bread Abroad.

An inquiry recently instituted into the condition of the Vienna poor attending the elementary schools resulted in appalling disclosures. Upward of 4,000 children were suffering from the pangs of hunger, some of them being on the verge of starvation. A long list of heartrending cases came to light, and no doubt was left that not a few of the unfortunate little ones had died of inanition. The intelligence, heralded abroad through the local press, at once became sensational, and the starving school children are now the idols of the hour.

The children, cross-examined by a relief committee, corroborated the evidence already taken. It transpired that their principal food consisted of dry bread, and occasionally a little weak soup or coffee. It is quite true that some of them affirmed that they were habitually given a glass of spirits to stifle the cravings of their appetites and to keep out the cold.

One boy positively stated that his father was a good man, and that when he could not give him anything to eat he let him drink as much gin as he liked. "Ja, ja," exclaimed his school fellows, "and that is why you often come drunk to school."

The parents of the starving children are for the most part day laborers, though some undoubtedly belong to the less respectable class. As soon as the work of relieving the children was taken in hand, subscriptions were opened in the editorial offices of the metropolitan press. Seldom has an appeal to public charity been more rapidly and more generously responded to. The poorer classes have largely contributed.

The popular newspapers are full of advertisements from people who cannot spare much money, but who offer to give one or two children their daily food. Almost all of these advertisements add that application can be made without distinction of religion. All the hotel and restaurant keepers are feeding a certain number of hungry children every day.—London Standard.

A Pointed Reply.

M. Foley, the eminent billiardist, is a man of literary talent, and has had the benefit of a liberal education. However, he never obtrudes his knowledge on anybody, and many of his friends are not even aware that he is a liberal man. The other day a talkative ignoramus was airing at great length what he called his "views" on religious matters, and after holding the floor continuously half an hour, turned to Foley, and said:

"Now, Mr. Foley, what do you believe in?"

"Compulsory education," was the brief and significant answer.—Detroit Free Press.

GEN. SHERIDAN.

Mr. Dana Tells of a Conversation He Had with Him in War Times.

As everybody else is narrating his reminiscences of Gen. Sheridan, I will also contribute mine.

After the battle of Cedar Creek, President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton agreed that Sheridan should receive some special recognition for that great exploit. They promoted him to be a major-general in the regular army, and when the commission was made out the president decided that it should be sent to the general, who still lay near Cedar Creek, by an unusual messenger. I was selected for this agreeable duty.

From Washington to Harper's Ferry I went by rail, but there it was necessary to have an escort. Starting early in the morning and riding all day with no other interruptions than those caused by the appearance of Mosby's cavalry here and there on our flank, it was about 10 at night before we reached the general's stopping place. He had gone to bed, but was waked up to receive the important document. The speeches on the occasion were brief, but they were to the purpose. Sheridan was not displeased with the transaction.

The next morning the general took me on foot through his camp and as he went among the regiments and brigades and greeted old acquaintances on every hand I was everywhere struck with the manifestations of personal attachment to Sheridan. I had not seen anything like it in either of our great armies. Grant, Sherman, Thomas—all moved among their troops with every sign of respect and confidence on the part of the men, but in Sheridan's camp it was quite different. They seemed to regard him as a boy regards the father he believes in, relies on, and loves, than as soldiers are wont to regard their commander. Finally, as we were completing our morning's tour and had got nearly back to headquarters, I said to him: "General, how is this? These men seem to have a special affection for you, more than I have ever seen displayed toward any other officer. What is the reason?"

"Well," said he, "I think I can tell you. I always fight in the front rank myself. I was long ago convinced that it would not do for a commanding general to stay in the rear of the troops and carry on a battle with paper orders, as they do in the Army of the Potomac. These men all know that where it is hottest, there I am, and they like it, and that is the reason they like me."

"One thing more, general," I said. "Are you afraid, or don't you care? What is the real truth about it?" "The man who says he isn't afraid under fire," he answered, "is a liar. I am damned afraid, and if I followed my own impulse I should turn and get out. It is all a question of the power of the mind over the body."—C. A. D. in New York Sun.

A Mesmerist's Dilemma.

There is considerable risk in following the trade of a mesmerist. Recently a professor of the art who travels with Barnum's circus mesmerized a young lady at Sault Ste. Marie, and couldn't entirely bring her out of the trance condition. Whenever he attempted to leave her she became insensible. This was exceedingly embarrassing to the professor, who is a young man fond of society and doesn't like to devote all of his attentions to one young lady, however charming. He would think sometimes that he had restored her to her normal condition so that she would stay until the next mesmerist came along at least, then he would pick up his hat with the remark that he guessed he would run down to the canvas and see how the show was coming on; but before he could get around the corner some of the family would come tearing after him exclaiming, "She's off again!" This obliged him to return at once to the rescue. The show passed on, but the professor was compelled to remain behind for the poor young lady fainted when he stepped outside the door. If he went up town to get shaved or buy a cigar he had to take her along. This was calculated to make talk, and the family was greatly exercised about it. They loved the girl, but felt as though they couldn't afford to keep a mesmerist perpetually to watch over and bring her to. And the professor was anxious to be on the road again, as he was traveling with the show chiefly for his health and to see the country, as many showmen will tell you. Finally, the father of the girl hit upon a plan for solving the difficulty—the professor should marry the girl. Then she could be right along with him all the time, and he could maintain her in a reasonable state of wakefulness. The professor demurred at first, but finally consented. There seemed to be no other way out of the difficulty, in fact, for he was an upright and moral young man, or Barnum wouldn't have employed him. So they were married and proceeded at once on their way. The young woman appears to be all right as long as her husband is about, but the moment that he leaves her she falls into a state of insensibility until his return. The professor is accustomed to it and rather likes it. He knows that while he is at the show attending to his duties his wife is insensible to the attentions of other men.—Texas Siftings.

HERE AND THERE.

Senator Chace, of Rhode Island, has never had his picture taken, although photographers have often tried to entrap him into a sitting.

W. D. Howells, the author, who has been living in absolute seclusion at Little Nahant, has come forth and joined his fellows once more.

Albert Tower has given \$25,000 toward putting a tower on Christ Church, Poughkeepsie, to which he had previously given \$60,000.

Of three eggs laid by a Georgia hen one is as big as a goose egg, one as small as a partridge egg, and the third about as big as a rifle ball.

There is talk of an invitation to Rev. Stopford Brook, of London, to come over and take the late James Freeman Clarke's place in Boston.

A twenty-pound West Virginia wildcat was caught in a mowing machine. He was badly cut up, and so saved two hay harvesters a nasty fight.

A woman in Jersey City has been arrested forty-eight times for wearing male attire, and has been discharged each time because there is no law against it.

The Reading Railroad Company has notified its employees that they will be subject to dismissal if they fail to meet pecuniary obligations which they incur.

According to a recently published Italian pamphlet there are now on Mount Athos 20 different monasteries: 17 Greek, 1 Russian, 1 Serbian and 1 Bulgarian.

The Comptroller of Tennessee estimates that the increase of valuation in taxable property over the entire state over 1887 will be between \$75,000,000 and \$100,000,000.

Sculptors' clay is something that does not "grow wild" everywhere, and it is said that the best now in use by American artists comes from Federal Hill, near Baltimore.

A press dispatch from Vienna, Austria, states that nineteen immigrant agents have been arrested at Cracow for inciting the natives of that district to emigrate to America.

The Knights of Columbus, in Bridgeport, Conn., have voted to take part in a movement of their order for celebrating the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America.

A land grabber in Modoc county, Cal., had nearly completed a solid stone wall around 41,000 acres, when two special agents of the Government Land Department ordered him to remove it.

An Egyptian mummy, supposed to have been entombed 3,500 years ago, was "unveiled" at Round Lake, N. Y., on Wednesday. When it walked this mundane sphere it was a priestess.

A member of a Western company retired the first night of the encampment when the tide was out. He arose in the morning when the tide was in, and exclaimed, "Jee will-kins, men, how it must'er rained up the creek."

The advanced summer seems to have prompted the sea serpent to be more active in its travels. Last week it visited Canada, while during three days of this week the curio appeared at many points on the New England coast.

The death of an aged resident of Indianapolis, a sign painter by trade, revives a story that one of the first pieces of work he ever did was for a cabinetmaker named Caleb Schudder, whose sign he made to read: "Kaleb Skoder, Cabinet Maker."

After walking fifty miles, an eloping couple reached Pomeroy, Ohio, and were married. The bride admitted she felt a little tired and footsore, but didn't care, as "she was in for getting all the romance out of the affair, even if her pa does object to the marriage."

Last week at Lancaster, Pa., Planter, a trotter of local renown, became frightened on the training track, ran away, leaped the fence and some hurdles with his sulky still attached, and in the end was so badly cut and scarred that he must forfeit all engagements in the fall circuit.

In Macon, Ga., a young man, while practicing on the horizontal bar in the armory there, fell, was taken up insensible and carried home. Next morning he was all right again; but the strange part of it is that he has lost all memory of what occurred for twelve hours before and after his fall.

The cynical bachelor is at it again. Now he says he can prove by statistics that two wives elope to one husband, that three widows re-marry to one widower, and that seven-tenths of the engagements which are broken are broken by women. Now let us hear from a cynical old maid on these and other questions.

Russia imports annually 360,000,000 pounds of cotton, chiefly from America and Egypt, but it is believed that recent acquisitions of the Czar in Central Asia are excellently adapted for cotton raising. Some have already been grown in Khiva and Bokhara, and an extensive system of irrigation is being created to develop other land for this crop.

Weddings on water are growing to be quite the fashion. One was lately reported from the Red River region, where the bride and groom were pushed out in a buggy into deep water and there wedded according to the laws of Indian Territory; and now Dr. Hill and Miss Pitt, of West Point, Ga., have got themselves wedded in a yawl at sunset, "slimming over the waters of the yellow Chattahoochee."

A restaurant keeper at the London Zoo ordered an employe to take two barrels of buns to the bear pit, meaning to the refreshment bar near the pit. The man took him at his word and dumped the buns to the bears. The animals were knee deep in them when the restaurant keeper found out what had been done, and ordered the employe to go down into the pit and get the buns back. The man handed in his resignation.

A relieving officer found James Smith, an artist in water colors, in lodgings in London in a very filthy and neglected condition, but he wouldn't go to the workhouse because he "had been well brought up." He had had nothing to eat for three days. After he had starved for some time longer he consented to be removed to the workhouse, but died in a few days from exhaustion, due to the want of proper nourishment. He had exhibited at the Royal Academy.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Man on the Earth.

Starting from the fact that forty years ago four acres of corn was all one man could cultivate, and the hoe being the only tool, it is interesting to trace the part agricultural machinery plays in producing crops for the market at the present time. The change that science and mechanics have made in the raising and transportation of crops rank with the greatest achievements of the last half century. At the beginning of that time there was no implement but the sickle for harvesting wheat, and the inference was logical that as months to be fed increased there would be wheat for only half the mouths. But machinery has solved all such difficulties, not only as to quantity but as to cost. There is no crop that has not been similarly amplified, the truth being we have only just begun to improve in both the methods of cultivation and means of harvesting. Not as to grains only, but as to fruits and everything else that helps to form the food supply of the human family, including the supply of the sea, the lakes and rivers. There is no part of the earth's surface that will not be made to yield its part of the supply. There is "desert" no longer, and as for mountains, if their surface be not made to contribute, we are safe in saying their bowels will. The whole earth—land and water—is for man, and he is not slow in improving his rights and opportunities as their possessor. He is not going to starve.—*Pittsburg Times.*

Ramie and Its Preparation.

Great interest is taken in various quarters just now in the cultivation of the ramie (*Behmeria nivea*) as a fiber plant. Double the quantity of cloth can be made from ramie as from the same weight of flax or hemp, and the texture is lighter, solid and cheaper. It is already used in the adulteration of silk, and may be mixed advantageously, it is averred, with cotton, silk or wool. It has the advantage over cotton of greater strength and durability, and may be made into all grades of stuffs from sail cloth down to fine lawns and laces. The cultivation of this plant is making great progress in Spain. It is also being grown in the valley of the Rhone, in Algeria and in India. The reports are all very encouraging, so far as the inherent qualities of ramie are concerned, and the ease and cheapness of its cultivation. There is only one trouble, but that is serious. Despite the cheery assertions of some English manufacturers that they are able to decorticate it by machinery on a profitable scale, the draw-back lies just there. Ramie contains a gummy substance which no process has yet been able to remove without impairing both the beauty and durability of the fiber. Several chemical processes have been applied to it, but the fiber comes from them little better-looking than vulgar oakum. Much is promised from a new process invented by M. Fremy, of the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, but no satisfactory results have yet appeared. All mechanical contrivances thus far tried have also proven ineffectual; and, even in India, the land of the cheap hand labor which prepares the fiber for the delightful grass cloths of British looms, it seems to be felt that machinery only can bring the ramie into general use. The East India government has offered a premium of \$25,000 for a successful machine, and no practical result has yet followed. The French government is manifesting great zeal in the matter, and on the 15th of August next will open an international competition at Paris of machines and processes for the decortication of the ramie. The classes are as follows: (1) steam machines for operating on the green fiber; (2) steam machines for treating the plant dried; (3) and (4) machines operated by hand or other simple methods suitable for colony use; (5) the best and most economic process for transforming the fiber into threads for spinning. Whatever be the outcome of the competition in Paris, it seems apparent that a fortune awaits some lucky inventor who shall succeed in overcoming the intractability of the ramie.—*American Agriculturist.*

Stacking Hay and Straw.

There are instances in which it is not convenient to put all the hay or straw under cover, although four or six or eight posts set up so as to allow rafters to be put on, either joining in the middle or by leaving the posts on one side higher than the other to make a slanting roof, is a desirable thing. So the stack is resorted to, and if carefully built, answers the purpose. To make a stack, choose ground where the water will run away from it, and manage to make a platform of rails or poles or by setting stakes so as to keep the hay or straw up some 8 or 12 inches from the ground. Setting up a center-pole will be of advantage. Always commence stacking in the center and work outwards, and keep the center full and well tramped. The stack should carry the appearance of an umbrella when shedding rain, and it is built on precisely the same principle. When high enough and well rounded, a large canvas is thrown over it, and it is allowed to settle for a day or two, and it will settle pretty straight. It is then topped off with good, long hay, hauled up in small forkfuls to the stacker, and, when finished,

tied down by two wires, running from the ground over the top of the stack in opposite directions. These wires keep the top in place, and the hay top can not be blown off, and it will keep thus in good condition for a long time. The addition of a cap of boards will give less weather-beaten hay.

It is much better to stack only one stack in a place, and if necessary to have several stacks in the same field, to have them situated so far apart that in case of one being set on fire by lightning, or from any other cause, only one stack will be lost, whereas, if built in a stack yard, all would go, and thus cause quite a loss. Hay can be stacked less green than when put in a barn.

Grass that has a great many weeds in it can be cut before the weeds mature their seed and can be stacked thus, using plenty of salt; and a most toothsome hay will be found ready at hand in the cold winter months for all kinds of stock.

Straw, at the time of threshing, should be stacked or ricked in the very best manner, as it is not only a very valuable product of the farm for bedding, but if nice and bright will astonish those unacquainted with the art of feeding, how cattle, though having an abundance of the best hay and grain, will, when allowed liberty, eat considerable straw.

Straw ricks, after they have settled sufficiently, should be retopped, and then well combed down; and if a day or so is spent thus it will pay all that it costs, during the winter's feeding.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Farm Notes.

Save the seed potatoes for next year by selecting from the most productive hills, and which are free from blemish.

The Ives seedling grape turns dark before it is ripe and is often sent to market as an early grape when really it does not ripen until late. It stands the rot well, but is not a desirable variety.

Where the weeds have grown up higher than the grass go over the field with a mower so as to cut down the weeds, setting the blade high enough in order to avoid cutting the young grass.

The cellar windows should be large, so as to permit ventilation. There should be two windows, if possible. The cellar for the storage of root crops should be cool and dry, avoiding dampness.

If the blackberry canes have not been topped no time should be lost in doing it. By topping them the canes become stocky and throw out laterals, thus becoming more serviceable next season.

Ashes make an excellent fertilizer for melons. Scatter ashes freely around the hills, and chop them into the soil with a hoe. If the patch be a large one the ashes may be broadcasted over it.

The turnip crop is one of the most important now. Too much work can not be given them, as the crop is one that rapidly matures and does not entail more work than many crops that are not so valuable.

Working the cabbage should still be done, as the cabbage makes considerable growth after the leaves fold and begin to head. The crop delights in frequent cultivation, and does not object to manure at all stages of growth.

When the ewes become old their places should be supplied by younger ones. Pen them in the fall and give them all the hay and grain they will eat, with plenty of turnips, and they will be in excellent condition for market in a short time.

The German wax bean will be found an excellent variety. It is tender, of beautiful appearance, and is not stringy, like the Mohawk or Valentine varieties. They grow rapidly and bear pods in large clusters. Every garden should have them, and they thrive best in the warm season.

This is the season for hatching out bantams, as late hatching assists in dwarfing them. The most valuable bantams are those that are very small. They are profitable, as they lay large eggs in proportion to their size, occupy but little space, and give as good results in comparison with cost as the larger kinds.

The potato field should not be allowed to grow up in grass after the crop is off. To allow weeds and grass to take possession is simply allowing the field to be seeded with such pests for next season, thereby doubling the amount of work during the busy period. Sow the potato field to some kind of crop, rye being excellent for that purpose.

The practice of giving a final cultivation to corn and then allowing the crop to remain until matured, whether the field be covered with grass or not, has injured many promising crops. A field of corn should be cultivated as often as may be necessary without regard to its stage of growth. It should be kept clean and the soil always in a loose condition, and the crop will thereby be larger and the plants better enabled to endure the drought.

Where weeds have grown up in the garden to such a height that they cannot be plowed or spaded under, cut them down and let them dry. After they have been well dried apply fire and burn the surface of the ground over, which can be done with little risk if a close watch be kept over the fire as it progresses. The advantages will be that the appearance of the ground will be better, the ashes will serve as a fertilizer, the seeds of the weeds prevented, and thousands of in-

sects destroyed, as well as saving labor in the garden next season.

The Household.

AMBER SOUP.—Fry a gill each of sliced onion, carrot, turnip and parsnip in the fat of ham or bacon to a light brown; put them into the soup-kettle and to them add a sprig of parsley and of thyme, a bit of a bay leaf, five peppercorns and a couple of cloves. Cover with five quarts of stock and let it simmer for an hour, then strain; pour a little cold water into it and when the grease rises skim it off and clarify the soup. Now heat it to the boiling point, season, add a tablespoon of caramel and serve. It should be as clear as amber if properly made.

BEEF TEA WITHOUT HEAT.—Take one-third of a pound of fresh beef, mutton, poultry or game, minced very fine; place it in 14 ounces of soft cold water; to which has been added a pinch, or about eighteen grains, of table salt and three or four drops of muriatic acid; stir all with a wooden spoon and set it aside for one hour, stirring it occasionally; then strain it through a gauze or sieve and wash the residue left on the sieve by means of 5 additional ounces of cold soft water, pressing it so that all the soluble matter will be removed from the residue; mix the two strainings and the extract is ready for use.

BLACKBERRY WINE.—Measure your berries and bruise them; to every gallon add one quart of boiling water. Let the mixture stand twenty-four hours, stirring occasionally; then strain off the liquor into a cask; to every gallon add 2 pounds of sugar, cork tight and let it stand until the following October and you will have wine ready for use without further labor.

SMALL potatoes are very nice cooked in this way: Peel them and boil in salted water; do not let them boil until they are soft. Beat one egg, and have ready some fine cracker crumbs; roll the potato in the egg and then in the cracker, and fry in butter until a light brown, turning frequently that the color may be uniform, or the potatoes may be dropped into hot lard. In this case a cloth should be laid over a plate, and the potatoes should be drained for a moment in this before sending them to the table.

ENTIRE WHEAT MUFFINS.—For a dozen muffins there will be required a cupful and a half of entire wheat flour, a cupful of milk, one-third of a cupful of water, an egg, a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Mix the dry ingredients and sift them into a bowl. Beat the egg until it is light, and add the milk and water to it. Pour this mixture upon the dry ingredients, and beat them quickly and vigorously. Pour the batter into buttered muffin pans and bake for twenty-five minutes in a rather quick oven. The batter will be thin and will give a moist muffin, but that is as it should be.

At Alden's.

We were sitting by the chimney,
In the hearth fire's flickering light,
On the cliff in Alden's cottage,
Where I rested for the night;
And I told the scenes and customs
Of the land beyond the sea;
While old Alden's little daughter
Sat and listened at my knee.

In her blue-eyed radiant beauty
There was something shy and wild,
And the maiden's romance mingled
With the wonders of the child.
Hours had passed, the old sea captain
In his armchair dozed and dreamed;
Said he mused the neighboring ocean;
One the panes the firelight gleamed.

Then she spoke of knights and tourneys,
And her cheeks were all aglow,
For all day that little maiden
Had been reading "Ivanhoe";
Spoke of ghosts and of marauders,
While her voice to whispers grew,
Toward the panes cast startled glances,
Wondering if such things were true.

And I improvised a story
Fit for such a place and hour:
How, for long years by the ocean,
In a cruel fairy power,
Lived a little maid enchanted,
Till her faithful knight, one day,
While her guardian fierce was sleeping,
Stole the little maid away.

As I spoke her blue eyes twinkled
With a merry mystic light;
As I spoke, she rose and lingered
In the door to get good night.
But her voice threw such a radiance
Round the roguish, pretty head,
That I swiftly stooped and kissed her,
And she blushed and laughed and fled.

When I came once more to Alden's
I beheld a mournful change,
For the little maid had vanished,
And the house seemed sad and strange.
Alden's pale, gaunt look foreshadowed
What his quivering lips would say,
And I grasped his hand in silence,
And in silence turned away.

All the proud and cherished structures
By a life-long patience wrought,
All the triumphs which should follow
Days of toil and nights of thought,
Crumble, sink away and vanish,
Like the ocean's shifting sand,
When that sweet face comes before me,
That lost dream of fairyland.

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Professional Courtesy.

Said a distinguished patient to his physician: "Doctor, will you hand me my medicine, please?"

"Excuse me, sir," responded the man of science, "but I am only connected with the bulletin part of your case. Another doctor will be here directly."—*Life.*

A Lesson in Biblical History.

In the Sunday school;
Teacher—What did Pharaoh do?
Small Boy—(Whettedly—I know. It busted pa all to sticks last night. I heard him tell Mr. Jones so.)—*Washington Critic.*

Couldn't Work.

"Look yare, doan stop me," said an old negro who had been accosted by a white man. "Doan stop me, I tell you."

"But," said the white man, "I want to talk to you on business. I've got a lot of work to be done, and I believe that you are the very man to do it."

"Kain't he'p dat," the negro replied. "I ain't got no time to swap wid you now."

"Hold on!" called the white man. "Several days ago you told me that you needed work and that you would take any job that would furnish you enough to eat. Have you grown suddenly rich that you don't care to work?"

"No, sah, I ain't got ten cent ster bless my life wid, but I kain't erfo'd ter turn erside an' wuck fur you now. Good-bye, sah."

"Wait just a moment," the negro took off his hat, and, with an air of perplexity, such as a man exhibits when something trivial compels detention, scratched his head and replied:

"I dun tole you dat I ain't got ne time ter progic. I ain't no 'speryment, dat you should be er tinkerin' wid me deier way. What you take me fur, now, cap'n?"

"I take you for an industrious man, and believing you to be such, ask you assistance in a piece of work. I've got about a thousand bushels of wheat to thrash, and knowing your capacity in managing men, I want to put you in charge of the job."

"But I tell you dat I kain't do it," "What work have you got to perform?"

"No work ertall, sah."

"Then why will you not undertake the job?"

"Lemme ax you dis: Is you er man o' knowledg?"

"I am a man of some education, and, I hope, a man of some knowledge."

"Ah, hab. Wall, den, you un'erstan'd de 'fluence o' de conjurer?"

"No, I do not."

"Den it ain't no use fur me ter tell you why I's got ter go down dis er way widout de hope o' gittin' money, when, by stayin' an' tendin' ter yo' work, you will gain me money."

"I don't understand you."

"Is it possible dat you ain't got no mo' flosify an' grammer an' jegerfy den dat? Is it possible dat you ain't vanced better den dis, wid all yo' chance fur larnin'? Doan you know dat I wouldn't fool diser way widout er cause? I would like ter wuck fur you fur de Lawd knows I needs de money, but de need o' money kain't buck ergit de power."

"What power?"

"W'y, de power o' de conjur. Look yare, ain't you got no l'arin' ertall? I 'clare I neber wuz so 'stonished at er man in my life. Lemme tell you whut's de matter wid me; an' I hopes de Lawd will open yo' eyes ter de fact, but fust I hopes dat yo' unnerstan'd de merick's o' dis case. Er ole nigger dun conjured me. Hole on now, doan put up yo' mouf dater way. Dat man wid de power o' er ole woman dat he hab got some holt on hab conjured me. In de night when I's tired an' wants ter rest dat nigger makes me git outen my bed."

"How does he do it?"

"By his 'fluence, axin' me sich questions ezdat? W'y man, ain't you got no edycation er tal? Doan you know de mericks o' er case like dis yare? Oh, I argued ergit it. I sweated wid mys'f all night an' de naixt day I went out ter fine dat man. I foun' him, but he stood under er apple tree wid de jaw-bone o' er hoss in one han' an' er crooked stick in de nder one. I went fur de purpose o' w'uppin' him, but when he struck dat jaw-bone my knees knocked tergeder an' dat wuz er end o' it. Now, sah, dat man is er callin' fur me. I 'spize him an' I doan wanten go bu' I jest nactully hasten. I reckon he gwine tie er snake round my neck an' make me trot like er hoss, but I kain't he'p it. Whut ober dat man says do I hab ter do."

"Who gave him such power?"

"Look yare, man, ain't you no better edycated den dat? Does you think I's er fool, dat I doan know whut er 'fluence is? I do 'pear ter me dat de white folks is er long time in l'arin' er thing. Look yare, man, you's sich er infernal dotele Satan gwine hab you far er partner, sho'. I kain't wuck fur you, coze dat conjurer, hab got me by de neck. Ef he turns me loose, den I'll try ter 'arn some money, but ez de thing is now, I's got ter bow low an' take stuf ez it comes. Hush! yander is de ole 'oman dat my inimy works. Say nuthin', ur she will make me dance to her pleasure. Oh, Lawd, how long dis gwine last? Take yare, white man, lemme foller de motion o' dat lady's han'. When I gits outen dis difficulty I hopes ter lib out in de woods whar nobody ken see me. Boss, I may wuck fur you some time, but now we's flung erpart by dat awful lady."

—*Arkansas Traveler.*

Convincing Proof.

Pension Commissioner: "You say you were literally pierced with bullets. I don't see how it was possible for you to survive the riddling. Have you any witness who can certify to the exact number of bullets that entered your body?" Applicant: "Yes, sir; after the battle the chest-protector which I had worn was in this terrible and convincing condition." And he exhibited a well-worn porous plaster amid excited silence.—*Judge.*

WALES' SONS.

The Elder, Albert Victor, Disliked—The Jumper, George, Very Popular.

A good deal of chit chat is current in English circles respecting the young sons of the prince of Wales, says Mrs. Hooper in a London letter to the *Philadelphia Telegraph*. The eldest, Prince Albert Victor, is far from being popular. He is accredited with being sly and underhand in his dealings, and something of a hypocrite withal. The best report, current respecting him is that which declares him to be really and persistently attached to his pretty cousin, the Princess Victoria of Teck, and deaf for that reason to all other matrimonial propositions. His august grandmother, so saith rumor, will by no means consent to his betrothal to his fair young lady love, the queen having always cherished a strong dislike to "the Cambridges," and especially to the merry and sweet-natured duchess of Teck. The future king of England might go farther in search of a wife and fare a great deal worse. Indeed, with that law prohibiting the marriage of one of the royal family with a Catholic, it is hard to discover in all the "Almanach de Gotha," a marriageable princess, outside of his own relations, on whom he could bestow his much-coveted hand. Prince George, his younger brother, is rapidly becoming the darling of the English people. He is a bright, handsome youth, overflowing with fun and animal spirits, and is said to have inherited the good nature and kindness of heart of his father, while his elder brother is thought to resemble too much that most unpopular of the royal family of England, the duke of Edinburgh. In fact, as a blunt English gentleman remarked to me: "It would be a much more agreeable prospect for the English people if we were looking forward to the reign of George V. instead of that of Albert Victor I." But I understand that the prince of Wales, when he comes to the throne, will be known as Edward VII., in which case his son will probably reign as Edward VIII. The prince of Wales is said to favor for his son an alliance with the princess Clementine of Belgium, but in that case the young lady would have to change her religion. The fair Clementine is of an appropriate age, being just 16. The princess of Wales, on the other hand, is reported to cherish a desire of uniting her eldest son to her young niece, the Grand Duchess Xenia, only daughter of the czar of Russia, and to use her best efforts to keep him single till the grand duchess, who is a few months over 13, will be old enough to marry. The great unpopularity of a Russian alliance in England will cause this project to fail, if, indeed, it ever existed. Meantime the young gentleman has passed his twenty-fourth birthday. At that age his father had been two years married.

Poor Mr. Punch.

Mr. Quekett, a London clergyman who did an incalculable amount of good among the city poor, once adopted an ingenious device for the reformation of certain naughty children belonging to his school. He had found out that they were in the habit of keeping back some of the pence given them at home for their tuition, and one day when he gave them an entertainment in his garden, arranged a lecture by "Punch and Judy." Taking aside the man who conducted the performance, he gave him the names of the culprits, and asked him to give them a severe lesson. The performance took place in the usual manner, but, at its close, Mr. Punch said:

"Now, there are a few of you boys I want to speak to. I want James Brown."

"James Brown, Punch wants you!" shouted the crowd, and at last he was brought up and made to stand before Mr. Punch.

"Put him here, cried Punch, with a wave of his pole. "Now fetch Thomas a Stringer."

Thus were summoned the twelve boys who had been guilty of keeping back school pence. Mr. Punch then made the following speech, while the poor little fellows trembled in every limb:

"My dear boys, you belong to a party of children who keep back the pennies your mothers give you to pay for being taught at school. Now, James Brown, I know your father and mother. Suppose I tell them of the serious position you are in!"

So the lecture went on, and the twelve little thieves were so wrought upon, that their bad habit was cured. But Punch, the reformer, was not so fortunate.

A few days afterwards he chanced to meet Mr. Quekett and said, "Ah, sir, it was a very bad day's work I did, coming into your garden. I can't get an audience to listen to me down in this part. As soon as they see me, the children cry out, 'Come away! Come away!' he's got the Punch that knows all about us, and the consequence is I can get no custom."

So it seems that some devices are too clever to be practicable.—*Exchange.*

Without Incumbrance.

"Fader," said Rebecca Schneidelbaum, counterfeiting a roseate blush. "Fader, Mr. Schponger has just called. He is now in the parlor." "ask for your hand, eh?" replied Mr. Schneidelbaum excitedly. "Rebecca, take dose diamond rings off before you go in. Ve can't let dem go mit the hand. He takes it mitout incumbrance—or he takes it not at all."—*Boston Transcript.*

Vermont rolled into line with a little improvement. So far there has been a net gain of 3,000 votes over '84.

Senator Cullom's bill that was introduced in the senate yesterday shows which party is for and which is against trusts.

We do not go in much for old Romans, nor for English methods. Americans, even Hoosiers, will do well enough for us.

Ben Butler may have a cock-eye, but it's still discerning enough for him to see the fallacy of free trade and the incompetency of Grover.

Cleveland is the political chameleon of the 19th century. He has changed spots and colors more times than the original animal.

Harrison and Blaine keep right on winning votes, the one talking on the wage question at Fort Wayne, the other at Farmington, Maine, on Prohibition.

Which showed more true manliness, Cleveland's \$20 to the Charles. L. ... or Morton's \$50,000 to help load a ship for the starving ones in Ireland?

The producers and consumers, the farmers and manufacturers, these are the factors of a prosperous civilization and they demand will have protection.

Cleveland is ready and willing to fight Canada, in fact is just dying for gore. Wonder if he would get a substitute this time and only half pay him and then let him die in the poor house.

The man who carried the banner inscribed: "An honest vote and an honest count," in the democratic procession last night at Lawrence, was evidently mixed in his dates. He got in the wrong crowd.

Among those on the Kansas state ticket who served their country faithfully, is found L. U. Humphrey, A. J. Felt, Tim McCarty, Bill Higgins and Jim Hamilton, all Republican candidates for high positions.

The canvass in New York has been developed, by the democracy, into a decided bid for the saloon vote. At a recent reception given by Governor Hill to the liquor dealers at Syracuse, Col. John F. Gaynor, of the Governor's staff, made the following remark which is particularly and peculiarly democratic: "I tell you I would rather have saloons behind me in politics any time than churches."

Hitt, in the house of representatives, hit straight from the shoulder at Cleveland's campaign documents, and electioneering device, the fishery message; and Cullom and Vest, in the senate, hauled Cleveland over the coals in a general way. Things are constantly growing warmer for Grover and he wishes he hadn't gone and done it.

There are certainly some very remarkable things about the present city government, and their modes and methods of procedure. Affairs are mixed! No city chemist, that is, we are not sure we have; then Neally is rampant. His bond of \$1,000 is so heavy that he could get up and sail off, bond and all. Then the Asphalt company are having a hard time and the council don't know where they are. Metzker is trying to do right but is having as hard work as if he were trying to pull a loaded wagon up a toboggan slide.

In a speech the other day, Governor Foster, of Ohio, gave Mr. Cleveland's civil service record in one or two sentences, and here they are:

"He has appointed to office 137 men who have been indicted and convicted of crime. Two of them were murderers, five of them were duellists, seven of them were forgers, three of them were rioters, a number of them were keepers of houses of ill-fame, a number of them had committed fraud on the revenue service, a number of them had been guilty of petty larceny, one of them had been in the work-house for stealing a dog, a number of them had been convicted of robbing mails and postoffices, and one of them was appointed to take charge of a postoffice while yet in jail for having robbed it. Almost every crime known to the law is named in the list of crimes committed by these appointees."

The democratic party is an "against" party. Let us see: It was against freedom in Kansas. It was against the war. It was against the draft. It was against the emancipation. It was against a greenback currency.

It was against the reconstruction. It was against the amendments. It was against the ku-klux laws. It was against the act to strengthen the public credits. It was against the resumption of specie payments.

But it is not against any of these things now—it is underneath them.—Kansas City (Kan.) Gazette.

Plumb is upright.

If there is any compatibility of temperament between the originator of and most of the voters for the Mills bill and the life of the union, we would like to have somebody point it out. How can men, that only twenty-five years ago were trying in every way possible to throttle this government, now frame and try to pass measures that will be beneficial?

Jay Gould tells the country, in a newspaper interview, that he is in favor of free wool. This is not particularly startling intelligence. Cleveland, Havemeyer, Mills, the Standard Oil, whisky, cotton-seed oil, and all the other monopolists, Carlisle, Bruce, Scott—in fact, all Democrats in good standing—are in favor of free wool and free trade generally.—Globe Democrat.

Some of the Democratic papers are denying the statement that the Mills bill proposes to remove all Federal burdens from the retail liquor business and make saloon-keeping free throughout the land, so far as the General Government is concerned. If they will turn to the bill in question and look at the fortieth section thereof they will find it to read as follows:

That all clauses of section 3244 of the Revised Statutes, and all laws amendatory thereof, and all other laws which impose any special taxes upon manufacturers of stills, retail dealers in liquors and retail dealers in malt liquors are hereby repealed.

ALWAYS A WELCOME VISITOR.

The Teacher and Friend of Millions of Children Coming Here.

A greater show than the Barnum Bailey New 15 United Shows could not exist. It never did and it never will have a rival, and the monster combined New 15 Expositions comprising the Barnum and London Shows will spread its veritable city of white tents here on September 14 when it is safe to presume tens of thousands of people from the adjacent country will pour into town on the excursion trains to witness the marvellous curiosities and soul stirring performances. The enormous show to come here this season is even better, larger, and richer in everything than any former one, and all those fortunate enough to see the exhibition of Barnum-Bailey in past years can now judge of the truly big one coming this season. Now there are 125 acts of a novel and startling kind in three rings, while on an elevated stage will take place a series of amazing feats. And in an artificial lake of real water Captain Paul Boyton, the famous aquanaut, will show his perilous feats, and the trained talking seals will perform, while in the new Paris Olympia Hippodrome the most original and daring races will be given, exciting the wildest enthusiasm, and the astounding aerial acts will amaze every beholder. The vast army of performers comprise the best of Europe and America and sensation succeeds sensation until the breath of the auditor's almost taken away with delight. Besides these, there are the double menageries of wild and trained beasts, the museum of living human curiosities, the Wild Moorish Caravan with Algerian dancing girls, Bedouins, their war weapons, horses, and accoutrements, a horse fair with actually 380 first premium horses in a separate tent especially arranged for visitors, an aquarium with strange amphibious animals, two herds of elephants, 2 droves of camels, trained zebras, giraffes, ostriches, dogs, pigs, monkeys, goats, seals, bears, wolves, donkeys and others; Jumbo as natural as life, and his big skeleton; Marshall's Japanese troupe, and a thousand other novel and wonderful things which require 64 railroad cars to transport. The street parade will take place at 9 o'clock A. M. rain or shine, and in it will be \$1,500,000 worth of rare objects. All the tents will remain up until 9 at night, and the evening performances are guaranteed to be exactly the same as those of the afternoon.

At the Mitchell county republican convention, held on last Thursday, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

RESOLVED, That this convention condemns in most unmeasured terms the language used by C. H. St. John relative to General Harrison and those who call upon him, and that the man who uttered such language is unworthy the confidence and respect of this community or the public generally.

The utterance alluded to, was to the effect that the delegations who called on General Harrison at Indianapolis were simply howling, drunken mobs; that the railroads carried them there for \$1 a head, and they were received gladly by General Harrison.

The Mercury No. 10 for the North Topeka, Silver Lake and Rossville Rapid Transit arrived on the Monday night's train and was unloaded yesterday and placed on the track. Late in the afternoon the boilers were filled with water and a fire started in the furnace. At 6 o'clock the excursion passed the city limits and went to Beverley's park near the Rock Island's round house. After a few minutes halt, the return trip was made. The road rides easily and will be a great convenience to people who live at a distance from the business portion of the city. A special excursion started at 2 o'clock to-day and went out to North Park grove.

Frank Ward and family will leave for Colorado Springs sometime this week, in search of better health.

The Union Pacific is running extra trains this week from Topeka to the Bismark fair. Trains now leave at 8:45 and 10:48 a. m. and returning at Topeka at 7 p. m.

Manifold Knowledge.

John Calvin, the first title in Vol. VII. of Alden's Manifold Cyclopaedia, occupies seven pages, and Cevennes, the last title, the name of the chief mountain range in the South of France, is given nearly one page. Between these there are over 800 pages, including considerable over 100 illustrations, devoted to topics in every department of human knowledge; for instance: Calw, a manufacturing town in Wurtemberg, 11 lines; Calyx (in botany), 30 lines; Cam (a river), 9 lines; Camaldolites (a religious order), 10 lines; Cambridge University, 5 1-2 pages; Cambysses (King of the Medes), half page; Camel (quadruped), 3 pages; Camera (in optics), 3 pages; Canada, 8 pages; Canal, 3 pages; Cancer, 4 pages; Carboniferous System (in geology), 3 pages; Cards (playing), 4 pages; Carpentry (10 illustrations), 5 pages; Catalectic (in poetry), 2 lines, and so on. These few specimens indicate the wonderful variety and comprehensiveness of the knowledge embraced within the scope of the work. It is an ordinary Cyclopaedia of Universal Knowledge, and an Unabridged Dictionary of Language in one, the editorial work being in skillful hands, the mechanical work, paper, printing and binding, all that one can reasonably wish, the form convenient beyond all precedent in works of reference, and the cost so trivial as to astonish even those who have been familiar with the remarkable accomplishments of Alden's "Literary Revolution." It is probably better than any other Cyclopaedia or Dictionary adapted to popular use. The publisher sends specimen pages free to any applicant or specimen volumes, which may be returned, bound in cloth for 50 cents; or half Morocco 65 cents; postage 10 cents. JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 333 Pearl St., New York; or 218 Clark St., Chicago.

ST NICHOLAS for September has a dainty summary frontispiece, the original of which may be found in almost every country place, showing that "More near than we think,—very close at hand, lie the golden fields of Sunshine Land," as Miss Edith M. Thomas tells us in the poem which opens the number. Then come the "Two Little Confederates," who by this time have won their way to the affection of all young readers, North and South. The late Mr. E. P. Roe collected "Some Stories about the California Lion," during his recent sojourn in Southern California and these stories are related in this number. Estelle Thomson relates a charming story about "Knot-Holes," and "What Dora Did" is a true story of a Dakota blizzard. There are several articles about birds: Ernest E. Thompson describes the "Pintail" Henry Tyrrell writes a charming poem. The "Water-Osels' Address," and Charles Frederick Holder reports "How Some Birds are Cared For," "Ducks the Farm Hand," by Anna S. Reed, touches upon the labor question, and shows how a small boy found one solution of the problem. Richard Malcolm Johnston continues his record of the oddities of "Little Ike Templin" and Thomas Stevens describes the haunts and habits of the "Wild Pea-Fowls in British India." Charles Barnard tells an excellent story of the cruise of Captain Elton, in command of the errant canoe-boat "Dorsey Jane." "The Mischievous Knix," by Langdon E. Mitchell is a quaint sort of fairy story, well illustrated by Birch. A very practical article, valuable to all ingenious boys, is "What to do with Old Corks," by Charles G. Leland. In the "Sent of Dogs" Theo. B. Wilson calls attention to some of the wonders performed by hunting-dogs. "A School Legend" refers to the short history of that well known Mr. "Peter Rice" who is so fond of a fish diet.

The pictures, jingles, and short verses are unusually abundant, and the Departments contain the customary amount of interesting information for the young people.

Celia Thaxter's fine face and striking photograph illuminate the first page of Alden's illustrated magazine Literature, bearing date Aug. 11. The entire number is devoted to a biographical sketch, literary criticisms, and extracts from her writings. This method of presenting popular authors is a characteristic feature of this magazine. \$1.00 a year: specimen copy free. JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 333 Pearl St., New York; 218 Clark St., Chicago.

Children's Diseases.—Summer Complaints.

Careful statistics show that a large proportion of the human family die before reaching their fifth year; and that further examination shows that most of these deaths occur from what is known as "Summer Complaints"; "Diarrheas"; "Cholera Infantum"; and "Dysentery." These are all strictly preventable causes of death and it is a disgrace to the civilization and medical skill of the age that such mortality should occur.

Of course unhealthy surroundings and close ill-ventilated dwellings; stifling sleeping-rooms, hot air and improper food have much to do in causing and keeping up these diseases. But bad medication has even more to do with the unfortunate results. The medicines most commonly resorted to, not only do not cure but often prolong and keep up the disease.

It is refreshing in this uncertainty to turn to remedies that not only do not injure but that do cure. Such are "Humphreys' Specifics." His four, five and six are infallible and thousands of families use them with the most satisfactory results.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Freeman were pleasantly surprised Monday evening by the members of the Methodist Episcopal choir and their friends. Mr. Freeman was presented with a handsome photograph album. Everyone present had a splendid time. Refreshments were served at a late hour by the ladies. Those present were: Mrs. Woodman, Mrs. Jenness, Mrs. Hiller, Mrs. Snow; Misses Ida Henry, Annie Henry, Blanch Jenness, Miss Woodman, Miss Pendleton, Miss Gray, Edna Bergen, Mattie Henry, Kittie Doan; Messrs. Jenness, A. L. Allen, L. Groshong, Russell Barber, E. F. Hill, C. McClintock, Wager Chase, F. A. Aller, and little Harry Aller.

An unfamiliar face greets the reader in the frontispiece of the September CENTURY, that of Edward Thring, the late Head-Master of the Uppingham Grammar School, England. This is a compliment paid to an educator pure and simple. Mr. Thring has been said to have been, since Arnold of Rugby, the most highly esteemed educator of England. George R. Parkin's illustrated article on Uppingham describes "an ancient school worked on modern ideas." The pictures are by Joseph Pennell and Irving R. Wiles. This is, in fact, an educational number of THE CENTURY. Other articles on this subject are "The Industrial Idea in Education," by Charles M. Carter; "The University and the Bible," by T. T. Munger; "Women who go to College," by Arthur Gilman; and a profusely illustrated paper on "College Fraternities," by John Addison Porter. In addition to these, readers will find an "Open Letter" by President Seelye of Amherst on the same subject of "College Fraternities," also an "Open Letter" on "Art Education," by W. J. Stillman, and two editorials having to do with teaching. It may be added that the poet Sill, about whom Miss Phelps writes with so much enthusiasm, was a notable teacher as well as a poet. Other articles in this number are a continuation of the Life of Lincoln; George Kennan on "Exile by Administrative Process," A. C. Gordon on "Hard Times in the Confederacy," Professor Holden's concluding article on "Sideral Astronomy," an illustrated article by Mrs. E. S. Starr on "Doves" and "Bird Music," by S. P. Cheney, father of the poet, Mr. Kennan, in the department of "Open Letters," answers the question, "Is the Siberian Exile System to be Abolished?" The ex-Confederate General Colston writes feelingly and reconstructively of "Gettysburg Twenty-five Years After." Minister Romero explains his relations with General Grant during the time of Grant's failure; and John Banvard and General Fremont tell about "The Canal at Island No. 10." The stories and sketches of the number are a continuation of Mr. Janvier's "A Mexican Campaign" an illustrated story by James Lane Allen, the scene of which is laid in the monastery described by him in the August number of THE CENTURY; and Mrs. Roseboro's sketch entitled, "The Mountaineers about Montague." The poetry of the number is by Bliss Carman, Eugene Ashton, Walt Whitman, John Vance Cheney, William H. Hayne; and in "Brac-a-Brac" by Helen Gray Cone W. J. Henderson, Frank Dempster Sherman, and Annie D. Hanks.

The September issue of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE is a noteworthy one. In addition to an interesting and varied collection of choice literary features, are two very forcible articles on questions of the day—one on "The President's Error," by James G. Blaine, and the other by Governor Foraker on "Tariff and Labor." Mr. Blaine takes Mr. Cleveland severely to task for many of the assertions made in his message of last December, and Governor Foraker handles his subject in his usual clear style. The Magazine opens with a finely illustrated article on "The American Navy of To-day," by Lieutenant Wm. F. Fullam, U. S. N. The writer shows what progress has recently been made in the direction of giving the United States navy a feature of naval power. The article is a description of Captain Zaliniski's dynamite cruiser, the "Vesuvius." The new cruisers are fully described. Another interesting article is entitled "Rambles about Naples," and is illustrated with choice views of famous Italian scenery. Charles Burr Todd contributes a charming paper on "Hiawatha's Country," which is rendered the more valuable by illustrations of the famous "Pictured Rocks," and other features of interest to the readers of Longfellow's beautiful poem. William Wilfred Campbell furnishes a very fine poem on "Dead Man's Lake," which is illustrated by a handsome frontispiece. Other poems are by Jessie Chandler, Jessie F. O'Donnell, Aubrey De Vere and Francis L. Mace. The September installment of Mary Agnes Tinkers novel "Two Coronets," is particularly brilliant. Ex-Governor Rodman M. Price has a paper on "A Moonlight Duel on the San Juan," describing an exciting incident of the war with Mexico. The Departments are, as usual, very complete. Dr. Hutchinson gives some valuable health advice for September. Literature and Book Reviews receive special treatment. Timely Topics, Home Department, and the American Pulpit are all filled with interesting matter, and the Portfolio is this month devoted to an amusing sketch.

John Payne, stenographer for J. Thomas & Co., leaves to-day for his old home in Bowling Green, Kentucky, to complete his studies.

C. W. Filkin and William Ebert left yesterday for Osage City to attend the Kansas River association of the Baptist church being held in that city.

A. J. Arnold returned yesterday morning from Lawrence, where he had been in attendance at the meeting of the democratic clubs. He reports an enthusiastic time.

There are fifteen cases of malaria fever reported at the Reform school. One of the boys died from the fever Monday and his remains were shipped to his friends.

Miss Lillie Simmons who has been staying with her uncle, J. A. Ramsour, in this city, for two years, departs for her home in Jewett, O. She will be accompanied by her cousin, Miss Maud Ramsour, who will spend the winter with her. Miss Simmons has sung leading soprano in the Presbyterian choir since her residence in this city and she will be much missed by the congregation of that church.

Mrs. H. C. Phelps entertained some little people at her home on Jackson street, last night. Those present were: Madge and Ethel Ray, Nellie and Park Kimball, Clara and Stella Mitchell, Maud and Della Smith, Lottie and Roy Ranney, Nellie, George and Harry Buttery, Bertha Smith, Mrs. Fulton and Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Ray constituted the grown folks. One and all report having a jolly time, and only wish the occasion to be repeated in the near future.

Lon Dolman will enter Washburn college this term.

Manager McGrew, of the Topeka starch works, informed a reporter that they shipped another car load of their starch yesterday to San Francisco.

Efforts are being made to have the Sells circus winter in Topeka. It would bring a good deal of money into the city and our business men should see that they come.

Harry Reigart has tendered his resignation as assistant general superintendent of the Santa Fe, to take effect to-day. A colony of Italian emigrants bound for western Kansas passed through this city last night over the Union Pacific railroad.

Hon. A. R. Green, of the railroad commission has returned from Hot Springs, Arkansas, and is much improved in health.

Bethany College opens September 12. Rev. H. D. Fisher, now of Marysville, will come down to the reunion.

J. W. Glead is in New York.

E. G. Moon has returned from Wichita. John L. Waller is stirring up things lively.

General J. C. Caldwell left yesterday for St. John, where he speaks at a republican meeting.

M. C. Holman will lead the music at the reunion.

Manhattan and Osage City are shipping crab apples to the Kansas preserving works. Ed Chilson of Valencia, is sending in cucumbers and horseradish in daily shipments.

W. P. Herrington, more familiarly known as "Parson" Herrington, who lives west of the City, was on the North side yesterday for a short time, while on his way to Arkansas City, where he appears Monday in connection with the Burris-Kassebaum swindle. A gentleman who is well acquainted with Herrington, informed a COMMONWEALTH reporter yesterday that he had received a draft for \$600 from Oakley Burris, immediately after the sale of the cattle. This is the reason that Mr. Herrington's presence is desired at Arkansas City.

W. P. Herrington asks the press to correct a mistake that has been made by saying that Burris had victimized him for the amount of \$1,000. He says that he never had any dealing with Burris, and was not swindled out of any money by Burris or any other person.

Major J. B. Dailey, for the past twenty years division master mechanic of the Kansas division of the Union Pacific road was in the city yesterday the guest of Colonel O. H. Dorrance.

C. A. Parker, assistant general freight agent of the Chicago, Santa Fe & California road, will remove his headquarters from Kansas City to Chicago, September 1.

A piano club has been organized in the city to encourage the art of playing this instrument. The officers of the club are Julius Levi, president; Dr. M. D. Baily, secretary; R. W. Vincent, treasurer.

The compliments of the Kansas State fair association in the shape of a special invitation and admission, accompanied by a neatly worded note, was received recently by the editor, who wishes to return thanks to the association and especially to the worthy secretary, E. G. Moon.

N. B. We will be there from the 17th of September to the 22nd inclusive.

The bank clearances for last week show a very remarkable increase over the clearances for the corresponding week last year though there is a slight decrease over week's clearances. Clearances this week, \$326,003; last week, \$333,736; corresponding week last year, \$187,897. Increase over corresponding week last year, \$238,116. The clearances for the month of August also show a flattering increase over August, 1887, as follows: August, 1888, \$1,896,712; August, 1887, \$1,107,215; increase, \$789,497. The record is not equaled by any other city in the country.

In 1860, Henry Goethe, of Beaufort, S. C., wrote Dr. Shallenberger:

"I regard your Antidote a specific for chills and fever. It was used on the Charleston & Savannah R. Road last summer and autumn in the most sickly region, and under the most trying circumstances. Out of one gang of negro operatives, fifty were stricken down with chills and fever, and every one recovered, by the timely use of Shallenberger's Antidote. You possess the GREATEST MEDICINE IN THE WORLD."

The agricultural college will make an exhibit at the fair.

Hon. David Overmeyer has returned from Cottonwood Falls, where he made a speech Saturday evening in the interests of the democracy. Although not entirely recovered from his recent illness, he will speak at Luken's Opera house next Saturday evening.

There has never been such a crop of watermelons as this year. Twenty-five wagon loads were brought to the city Saturday, and great big ones, as large as a nail keg, sold for 5 cents. One farmer sold out for 25 cents a dozen and two dozen made a wagon load.

The Hancock club, of the North side, attended the democratic ratification at Lawrence last night.

The quarterly payment of pensions was commenced yesterday at the Topeka pension office. About 500 pensioners called at the office and received their checks, and as many more were paid by mail. About \$40,000 was disbursed.

John A. Brooks the prohibition candidate for vice-president is announced to speak in this city Thursday, September 13.

W. G. Simcock and wife, of the firm of Crippen, Lawrence & Co., of Salina, is visiting the Rev. W. W. Mix of Central avenue.

Sterling has found no end of salt, but water is most needed.

There are twenty-nine societies of the Young Woman's Christian association in Kansas.

Barber county claims the first mature corn in the market of this year's growth—August 4.

The Silver Lake Ratification.

The Republicans of Topeka and Silver Lake united in a rally at the latter place Saturday evening and the event was one to be long remembered. A large delegation from Topeka left on the seven o'clock train, accompanied by part of Marshall's Military Band, and were met at Silver Lake by the Republican League of that city with all the courtesy and kindness that usually characterizes their people. Proceeding to the school house yard, there being no hall large enough to hold the large concourse of people, amid fair women and brave men, the issues of the day were discussed. W. B. Parmeter was elected chairman, and after a couple of pieces by Marshall's Band, W. E. Sterne, candidate for clerk of the district court, was introduced, and in a manly, straightforward speech thanked his constituents for their confidence in electing the young men on the ticket two years ago, and if re-elected would continue to perform his duties with the same degree of faithfulness that had characterized his past two years of work. In regard to the taxes, he said that when he came into office the tax was 17 mills and was reduced to 15 mills, and a year ago was reduced to 11 mills on the dollar, and he could point with pride to that record. He arraigned Cleveland for surrounding himself with men who tried to destroy the union and even sent them to represent us in foreign lands. Cleveland and his party were the exponents of free trade. Forty years ago Cobden advocated free trade in England and every nation in Europe had tried it, but all but England had gone back to protection. He likened Cleveland to the cooper who could not make the heads stay in his barrels, so he put his boy inside to hold them while he nailed them in and at last account was trying to get the boy out. The democracy had Cleveland in a barrel and was trying to get him out.

Music followed, and the genial Harry Safford was announced. His appearance was the signal for applause as in his usual happy manner he commenced a most vigorous and telling speech. He divided the voters into two great parties—the republican, whose principles were, "the Union must and shall be preserved," "that all men were created free and equal," and that gave this country the homestead laws and the banks—the party who was always for all that was good, moral and progressive, for the church, the school and the fireside. The democratic party, rock-ribbed and moss-backed, followed along in the rear of the republicans, following in their tracks with no new ideas and an expression as if they were attending their own funeral. If a southern democrat was asked to-day what democracy meant he would say "To drink whiskey and damn the nigger." Now people will howl about the bloody shirt. Did the rebels, when whipped in the late unpleasantness, come home to their father and say, "Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight." What he did do was to come home and go in the front gate to the front door, ring the bell, go in to the parlor, wipe his muddy boots on the parlor carpet and say, "Dad, gimme some veal." Mr. Safford then produced some figures, after explaining the electoral vote and the representative system, to show that the bloody shirt needs to be waved considerably. He compared, in detail, five southern states, Georgia, Mississippi, South Carolina, Louisiana and Alabama having a total population of 5,871,805, a total number of votes cast of 619,156, and an electoral vote of 48, with five northern states, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, California and Nebraska, having a total population of 4,718,580, and a total number of votes cast of 1,162,498 and an electoral vote of 42. He showed conclusively that the five southern states with six more electoral votes allowed or had about one-half the number of voters that the five northern states had and that was decidedly an injustice if not a wholesale fraud. It was before the war that one "fire-eater could lick two Yanks," (but they do it though,) but now the fact is that one southern democrat can out-vote two northern republicans.

Mr. Safford next called the attention of his audience to the tariff question, discussing it thoroughly in an able manner, pointing to England as an exponent of a free trade country and referring to the bread riots of just a short time ago in Trafalgar square, in London, when 20,000 people were crying for bread, if not bread, honest work to keep them from starving. A reference to cheap values, but the prime factor of cheap values, he said, was cheap labor.

Music was interspersed through the program, like jelly between the layers of a cake, and the next layer was J. G. Wood, who declared that the greatest issues were presented in this campaign, greater than any since he had been a voter. He said that the democratic party was conceived in treason by Thomas Jefferson, and that it had been in treason all along the line to the civil war, and even down to the present time when Cleveland surrounds himself and sends to represent us in every foreign country but

one, an ex-brigadier general or soldier in the confederate army. He then arraigned the democratic party for the lies it had uttered in crying Reform! Reform! Since being elected to office, nearly four years ago, what had they reformed? Certainly not the diplomatic corps, for they had to send four different men to represent us in Mexico, and recall three on account of their drunken and disgraceful conduct. Have they reformed the treasury? Not much. They have gone along in the paths made safe and secure for them by their republican predecessors, except that Secretary Fairchild has loaned \$60,000,000 with only \$57,000,000 worth of security, at no rate of interest, to democratic banks in New York. Mr. Wood then discussed the tariff question, showing the fallacy of the democratic position, and of their cry of "reform the tariff." There are 132 articles now protected, that are on the free list of the Mill's bill. Four-fifths of the remainder are reduced, those mostly that affect northern industries, those least that affect the south. Mr. Wood had facts and statistics to prove all of his assertions, and challenged them to disprove any of his assertions.

Josiah Jordan, the candidate for county superintendent, then occupied the platform for a five minute speech, which, if lacking in quantity, was abundant in quality. In a neat speech he thanked the previous speakers for leaving him the water for they had left him nothing to talk about, and out of the largeness of his heart he would try and leave the next speaker the water, if nothing else. He complained that we teachers were never very good talkers, but if he had a blackboard and some chalk he might give some object lessons of protective tariff.

Mr. Charles Curtis, was the next and last speaker, and held his audience completely. His voice is very pleasing and effective, especially for out-door speaking very full and sonorous. He commenced by saying, that the Topeka "contingent" had to wait until 3 o'clock, and that if he gave out there was plenty more material to draw on. His tariff talk was argumentative and convincing, and some of his figures were startling indeed. Among the things quoted was the flax seed industry. Before the war there was tariff on flax seed there was on 100,000 bushels raised in this country, but now there is over 7,000,000 bushels. Among the inconsistencies of the Mills bill is olive oil, used only by the rich people, on the free list, while castor oil, which all poor people have to have, is on the list taxed 97 per cent. Mr. Curtis spoke of the bandana as the democratic emblem, while the stars and stripes waved at the republican mast head. He ridiculed the reforms that the democratic party had baited their hooks with, to catch mugwump "suckers" and said not even Andrew Jackson, who formulated the party principle of "to the victors belong the spoils" turned out so many of the tried and true to be replaced by copperheads and confederates. He went on to say that the present administration honored traitors more than it did patriots, pointing to mourning and flags at half mast when the arch traitor Jake Thompson died, but scarcely a sign of respect when Vice President Wheeler passed away. The only good thing that Cleveland had done was to get married, but even that did not balance the evil. Among the many mistakes of Cleveland he enumerated the following. The order to return the rebels flags. His going fishing on Decoration day. His \$20 to the Charleston sufferers, and \$10,000 for his own corruption fund. His furnishing a substitute in the late war, and letting him die in a poor house. In supposition to this degraded picture of 300 pounds of imitation of a man, he drew a pathetic word picture of our brave standard bearer General Harrison. Mr. Curtis speech was received with unbounded applause, and after three cheers for the Topeka speaker, and three cheers and a tiger for Harrison & Morton the meeting adjourned. The Topeka party was then escorted to the Boswell house, where an elegant repast was enjoyed, through the courtesy of Mr. Republican League of Silver Lake, to which a vote thank's was passed by the visitors. The President of the League, J. A. Guild and Secretary R. A. Richards, deserve thanks for their thoughtfulness and all together the affair was a typical love feast. Among those who went up from here were, A. B. Quinton, Sam Gardenhire, J. Q. A. Peyton, Max Overton and many others.

Congressman Scott has declined renomination on the Democratic ticket. He is fiscal manager of the democratic national committee and the prelude has satisfied him that there is no possible chance for democratic success.

No, Mr. Democrat, the Republican voters of Kansas are not worried at all about that joint debate. What is the use of the republicans furnishing both the attractions for the mere pleasure of exhibiting your candidate to our voters.

In a recent speech, John F. Scanlan, author of "Why Ireland is Poor," said: "If you are not convinced as to the position of the Democratic party, look over the English papers. Everyone—Tory, Liberal or Radical—supports Cleveland. Not one speaks a good word for Harrison, while every Irish Nationalist paper gives undivided support to the Republican party."

The prohibitionists in Texas in Mr. Mills' district are preparing a surprise party for him. It's simply a majority of the voters of this district are going up to the polls on Nov. 6, and it will be a combination of wealthy prohibitionists, high-toned democrats, and loyal protectionists, and they are going to return a handsomer man. His free wool clause and his license speeches are the *causis belli*.

A peculiarly exasperating condition of affairs in New York for the Democrats. Mr. Hill will run and run hard, but then there is Secretary of the Navy Whitney, who is Cleveland's candidate. If Hill gets the nomination for governor, there will be a bolt of the supporters of the administration, and if Whitney gets it, there will be a large number of democrats who are pledged for Harrison and Hill. Another peculiar feature that is complicating things, is that the state and presidential elections occur at the same time this year but it will not occur again until the last year of the present century.

It has been asked "What do the political prohibitionists want in Iowa this year?" They want to try and defeat the only party that ever did a thing to advance prohibition and the work is to be pushed with money furnished by and for the democracy. The actions of such men as St. John are about like the young man, who, after his father has sent him to school, to college, came home and found his father invalided and old, sitting in a corner. Forgetting the years of toil, of self-denial, of privation and devotion to principle, he said to him, "You are now a non-producer; you are not valuable any longer," and turned him out of doors.

There is some very good protection argument among some of Voorhees' old speeches of 1881. We quote from one of his southern speeches, which we think is pretty good protection doctrine. Mr. Voorhees says:

"The people of Indiana, with all their tremendous capacity for agriculture, are not content to ignore all the other branches of remunerative industry. They are reaching forth their hands, guided by skill and intelligence, to pluck fruits in all the fields of labor. And if in paying a tariff tax for government support as revenue they find that the laws compelling them to do so likewise foster, encourage and protect their young and growing manufactures, of iron, hardwood glass, woolen and cotton, they will regard them with favor as the result of wise legislation. Indeed they will demand such an adjustment of the tariff as to insure that end."

Never drop a book upon the floor.
Never turn leaves with the thumb.
Never hold a book near your face.
Never lean or rest upon an open book.

Never turn down the corners of leaves.

Never touch a book with damp or soiled hands.

Always keep your place with a thin bookmark.

Always place a large book upon a table before opening it.

Always turn leaves from the top with the middle or forefinger.

Never touch a book with a damp cloth, nor with a sponge in any form.

Never pull a book from a shelf by the binding at the top, but by the back.

Never rub dust from books, but brush it off with a soft, dry cloth or duster.

Never place another book or any thing else upon the leaves of an open book.

Always open a large book from the middle, and never from the ends or cover.

To avoid injuring the leaves of books never put a pencil-mark in a library book.

Never close a book with a pencil, a pad of paper or anything else between the leaves.

Never open a book farther than to bring both sides of the cover into the same place.

Always keep your books out of the reach of small children and in a clean, dry place.

Always keep any neatly bound borrowed book covered with paper while in your possession.

Never attempt to dry a book accidentally wet by a fire, but remove the moisture with a soft, dry cloth.

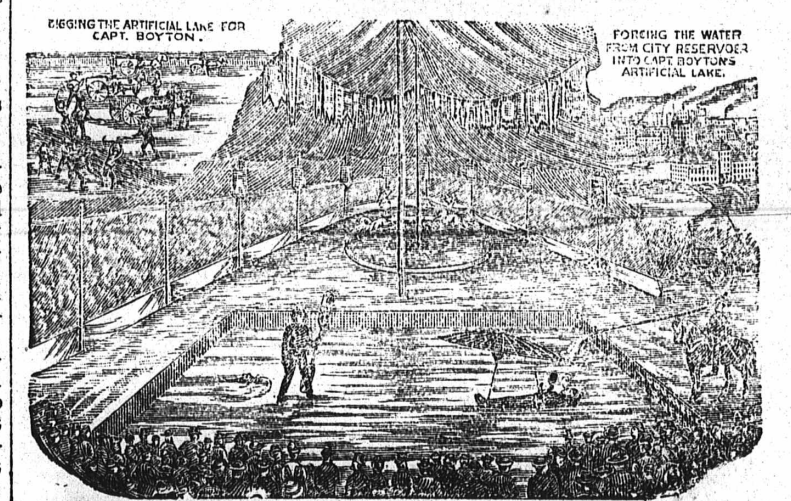
Never write upon paper laid upon the leaves of an open book, as the pencil or pen point will either scratch or cut the book leaves.

Never cut the leaves of a book or magazine with a sharp knife, as the knife is sure to run into the print, nor with the finger, but with a paper-cutter or ordinary table knife.

The number of taxable acres of land in Kansas is 40,746,799.

7 mosquitos that spent the summer in Garden City have gone.

BARNUM & LONDON 15 NEW UNITED SHOWS. 15 TOPEKA, Friday, Sept. 14. P. T. BARNUM'S



**GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH
AND THE
Great London Circus.
Paris-Olympia Hippodrome**
2 Menageries, Triple Circus,
Museum, Horse Fair,
Elevated Stage,
Artificial Lake of Real Water,
Trained Animal Exhibition.
AND MAGNIFICENT



WILD * MOORISH * CARAVAN, Faithfully depicting Real Scenes of Barbaric Pomp and Eastern Splendor. Truthfully showing the life of

Moors, Algerians, Bayaderes & Bedouins.

As it actually exists in camp and on the Desert.
A Whole Army of Egyptian Tribes.
With their Horses, Arms, Costumes, Slave Attendants, Tents of Animal
Skins, Priests, Soothsayers, and CHARMING DANCING
MAIDENS.

Skilled Warriors, Daring Shicks and Fearless Horsemen.

Together with all the Religious objects, Musical Instruments, Traveling
Equipage, Elegant Costumes and other paraphernalia carried in
their Desert Wanderings, in their constant Wars.



And annual pilgrimages to Mahomet's Tomb.
Great exhibitions of Mimic Battles.

Eastern horsemanship, Native Algerine Dancing and use of weapons.

2 PERFORMANCES EVERY DAY, 2 & 8 p. m.

Doors open an hour earlier.

* Tremendous Free Street Parade! *

on the morning of the Show, with \$1,500,000 of new features.

To accommodate visitors, reserved numbered seats will be sold at the regular price, and admission tickets at the usual slight advance at the

Kellam Book Co., 605 Kansas Avenue.

Cheap excursions on all roads.

BOB WHITE.

Look! the valleys are thick with grain
Heavy and tall;
Peaches drop in the grassy lane
By the orchard wall;
Apples, streaked with the crimson stain,
Bask in the sunshine warm and bright;
Hark to the quail that pipes for rain;
Bob White! Bob White!
Augur of mischief, ripe for rain;
Bob White!

Men who reap on the fruitful plain
Sifting the town,
Lift their eyes to the shifting vane
As the sun goes down;
Slowly the farmer's loaded wain
Climbs the slope in the falling light;
Bold is the voice that pipes for rain;
Bob White! Bob White!
Still from the hillside pipes for rain;
Bob White!

Lo, a burst at the darkened pane,
Angry and loud;
Waters murmur and winds complain
To the rolling cloud;
Housed at the farm, the careless swain,
Weaving anæas while the fire burns bright
Tunes his lips to the old refrain:
Bob White! Bob White!
Oh, the sound of the blithe refrain;
Bob White!

—St. Nicholas.

A Happy Quarrel.

What do you think, John? The Brandon Cottage is let."

Miss Nicola Whyte came in from the village, all in a quiver of newly-acquired information. It was always she who brought in any stray bit of news or gossip. John never seemed to hear anything. As Miss Nicola sagely observed, "he always lived with his nose in a book."

"What does it matter to me," said Miss Nicola, "what they did in the days of King Rameses or Julius Cæsar. I'm a great deal more interested in what is going on to-day at Hurlingham or Lillie Bridge."

She was a trim, neatly dressed person of middle age, with beady, black eyes, short black curls that danced and trembled with every movement that she made, and a great fancy for wearing pink or blue ribbons—a sort of assertion, perhaps, that she was not yet past the age of bright colors and girlish costumes. To day she carried a little market basket in her hand. She had been buying sweetbreads and asparagus for dinner.

Mr. Whyte looked up from his desk. He had an extensive correspondence with Continental philologists, and was preparing to send out a batch of letters by the next mail.

"The Brandon Cottage," said he, rubbing his hand over the forehead that, in spite of his five-and-forty years, was still fair and smooth. "Oh, I am sorry!"

"So am I," said Nicola. "Nobody knows how much I've enjoyed the strawberries out of the garden, and the roses from the great portico bush."

"I wasn't thinking of that," said her brother.

"You never do think of anything practical," retorted Nicola, parenthetically.

"But it's the quiet of the thing that I shall miss," sighed John, examining the point of his fountain pen. "Of course it's a family with nine small children at the least."

"You're wrong there," observed his sister. "It's a gentleman with one daughter—a gentleman who came here for his health. I saw an old woman cleaning the front steps, as I came by, and a white rabbit jumping about the lawn."

"Good for the rose-trees and shrubs!" drily remarked Mr. Whyte.

"I shall speak to them, and beg them to keep the horrid little nuisance on their own side of the fence," said Nicola. "I can't have my young plum-trees and sweet-scented shrubs all nibbled bare. They've got a parrot, too; it screams awfully."

"Well, let it scream. It can't scream louder than Mrs. Jennings's baby did when they lived there," said Mr. Whyte.

"Humph!" said Nicola. "I rather think you'll find it can. I'm so sorry the house is let."

"So am I," said her brother. "However, there's no use in going half-way to meet one's troubles—so, if you please, Nicola, I will proceed with my letter."

Meanwhile, the dwellers in the little Gothic cottage, embowered with elms and braided about with glossy trails of ivy, were equally the subject of interest and discussion between Mr. Delacroix and his daughter Corinne.

"Papa," said Corinne, "I've seen the neighbors—a single gentleman and his sister. She looks dreadfully prim and dried up, but he's quite handsome, and they have such a superb Irish setter!"

"Yes!" said Mr. Delacroix. "He was an amateur artist in a small way, and his present absorbing occupation was the arrangement of canyases, lav figures, and portfolios in the room he had selected for a studio."

"But the dog barks every time Paquita talks; and poor Paquita is frightened out of her senses," said the girl. "Paquita must get used to it."

"I hope he won't worry dear little Bunny!" sighed Corinne.

"Bunny must keep on his own side of the fence," absently observed Mr. Delacroix.

Corinne shook her head—a round, plump little head, brimming over with dark curls. She had soft, limpid eyes, shadowed with long lashes; a straight, expressive nose, and the sweetest of cherry mouths, which, between laughing, talking, and soliloquizing, was seldom shut long enough to trace its perfect Cupid-bow of scarlet.

"I wish we hadn't any neighbors!" cried she.

"My dear child," solemnly remonstrated her father, "do you expect to live on a desert island?"

Corinne laughed.

"I don't mind for myself," said she; but it's Bunny—and Paquita—and the dreadful white and tan dog. I'm sure, between them all, we shall get into some scrape!"

Corinne's prophecy came true. They had lived scarcely two weeks in the Brandon Cottage when matters came to a crisis.

Paquita, escaped from the gilded chain and ring, carried her investigations into the Whyte garden.

Nero, in chasing her from his rightful domains, pulled a mouthful of grey-and-green feathers out of her tail.

Bunny girdled the choicest new rose-tree which had just been set out in the centre of Mr. Whyte's lawn, and made a meal off the tall, white deutzia bush.

Miss Whyte's maid presented her "mistress' compliments, and they couldn't stand that nuisance of a rabbit any longer."

Old Selina came back with "Mr. Delacroix's respects, and nobody in the house could sleep for that dog's perpetual barking at night."

"I had intended to call," said John Whyte; "but as this unlooked-for coolness has arisen, it is perhaps better to keep my distance."

"I'm told that Mr. Whyte is a very cultivated person," said Mr. Delacroix; "but this petty quarrelling is unworthy of a gentleman or a servant."

One day Mr. Whyte found Nicola drowned in tears. The rabbit had lunched off her pet Brazilian tree, and torn up all the Japanese lily-buds in the border.

"This won't do," said John.

He was a soft-hearted man, and the sight of Nicola's tears spurred him on to sudden vengeance.

"Get me my revolver! I'll shoot the vermin!"

"He's out there by the cedar tree," she whispered, through her sobs.

"You needn't be afraid; there's nobody in range."

A single shot and the white object collapsed and fell over into a cluster of sweet-briar bushes.

Mr. Whyte laid down the revolver, and wiped his forehead.

"I'm sorry for it already," said he.

"The creature was a pet after all. But we have been driven to it—literally driven!"

Just then there was a rustle in the hedge, and Nero sprang over, his mouth garnished with a stray feather or so from Paquita!

"There!" said Mr. Whyte, "the brute has been trespassing again. He must have broken his chain."

The shrieking of that luckless parrot infuriates him beyond everything."

"I'm very sorry," faltered Nicola.

"But what can we do?"

"We must do something," said the brother, seizing Nero's disjointed chain, and walking grandly off toward the kennel.

"Now," he thought, "I'm more sorry than ever that I shot the rabbit."

He was crossing the lawn next day, with some choice geranium slips in his hand, when he heard a smothered sound as of sobbing, in the little trellised arbor on the other side of the hedge.

His heart smote him with a sudden remorse. He flung down the geraniums, went around by the gate, and presented himself before poor little Corinne Delacroix, who sat, bitterly lamenting, on the step of the summer house.

She started guiltily at his approach, and rose to her feet.

"My dear young lady," said he, "what is the matter? Is it anything in which I can help you?"

"Still Corinne wept on."

"I—I owe you an apology," added Whyte. "I regret from the bottom of my heart that I allowed myself to be carried away so far as to perform such an unneighborly and ungentlemanly action. If I could replace him—"

"But you can't!" sobbed Corinne.

"Oh, please—please forgive me! I don't know what possessed me to put my young lady into a piece of meat at the foot of the garden. But I did, and he has been poisoned!"

"Poisoned!" gasped Mr. Whyte.

"Your father?"

"No," wept Corinne, with a gesture of impatience. "The dog!"

"Do you mean my Irish setter?"

"Yes."

"But he isn't poisoned!" cried Mr. Whyte.

"He has disappeared," asserted Corinne.

"I have sent him away. I did not choose that so trifling a thing as a dog should raise up dissension between neighbors."

Corinne dropped her tear-drenched pocket-handkerchief; her face grew radiant beneath its bright drops.

"Oh, I am so glad!" said she. "I am not quite such a guilty wretch as I fancied myself. But I did put the poisoned meat there. In intention I am as guilty as ever. And I shall not be quite, quite happy until you say that you forgive me."

"I assure you, Miss Delacroix—" began Mr. Whyte, thinking how best he could confess to the horrible fact of being Bunny's deliberate murderer, when there was a gleam of white through the leaves, and Bunny himself jumped upon his mistress' lap, from a nook among the foliage.

"I am going to send Bunny away," said Corinne. "to my cousin in Brighton, who wants a white rabbit dreadfully. And Paquita has already been

shipped to Boulogne by express. Papa says we must not keep pets at the expense of our neighbors' peace of mind. And, by the way, we were so much obliged to you—papa and I—for shooting that hateful old white cat that was always chasing Bunny and wanting to eat Paquita up! We saw you shoot her. It was that that made me feel so conscience-stricken about the poisoned meat."

"Hem-hem!" coughed Mr. Whyte.

"I am glad—that is, I really didn't know—"

"And won't you come in and see papa?" prettily pleaded Corinne.

"He's quite an invalid, you know, and he would so enjoy the society of a neighbor!"

Mr. Whyte consented. No one could have said "No" to Corinne.

And when he went home he had promised to have Nero brought back, provided Bunny should not be exiled from the Brandon cottage.

Miss Nicola called, too.

She was delighted with Mr. Delacroix and his daughter. The more they saw of each other the better they were mutually pleased.

"Corinne has a rare nature!" said Mr. Whyte, enthusiastically.

"Yes, indeed!" said his sister. "And it is enough to break one's heart to hear of all that Mr. Delacroix has gone through."

At the year's end, the neighbors looked oddly at each other.

"Wonders never will cease!" said old Mrs. Jones.

"I wouldn't have believed it!" said Mrs. Jenkins.

"To think a man of Whyte's age should get engaged to a girl in her teens!" said Mrs. Jones.

"But, after all," said Mrs. Jenkins, "it isn't half so strange as that Miss Nicola Whyte, at her years, should marry a widower like her father."

"And it's sort of puzzling," remarked the deacon, "what kind of relations they'll be to each other."

"Still," said Mrs. Jenkins, "if they're suited, we're no call to interfere."

"That's very true!" observed Mrs. Jones, with a chuckle.

Burmese Crocodiles.

The crocodiles inhabiting the lower parts of the Burmese rivers are of a very large size, some of them attaining to nineteen feet in length, writes a San Francisco *chronicle* correspondent from Mandalay. A writer who states he has visited India, says he cannot discover the difference between the eastern crocodile and the Louisiana and Florida alligator or cayman; that there is none, in fact, except in name.

It is evident he has not seen any at close quarters, for there is much difference between the several varieties. There are actually twelve species of the crocodile, eight true, one gavia and three alligators; these have a specific, not a general difference. Those I saw in the Ganges have long, narrow muzzles, and are called gavia. They are peculiar to that river, being found nowhere else. I have met with the saurian tribe in Egypt, West Africa, India, Burmah, South America, Jamaica and the southern states, and have found that all differ in some particular. The Burmese name for them is "Mee-joung." There is a town on the west bank of the Irrawaddy called Hinthada, where I resided for some months. During the year previous, I was informed by the head man of this place, over 100 persons were killed by these ferocious reptiles. There is a ford over the river at this place, and the crocodiles had an inconvenient habit of lying in wait for those persons crossing the ford, seizing and carrying them off. Not being fond of their food in a fresh condition, they held their victims in the mud at the bottom of the river until the flesh has gained by keeping a sufficiently gamey flavor to be relished by them. Dogs are a favorite food of theirs, as a crocodile will often land and run after a canine to try and capture him for his larder. As the reptile can only run fast in a straight line, being to unwieldy to turn quickly, his dog generally contrives to elude him, pursuer and makes his escape. I killed several crocodiles during my stay in Hinthada, and had their hides prepared and tanned, and utilized them for boots and shoes. Being impervious to wet, I found them most serviceable during the wet monsoons. I used to get a Burman to paddle me about in a dugout until I caught sight of a "mee-joung" lying on a sandbank basking in the sun, when I took careful aim at their vulnerable part, their belly, where the scales are thin, and a conical bullet will enter with ease. A couple of these leaden pills fired into this portion of a "mee-joung's" anatomy will make him feel very sick indeed, and he will soon give up the ghost. On approaching a dead crocodile the heavy and penetrating odor of musk is most nauseating, and it was a long time before I became accustomed to it.

All Out of Style.

Copy reader (to editor)—"Here is a story, the dialect of which is most peculiar. I can't make it out."

Editor (looking over manuscript)—"H—my—yes, this is written in a dialect that was popular some years ago. It was known as 'good old Saxon.' It's no use to us now."

Epoch.

Pleasures and Pains.

The streams of small pleasures fill the lake of happiness and the deepest

wretchedness of life is the continuance of petty pains.—*Henry Fielding.*

EXPLODING A CAYMAN.

How an Old Tar Exterminated a Voracious Crocodile.

"Yes," said Uncle Cap. "I have not only seen hundreds of alligators and crocodiles in the course of my wanderings, but I once had the pleasure of destroying in a novel and most effectual manner a great man-eating cayman, as the crocodile is called in South America."

"Was he like my alligator?" asked Bryce.

"Very like him, the only difference being that while your alligator is about sixteen inches long, my cayman was a little over sixteen feet and as ugly a looking monster as ever swam. I had been detached from the Porpoise, and ordered to explore a portion of Venezuela, in company with a party of American engineers, who were constructing a telegraph line for the government of that country. We were following down a tributary of the great river Orinoco, and rested one Sunday at a little village on the bank of the stream. During the afternoon, as we were all lying asleep in our hammocks, there came a terrible screaming, and crying from the village, and we ran to see what was up."

"It seemed that several boys had been bathing in the river just below the village, when all at once, without the slightest warning, one of them had been seized and drawn under the turbid waters by the great devil cayman, as the Indians called one of these creatures which had long been a terror to the community."

"I suggested to the chief of the engineers, a fine young fellow named Roberts, that we set a trap for the man-eater, and after explaining my idea, got him to agree to try it. As we were to be in that vicinity for several days, we waited until we thought it was about time for the cayman to be hungry again. Then we shot a fat monkey, sewed inside of him a stone bottle containing five pounds of powder, inserted in it the ends of two long coils of fine wire, bound these to strong ropes of equal length, and connected the other ends with the little test battery that we carried."

"When all was ready we floated our bait, upheld by two inflated bladders, near where the boy had been seized, and crouched in the bushes to await developments. We had waited in perfect silence for more than an hour, and were about ready to give it up, when there came a ripple in the water, and a huge head, with horrid open jaws, was cautiously lifted. Then the jaws closed with a snap upon our bait, the head instantly disappeared, and the ropes began to run swiftly out, showing that the monster was making for deep water. I had charge of the battery, and quickly connected the wires. Like a flash there came a deep muffled explosion, a torrent of blood-stained water was thrown high in the air, and mingled with it were fragments of the scaly hide of the monster in whose side a hole two feet square had been blown."

The poor natives were at first terrified, then mystified, and finally overjoyed at the success of our experiment, and ever afterward they treated us like beings possessed of supernatural powers. Notwithstanding this, we noticed that the boys did not seem to care for bathing for some time after ward."

Where Is the Stamp?

I spied a paper one day,
While languidly looking for news,
A sentence that filled me with joy:
"We pay for whatever we use!"

And sitting me down at my desk,
I wrote, with a throb and a thrill,
A poem of length and of strength,
All rhymed with unusual skill.

A letter I neatly composed,
Because I was anxious to say,
That I would be wholly content
With what they were willing to pay;

With care I enclosed my address,
And a stamp (to insure a reply);
The stamp was a valuable green,
And so, I'll acknowledge, was I.

'Twas long, long ago—but alas!
No response yet hath appeared,
Nor has my effusion, in print,
The vision that longs for it cheered.

But not these unfortunates alone
Have served my ambition to damp.
The question that troubles me most
Is—What did they do with the stamp?

Time.

Tested Practically.

Johnny, who is 4 years old, was playing in the yard one day, and a lady who lives close by wished to have the eggs, if any were laid since her last visit to the henry, brought in. She said to the little boy:—"Johnny, will you go to the henry and see if there are any eggs there? Don't bring in the china ones; leave them there, but if there are any others bring them in."

Johnny started to do the bidding, and soon returned with two or three broken eggs, and his pinafore soiled. The lady, seeing him coming, exclaimed:

"Johnny, how did you break the eggs?"

Johnny looked at her in surprise and said:—"How should I tell whether they were china eggs or not if I didn't try them?"—*Boston Globe.*

Too Much for Her.

"No, Mr. Smith," she said, gently but firmly, "I can never be your wife."

Then he struggled to his feet and said, in broken tones: "Are all my hopes to be thus dashed to pieces? Am I never to be known as the husband of the beautiful Mrs. Smith?"

This was too much for the girl, and she succumbed.—*Harper's Bazar.*

CURRENT EVENTS.

Where is Stanley? Why in Africa of course.

You may steal a base, but not a base-burner.
Edison's phonograph resembles the telephone girl. It talks back.
John L. Sullivan claims that he is not dead. We publish the fact with deep regret.

How to live long—Insure your life for \$1,000,000 like that fellow in Philadelphia.

There was a paper printed in Finnish in Ishpeming. Bad luck put the real finish on it.

Time was when a ship was contented with one log, but Leary's big raft ship has 30,000 of them.

Howard Sealey, author, uses a human skull for an ink bottle. Many literary men are deadheads.

Many a man who married a good-looking girl found she was a "thing of beauty and a jaw forever."

The fire loss of the United States and Canada for the month of July, 1898, shows an aggregate of \$10,508,470.

The rainy season has begun in Arizona and New Mexico, and numerous railroad wrecks and washouts are reported.

The contingent of recruits for the Russian army this year will be 250,000 against 235,000 men called out last year, it is understood.

It is reported that the Chinese government threatens to retaliate against Great Britain on account of the ill treatment of Chinese in British colonies.

According to the Department of Agriculture's reports, Fultz is the most popular winter wheat grown, occupying something like one-third of the area sown.

There has been an Indian stampede from the San Carlos reservation in Arizona and this will doubtless be followed by the usual annual pocket war against the red man.

There are 50,000,000 cattle of all kinds in this country, but 200,000 of the pure breeds. The latter have done good service in improving the common stock by the infusion of pure blood.

The cholera in Amoy seems for the time to be held in check, but at Chanchou it is reported that 3,000 deaths have occurred in the past sixty days.

A young man at Millersburg, Ky., is reported to have become insane from smoking cigarettes, of which he sometimes consumed more than 100 in a day.

Reports from southern California say that the mustard crop there will be beyond question lighter than last year and poorer in quality. The decrease in quantity and quality is due to the ravages of a large worm.

The northern part of Lewis county, and all of Jefferson and St. Lawrence counties, New York, are suffering severely from drought. This will result a serious shrinkage in the dairy products of that section.

The Ohio farmers are rejoicing over the prospect of an unusually large crop this year. It is estimated that the yield will not fall short of 55,000,000 bushels, and may exceed that estimate by one or two million bushels.

A flour trust is proposed among the Northwestern millers. A meeting of millers of Missouri, Illinois, Kansas, Indiana, Tennessee and all winter wheat states, for the purpose of forming a flour trust, will be held in St. Louis, Aug. 31.

Coin collectors are excited by the news that a small issue of coin was made from the Berlin Mint before the death of the late Emperor, and a limited number of gold Fredericks got into circulation. They already command fancy prices. The mint is now busy with the first issue of coin of the new Emperor.

A society called the Columbia has started a carrier pigeon service between Strasburg and Vienna, and recently a number of pigeons were started at the latter city at 5 o'clock one evening, and the first one reached Strasburg at 6 o'clock the next morning, having traveled at the rate of over 31 miles an hour all night.

The morning costume of many of the girls of the period at Bar Harbor is nothing if not masculine, for she wears the man's tennis cap and "blazer," his flannel shirt and four-in-hand scarf. It may be fashionable, chic, dashing and all the rest of the girls at the seaside to unsex themselves in dress, but with man's garb often goes man's coarseness, slang and unrefinement, which in women is simply horrible.

Mrs. Susan Tope, wife of a farmer of Devonshire, England, while driving out with her husband, was struck accidentally just below the left ear with the lash of the whip and a slight wound was inflicted. Little notice was taken of it, but a few days afterward Mrs. Tope's face began to swell, and subsequently a small knot of cord was removed from the wound. Lockjaw set in, and she died in a short time.

When "Miss Allie Craig," the daughter of Ellen Terry, recently made her debut in England in an amateur charity performance, the bills announced that Ellen Terry would also appear. This announcement attracted a large crowd. Miss Terry did appear as a servant, and was welcomed with a storm of applause. She simply handed a letter to one of the characters on the stage and said three words and vanished, and the audience thinks it was sold.

The truth of the old proverb, "Better late than never," appears to have been illustrated by a striking modern instance, according to an English exchange, which relates that ninety-seven years ago, some person, now unknown by name, posted in Paris a number of the *Gazette Universelle*, directing it to "Monsieur X—, in Morges, Switzerland," but the newspaper did not arrive at its destination until last month. It seems that the *Gazette*, which had been waiting for delivery ever since January, 1791, had got mixed up with a lot of other newspapers, and was found, with its cover and address still intact, amidst a heap of rubbish in a garret. The finder conscientiously sent it to the Morges postmaster, by whom it was conscientiously forwarded to the present representative of the X— family still resident at Morges. "So unique a specimen of postal integrity deserves to be exhibited in a postal museum, or would not be out of place among the curiosities in the newspaper museum at Aachen."

THE NEW "TOOTOMETER."

A Novel Invention Which Registers the Whistles of a Locomotive Engine.

Frank B. Taylor, the inventor of the "sococone," for transmitting messages or holding conversations with engineers while under full speed on their locomotives, has just patented a device which he calls a tootometer. In reality it is a species of phonograph. Mr. Taylor was led to believe that some mechanical device could be employed to settle the oft-disputed question in regard to whistling at grade crossings. There are a large number of grade crossings in this state upon which annually many lives are lost. The relatives of those killed almost invariably claim that the locomotive whistle was not sounded in time to warn the victims. The railroad companies, to protect themselves against damages, dispute the point so often taken. Mr. Taylor now comes to the front with a tell-tale whistling register, which takes the sound from the whistle every time it is blown and records it.

In order to explain its workings the run of any engine on the New York & New Haven road may be used for illustration. Say engine No. 120 draws the 7 o'clock morning train from New Haven to New York. The engine is backed up in front of the depot and attached to the train. The engineer, George Corbett, steps into the dispatcher's office to get the time or set his watch exactly with the standard time. The dispatcher hands the engineer a "tootometer," which is already set for Engineer Corbett's run. It is numbered to correspond with the engineer's number and is dated and officially locked, so that it is impossible for any one to alter its register of whistle soundings. The "tootometer" is placed in a pocket bracket on the front of the cab, just beneath the whistle. Inside the "tootometer" is a long roll of tinfoil, upon which are stamped crosslines representing every grade crossing on the road. The roll is unwound from one axle to another by means of a small clock attachment, so that each line representing a crossing will be brought to the "sounder opening" precisely at the same moment that the locomotive speeds over the grade crossing. At the proper distance before reaching the grade crossing the engineer blows the standard signal, two long and two short blasts, "T—o—o—t, t—o—o—t, too, too."

These sounds are registered by the "tootometers." Should the engineer fail to sound his whistle the "tootometer" would show an empty blank. And so the run is made to New York, the "tootometer" rolling off its strip of tinfoil in time and unison with the movement of the engine. All trains are run on exact time on this road, so there is very little chance of the "tootometer" disagreeing with the time grade crossings are reached. If extra whistling is done to drive cows off the track or blown for other purposes than grade crossings the sounds are all registered and an exact record taken of the whistle's blasts, and the exact location of the engine on the rails at the time of the blast is denoted from one end of the road to the other. At the completion of the trip the "tootometer" is handed by the engine to the proper official, who removes the roll of sounds and prepares and adjusts the "tootometer" for the return trip. The strips of tinfoil are carefully indexed and preserved for future reference, and the engineer credited or charged with omissions of whistles.

In the event of a person being killed on a grade crossing the tootometer will truthfully indicate the whistle blasts and denote the distance at which they were blown before the crossing was reached. The tinfoil strips can be produced at an inquest or in a court of justice in evidence and dissipate the necessity of an immense amount of swearing as to the fact of the whistle having sounded or not. By running the strips through a phonograph the exact volume of sound and the key of the whistle can be reproduced. This can be done at any future and convenient time. Mr. Taylor, the inventor, has assurances that his invention will go into very general use.—*Bridgeport (Conn.) Special.*

Under Scornful Eyes.

A new method of punishing dishonest bank clerks is now being tried in a certain institution in New York. Some time ago a clerk's account's were investigated and he was found to be several thousand dollars short. To remove and prosecute the man would have been troublesome and apt to hurt the reputation of the bank, so they have made him stay, as if nothing had happened, but have placed him in such a position that he can take no more and informed his fellow-clerks of the defalcation. He is avoided by all the insiders, and his position is about as disagreeable as can be imagined. Constantly under surveillance, he will work out in time the amount he has taken and then will be discharged.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Can Be Depended On.

"You think his word can be depended upon?" "I know it can. Why, he told me he sat in a game of draw the other night, and when the game broke up he was the only loser of the party. Any man who will admit that much doesn't know how to lie."—*San Francisco Dispatch.*

The Coal Miner.

The entrance to nearly all mines disappoints preconceived notions. One cannot say exactly what he expected, but he certainly expected something different from the reality. Here, for instance, there was no indication of the existence of the mine save in the presence of the breakers and the huge pile of culm. At a short distance from the breaker was a little shed about ten feet square, and rawning in this was the mouth of the passenger shaft. The other shaft, up which are hoisted the cars loaded with coal, opens directly into the breaker. As we gathered about the passenger shaft the car was hoisted several times, bringing up a number of miners and laborers, and all looked like imps from the infernal regions. Their bodies and clothing were black as jet from smoke and coal dust, and the only white one could see about them was the whites of their eyes. In their caps were extinguished torches, which still gave out a black and sullen smoke. Men we found them, talking freely of their lives and rather enjoying the curiosity they inspired. Their appearance, and the mouth of that black shaft leading down a sheer three hundred feet into the bowels of the earth, led some of the party to conclude that they would enjoy a bird's-eye view of Providence on the surface rather than tempt Providence under ground. So less than forty made the descent.

Each of us was given a little torch, and then we gathered about the shaft. The elevator is simply a platform like a freight elevator, with no railing at either side. Above it is a hood to keep off the water constantly dripping down the shaft from the seams in the rock. Ten at a time we crowded upon the elevator, the torches flaring up around us and filling our lungs with smoke. The signal was given, and every heart sank a little as the car rushed swiftly down. Scarcely did we see the damp and rugged walls, so swiftly did we descend, and in a few seconds we were told to step off. All was dark and gloomy beyond, and I will confess to a momentary surprise when my feet struck the solid earth.

Perhaps I reveal a woeful ignorance when I say that I expected to see, as soon as I stepped from the car, a vast rugged chamber, glittering with distant lights and alive with eager workers. I had read descriptions of mines and seen pictures of them, and yet this delusion clings to me. But in one instant vanished all these chimeras, and I beheld a narrow tunnel, so low that I involuntarily stooped my head, whether such a proceeding were necessary or not, and darker than midnight. On either side were walls of coal, glittering strangely as the rays of light fell upon them, and hewn into all sorts of irregular shapes and narrow recesses. But the roof or ceiling seemed as smooth and polished as marble. The vein of coal runs of almost uniform thickness, and the state above and below forms a comparatively level floor and roof.

Along this narrow passage we wandered, the light from the flickering lamps making the darkness ahead the more impenetrable. At short intervals were chambers where the coal had been mined more extensively, but between all chambers pillars at least thirty feet in thickness were left to support the tremendous weight of the superincumbent rock. And in the chambers themselves were joists and beams of wood erected for the same purpose. One could scarcely realize that all these passageways and chambers were carefully laid out by engineers and surveyors, and that plans were drawn, making all the turns and divergencies as accurately as the map of a city.

But such was the case, and not a blow of the pickaxe is struck that is not foreseen, and so two passageways approach each other from opposite directions and are finally united in one. At intervals are heavy, air-tight doors of wood, which serve the purpose of breaking the currents of air, give a perfect circulation, and allow the steam fans to exhaust the firedamp that may have accumulated in any chamber, no matter how far distant. As these were closed behind us they gave a crash like thunder, every sound being magnified by the rocky walls. Finally, when we had gone hundreds of feet from the shaft we began to see dim and twinkling lights in the distance and to hear echoing cries, the crash of loaded cars rolling along the rail, and the clang of steel on the sullen rocks. Mules furnish the only motive power, and perhaps it is because of their well-known stubbornness that they need such vociferous direction that for minutes we would hear shouts and cries that were echoed until they seemed to come from a hundred lungs. Then we would range ourselves close along the walls and up would rumble and clatter and clash a loaded car, drawn by several straining mules and driven (or rather directed, for no reins were used), by a boy as black as the coal itself, his eyes glittering strangely in the light from the smoking lamp stuck in his hatband.

And finally we reached the miners themselves, for all the men we had previously seen were merely the laborers. Each miner had a chamber to himself, and into the walls he was viciously digging his drill. Of course his eyes got accustomed to the semi-gloom, but to us it seemed as if he must work solely by the sense of feeling. The miner we surrounded told us that he was almost ready for a blast. While we waited a car rolled noisily up to a pile of broken coal, and a black and grimy laborer caught up a shovel and sent the lumps thundering into the car. Before it was filled the

miner told us that his charge was ready and bade us go around the nearest corner. Fifty feet away we were halted, and then came an anxious pause, each one agitated somewhat, if the truth must be told. Then came a loud and reverberating roar, followed by the crash of tumbling rock. The earth shook beneath our feet, and from the state roof, a foot above our heads, splinters of rock seemed to fall around us. Perhaps no one really expected the roof to fall and crush us, but there was a sigh of relief when the blast was over. We hurried back to the chamber with the small powder in our nostrils. A jagged hole was pierced in the coal, and as we looked through the smoke and dust, a blackened and demoniac face peered at us from its depths. The blast had opened a passage directly through into the adjoining chamber, and the face was that of the good-natured miner on the other side. The coal that the blast had loosened lay heaped in confusion by the opening. So shattered had it been by the explosion that it could be easily broken by a pickaxe into size convenient for handling. Nothing then remained but for the laborer to shovel it all, large and small lumps and even the dust, into a car that was hoisted into the breaker.

Each miner is paid for his work 95 cents a car, and his day's stint, under ordinary circumstances, is six cars. But for this he is expected to furnish his own laborer to load the cars, his own tools, powder, oil, and, in fact, all supplies. When this is done he still has left a fair living wage. There are more than thirty mules in the mine, and they are comfortably housed in a stable that is clean and airy, but, of course, lacks the great blessing of light. The pitiful stories one hears of mules that are kept all their lives in mines until they become blind from the darkness, do not apply here. Whenever the work is slack they are brought to the surface for a run in the green pastures.

The day before we descended the mine a fire broke out in the engine-house at the foot of one of the shafts. The mine became filled with smoke, and as some alarm was felt, the mules were all brought to the surface. The animals are sleek and well fed, and do not seem to realize any special hardship in their lot.

Among all the employees in the mines one of the most responsible positions is that of the fire boss. His duty is to see that the mine is free from dangerous and poisonous gases. Every morning in the year, summer and winter, holidays and working days, he patrols every portion of the mine, commencing at three o'clock and finishing before the men begin their day's work.

He carries with him a Davy safety lamp, with which he explores every crevice and recess likely to accumulate the deadly fire damp. This gas, it will be remembered, is lighter than the air, and consequently gathers close to the roof. It penetrates the wire gauze surrounding the lamp, and burning there reveals its presence. If none is found the fire boss puts his private mark on the slate roof with a piece of chalk. If any is discovered, however, the danger mark is put on the roof instead, and the currents of air are so arranged by means of the doors shutting in the various passages, that it is all drawn out by the fans. The miner, too, who would have worked in the chamber filled with the gas, is stopped at the shaft and not allowed to enter until all danger is past.

Another source of danger to the miner is the black or choke damp. This is carbonic acid gas, and being heavier than the air, gathers close to the floors. It will support neither life nor combustion, and its presence is detected by the extinguishing of the lamps. The fire boss was asked by Engineer Nichols if he could not discover a small pocket of the damp, so that the party might see it burn. Every likely spot was explored without avail, and it was with pardonable pride that the fire boss announced there was no fire-damp in the entire mine. I expressed some surprise that open lights were carried in the mine, and the fire boss said that in his own country, Wales, only safety lamps could be used. Moreover, these were locked, so that foolhardy miners could not open them to light a pipe, and so precipitate a disaster.—*Albany Argus.*

Money in Electricity.

The romance of electric inventions has not its counterpart in fiction. A little more than a decade ago, Telephone Bell, who is now worth \$6,000,000, was walking about Washington "on his uppers" and trying to sell his telephone stock for 10 cents on the dollar. Shortly before this he was teaching a deaf and dumb school in Boston, and his pocketbook was in a continual state of leanness. Now he has an income of hundreds of dollars a day. He is surrounded by fine pictures, owns a magnificent residence, and his soul rejoices in all the fatness which money can give. The telephone has a great impetus to electrical inventions. The electric light soon followed it, and there is a millionaire in Cleveland, named Brush, who was working at \$15 a week before he struck the light which turned his poverty into fabulous wealth. I met an assistant of Edison, in New York, and he tells me that the phonograph, which is to be run by a small electric motor, is about perfected, and that it will be in general use before many months. It will cost less than \$100, and one can talk his ideas into it and have them reproduced in the same language, and tones in which he uttered them.—*Electrical Review.*

A Sad Story.

The facts of rather a peculiar case of life insurance have just been made known in Tennessee. There lived, in one of the remote agricultural districts of that state, two brothers, Sam and Bill Henly. They were twins, and, the age of thirty-five years found them unmarried. They had no relatives. They were devoted to each other, and, in common, owned and cultivated a small farm.

One day, a number of years ago, Sam, addressing his brother, said: "Bill, I've got a scheme by which one of us can make some money."

"If one, why not both of us?" Bill asked.

"I'll explain. We will go to town and have our lives insured for ten thousand dollars each. I will keep up your policy and you keep up mine. If I die first, you get ten thousand dollars. If you die first, I get ten thousand."

"That is a good idea," Bill replied. "We are likely to live long, and one of us at least, will be well cared for in old age."

The policies were taken out. At first the payments were easy enough, but at length when a bad crop year came the brothers were so hard pressed that they were compelled to sell one of their horses.

"It comes pretty hard," Sam remarked, "but it will pay one of us in the long run. All we owe in this life we owe to each other, remember."

"Yes, and we will try to meet our assessments, but they do seem to be coming pretty thick."

The next season a "wet spell" almost ruined the early crops. A heavy assessment came and the brothers had to part with a favorite yoke of steers.

"Striking us harder and harder," said Bill, "but we must stand it."

"Yes," Sam replied, "even if we are compelled to do without coffee this season."

Two years later such a financial disaster overtook the brothers that they were forced to mortgage their farm; and, the year following, the mortgage was foreclosed.

"This is extremely hard," said Sam, "but we must put up with it. We have a couple of axes left, and we will chop cord-wood far a living. Old man Gray says that we may have his cabin over yonder in the woods at a reasonable rental. We've got no bedding, but we can sleep on the floor. By working hard we can get a little something to eat occasionally and keep our policies paid up."

"Yes, we must now make every possible sacrifice to keep up our insurance."

They rented the cabin, slept on the floor and had nothing to eat but corn bread and bacon. In the winter they were almost frozen, and in summer they were nearly roasted, but their devotion to each other kept their heroic determination from bending.

One morning, a few days ago, Sam, upon awaking, said: "Bill, I can't work today for I am as sick as a horse."

"You hit me then, Sam, for I, using a comparison almost as time-honored, am as sick as a dog."

They did not get up during the day and the next morning a neighbor who happened to call summoned a physician. The doctor pronounced their illness swamp fever. They grew delirious, but one day—with that rationality which sometimes smiles upon a victim just before his demise—they recovered consciousness. The doctor told them that they would not live through the day.

"Sam," said Bill, "are you going, too?"

"Yes, Bill, I am with you."

"It's pretty tough, isn't it, Sam?"

"A wet cown skin is no comparison."

A few moments later, yellow shadows, the last respects of swamp fever, the p. p. c. cards of that insidious disease, lay upon their faces.

Just as the neighbors were turning away, a fellow who had just come from the post office brought notices of another assessment.—*Onie P. Read.*

Essential to Success.

Young man (to plain old party)—I take it, sir, that you are not a college-bred man?

Plain old party—Young man, I was put to work when I was a boy.

Young man—Too bad; everybody should have a college education to succeed in life. Then you don't know anything about colleges?

Plain old party—Not much. You see, I've only endowed four of 'em.—*Epoch.*

Five Dollars to Spare.

Dinguss—Shadbolt, can you spare \$5?

Shadbolt—Certainly, Dinguss; here it is.

Dinguss—Thanks. I'll just give you my note for the amount.

Shadbolt (who knows him)—No use wasting paper, Dinguss. I told you I could spare the \$5.—*Chicago Tribune.*

An Alabama Desperado.

It is related that among other exploits of the desperado Ike Lambert, who was recently arrested in Alabama for killing three men, that he once compelled a lawyer to pick a banjo all night for his amusement, keeping him covered the entire time with a loaded revolver.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

Some of the Craze in Wood That Have Been Popular for Years.

There are many crazes in the furniture business in respect to different woods and their imitations, says the New York Graphic. For many years walnut was a wood that held absolute predominance over all other woods for furniture. But while other woods have become very popular and walnut is apparently on the decline, yet, really, walnut will always be a fashionable wood. The price will gradually increase, for the large demand is fast consuming the supply. In many states fifteen years ago the farms were inclosed with walnut rail fences, as the wood was not so valuable in those days. But in these states where walnut grows the lumber that would have been formerly cast aside with the "culis" is today sold for high prices. Even the small limbs of walnut trees are now sawed up into material for rungs and posts of parlor chairs. The old scarred limbs and knots of the walnut trees are sought after with avidity by buyers through the country districts, who sell them to firms that manufacture them into ornaments for antique shelves, fancy hassocks, and other similar furniture. Rail fences in these districts are now a rarity in the extreme. But, as to the various woods that are used in the manufacture of furniture, maple, ash, poplar, gum, and cherry comprise the list. What is known as quarter-oak is the latest craze. Quarter-oak is made by first sawing a log from end to end through the middle. Then each half is sawed from end to end through the middle, thus leaving four quarters. Each quarter has only three sides, one the bulge part of the log, and the other two sides being flat and coming to a sharp edge. The boards are sawed off the sharp edge and each sawing, therefore, throws off a board wider than the one before it. Sawing the quarters of the log in this manner the lumber is beautifully cross-grained. The cross-grained lumber is worked into the finest parlor furniture at present. The wood is susceptible of a very fine polish, and the cross-grain produces an effect, made by both nature and the saw, that is far superior to the art of the most experienced grainer. But one of the prominent features still in the furniture business is the staining of woods. There are tricks in all trades, and this is the greatest one in the furniture manufacturing. A very simple preparation, composed of crude oil and lampblack, is rubbed on the highly-polished surface of oak, and when it soaks into the pores of the wood the wood then takes on a dark hue. The varnish is then applied, which gives a neat finish to the wood, and this is then a fair imitation of antique oak. The common gum is often stained to represent cherry. Cherry itself is very valuable and is left in its own natural color, although it is sometimes stained to represent rosewood. Soft maple, poplar, and gum are stained with preparations of burnt umber, crude oil, and lampblack, to produce an imitation of mahogany. Ash has a very pretty grain that stands out prominently under color, and it can be stained to imitate red cherry. Sycamore is a wood largely used for bedposts and it stains nicely in imitation of walnut.

Anecdote of Father Taylor.

I remember once listening to a heavy Calvinistic discourse in the Bethel church from a distinguished Boston clergyman. Father Taylor sat in the pulpit, and it was a study to watch the ill-disguised expressions of contempt upon his face. At last the sermon came to its end, and the preacher stepped aside to give Father Taylor the opportunity to make the closing prayer. Instead of that he tapped the Calvinist on the shoulder, and, looking down on the audience, said, with a calm smile: "Our good brother means well, but he doesn't know. I guess there's time enough for another sermon, so I'll just take his text and preach from it." It was like a cloud-burst. Half the time he turned his back upon us and rained down torrents of argumentative eloquence upon the brother upon the sofa behind. We all enjoyed the scene immensely. At last Father Taylor subsided, and extending his hand to the clergyman, said in his most gentle tone and in his most winning way: "Brother, forgive me if I have hurt your feelings, but I did not want you to come on this quarter-deck and kick up a mutiny against Divine Providence among my crew!"—*August Century.*

Home Comfort.

Stranger—Are the guests in this hotel 'lowed to eat pie with a knife?

Clerk—Yes, sir.

"Don't have to eat green peas with a fork?"

"No, sir; you can eat 'em with your fingers if you like."

"Can I call for a second plate of soup 'thout havin' the waiter ask me how the buckwheat crop looks down my way?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I'll sign my name. I'm travellin' for pleasure, mister, an' am lookin' fer a hotel with home comforts to it."—*Scranton Truth.*

The Difference.

'Twixt sail and sailor what may be The difference? tell me, I implore.

The sail, you know, gets full at sea; The sailor, he gets full on shore.

—*Judea.*

The Mills tariff bill is simply a decoy duck.

The Arkansas Traveler, has taken to the republican highway.

The question of the day is. Have you heard the news from Arkansas.

Roll on, and on, ye Granger wheel, Roll on and make our Grover squeal.

"Barber, barber, shave a pig." The Barber Asphalt company can shave a whole city.

Rome was not made in a day, and the old Roman will not be made vice-president in a year.

The old Roman, democratic candidate for vice-president, is getting to be quite a merry-go-round.

Councilman Gunn is loaded for bear, and not for ground-hog. Anarchist J. R. Smith need not be alarmed.

The result of the Arkansas election points to a just retribution. The solid south is to be broken on a wheel.

When Cleveland got up his retaliation address he was cutting bait, that's all. He is fishing for votes.

The Agricultural wheel, in Arkansas, was a regular juggernaut, and the way it mashed democratic hopes was marvelous.

Democrats are becoming wonderful floppers. Every day we have evidence of their flopping over to the republican party.

The Mills of the democrats grind mightily coarse, and the free trade grist was not worth the toll. There was trouble with the wheels.

Rev. Dr. Brooks may come to Kansas in the interest of the third party, but with all the string he can do, it will be a very small ripple he can make.

W. G. Brooks of this city, has for four years, been the leading colored third party prohibitionist of the state. He is now stumping for the republican ticket.

The republicans of New Hampshire have nominated for governor; David H. Goodell, the president of the state temperance union. No need of a third party there.

Let us see. Did not the Topeka Democrat say that the Irish World would come out for Cleveland? Will the Democrat tell a wrong story? The naughty thing.

Grover will not write his letter of acceptance until some time in November, and by that time he may think it policy to decline. It looks very much as if his cause is already on the decline.

J. P. Eagle, was the democratic candidate for governor of Arkansas. He did not swoop down very heavily upon the republicans, and if he gets there at all, it will be with his wings badly clipped.

Newspapers are dying off in Kansas. The Headlight, at Horton has flickered out, and the Sentinel, of Garden City, has quit its daily post. A new democratic organ in this city is gasping heavily.

Ex Governor Crawford writes from Washington City to Governor Martin that the Agricultural college bill has passed the senate and will doubtless be signed by the president. By it the state recovers 7,000 acres of land.

At least one pretended Topeka newspaper has learned that a paper cannot be made to fill a field when there is no demand for it, by relying upon blackmail and lying. Even a broadguaged mask of "independence" will not save it.

Emporia has been afflicted with a mad cow that cavorted about the streets. But Lawrence suffered worse still. The Democrats made an awful bull in attempting to get up a big mass meeting. It was a full blooded Galloway.

In 1840, it was Maine that "went hell bent for Governor Kent," and retold the election of Harrison. In 1888 it was Arkansas, that startled the nation, and overthrew the democratic Eagle, and was the forerunner of another Harrison victory.

"Waiting and Watching for Thee," (Letter of Acceptance,) a beautiful song dedicated by the author, Dan Lamont, to president Cleveland. The edition will make its appearance this fall, Providence permitting, but don't think it will have much of a run.

Kilgore has got a very war like name but he rather needs that to make up for his very gentle disposition. He is trying to get up a name as a congressional objector and signs his name C. B. Kilgore. The Globe-Democrat says C. B. undoubtedly stands for Confederate Blatherskite.

The Agricultural Wheel was what played smash with the democratic party in Arkansas. It shows what the farmers can do when they take hold of political evils in the name of reform. There may be more of it before Cleveland writes his letter of acceptance.

It is said the third party prohibitionists of Kansas are getting disheartened. They have suffered from bad management, and the last legislature knocked the pins from under them. It is rumored that a prominent candidate on their ticket is about to desert the party, as many others have done, and go over to one of the anarchists factions.

It was not expected that Arkansas would be one of the doubtful states in November. But democratic losses as indicated by this week's election, make it quite possible that the state may be carried for Harrison, and this would indicate that several other of the southern states will probably go republican in November. A political possibility in Arkansas becomes a probability in Florida, North Carolina and West Virginia.

In regard to Cleveland's check for the corruption fund, to help to try to re-elect himself, Dan says: "Somebody must pay and none could be expected to do so more cheerfully than those who are supposed to have a personal interest in their party's triumph." Now, if that is not a frank confession we don't know what is. The mugwumps can roll that, along with the bitter sweet morsels of civil service reform, under their tongue.

The evils complained of by some so-called labor-parties are great, but the leaders of these parties are usually blatherskites. The evils are recognized by the republican party. The ablest champions of labor are republicans. The party was founded to raise labor from slavery to freedom. Having accomplished this, it will not again degrade labor. The blatherskite labor reformer, is impractical, and sees one side of the subject. The republican calls philosophy to his aid, and uses means that have always been in harmony with universal progress, to accomplish his ends. He often feels impatient at delay, but he has too much sense to go off blather-skiting, with the fellows who have failed for want of judgment, and who are too lazy to work for another start in life. These are generally the fellows who want to reform the world in the twink of an eye.

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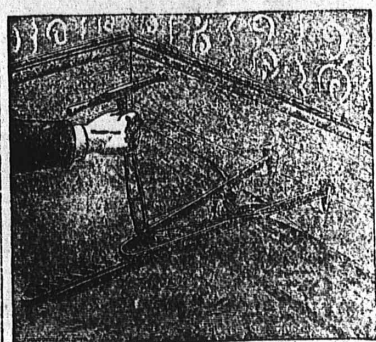
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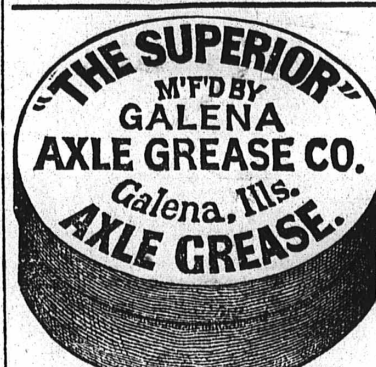
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