

# SPIRIT OF KANSAS

## A Journal of Home and Husbandry.

VOL. XXI.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, FEBRUARY 7, 1891.

NO. 45

### THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

Subscription: One Dollar a Year. Three Copies \$2.25. Five Copies \$3.50. Ten Copies, \$6.00. Three months trial subscriptions, new, 20c.

Charles H. Branscombe died in Denver, Colorado, Monday evening of pneumonia after a short illness. Thirty-seven years ago he laid out the site of Lawrence for the New England Emigrant Aid Society of Boston, Massachusetts. He figured prominently in early politics of Kansas. Four years ago he was the prohibition candidate for governor.

No good and rational man can sympathize with those who continue their warfare upon Senator Ingalls. His great speech commits him to all the real important reforms demanded by the people's party, and even more than are placed in front by Judge Peffer. It was one of the great speeches of the century, and has already made him the subject of ridicule by illustrated New York papers published in the interest of the gold bugs. It is only to be regretted that he did not deliver it, when it was prepared, six months ago.

The attacks made upon Senator Ingalls because of his late speech, have forced him to make a personal statement in his own defense. He said:

He had been a republican since the party was born and had voted "without variableness or shadow of turning" for every republican candidate. During that period he had never espoused a cause which he believed to be wrong, because it was popular, and had never refused to advocate a cause which he believed to be right because it was unpopular.

He had recently expressed no opinion on political, social or economic questions, which he had not long entertained, and to which he had not given frequent utterance in the senate chamber and elsewhere.

It was related that the streets of Jerusalem had been kept clean by every man sweeping before his own door, and he commenced to the self-constituted guardians of the senate and their associates—outside of the senate chamber—that they should observe a more frugal, prudent and guarded husbandry of their disapprobation.

These leaders who had conducted the most powerful political organization known in American history to the most stupendous and overwhelming disaster received in its annals, might well pardon those who were disposed to doubt the infallibility of their judgment.

If they were wise they would be less proscriptive and more tolerant of differences of opinion among their associates. On questions of opinion, difference might be allowed, especially among those whose devotion to human liberty had never been questioned, and whose constancy and fortitude had been exposed to tests as severe at least as any which they had ever known.

The senator might have been much more severe. He admits the downfall of the republican party and attributes it to those who have assumed to be its leaders. In this he is correct. There is no probability that the republican party will ever again come into power. The people have been too much outraged by corrupt party leaders. Their confidence is utterly destroyed. The only alternative now left is for the best men to help shape new party organization, distrusting

and discarding those who have been leaders in old parties. Let them be shelved.

Monday night was the coldest of the winter.

A great socialistic demonstration is expected about May 1 in every capital city in Europe west of Russia.

Grand Forks, N. D., farmers adopted a resolution condemning legislation encouraging immigration to Dakota.

Representatives of all the railway employees' organizations in Kansas will meet at Arkansas City, February 26.

The wolves around Lake Winnipeg are solving the Indian problem. They have recently eaten eighteen redskins.

Sarah Bernhardt has arrived in New York with 150 pieces of baggage. Her face is fuller, and her form more round than before.

Mr. Gladstone is said to have given, through Mr. Morley, the assurance asked for by Parnell as to the kind of home rule he is designing for Ireland. These assurances are the settlement of the land in question by the Irish parliament and the conversion of the royal Irish constabulary into plain, harmless "hobbies."

### A Great Amateur Photographic Contest Decided.

The Amateur Photographic Contest carried on by FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER has ended. The award of the prizes is given this week, and copies of the prize winners' pictures are given. They are beautiful. The prizes range from a small amount of cash up to two hundred dollars, and a prize schedule is announced for still another competition, which is to follow immediately. The pictures in this week's LESLIE include a very interesting foreign page, a number of scenes of the Indian war, the picture of a noted Virginia belle, a page of views in the United States Senate during the discussion of the Lodge bill, and a large number of entertaining features. Get it from your newsdealer. Price, 10c.

### "The Greatest Thing in the World."

Prof. Drummond's famous address on "Love: the Supreme Gift," sometimes called "The Greatest Thing in the World," which has had a wonderfully large sale at 35 cents a copy, and has undoubtedly done a great deal of good, is now published by Alden, unabridged, in large Pica type, for THREE CENTS! It ought, now, to circulate by the million. The same publisher issues Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," in large type, fine "half-seal" binding, for 35 cents, plus postage, 10 cents. These are two items characteristic of the 132 page Catalogue, which is sent free on request, by the publisher, JOHN B. ALDEN, 393 Pearl street, New York.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss. LUCAS COUNTY, FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1890.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO. Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

About six miles north of Topeka, is a huge rock that has long been a wonder and curiosity to the hundreds of people that have visited it. It is of conglomerate formation, being composed of pebbles of all colors and sizes. One side is worn by the glaciers as smooth as glass and when the sun shines it is a beautiful sight. Near this rock is a section of rock of the same formation and apparently split off from this one. It is almost hidden in the earth. These rocks are very hard and visitors procure specimens with the greatest difficulty. This rock has undoubtedly dropped here during the glacial period, as there are no others to be found in this part of the country; hence the name of the "Lost Rock."

Secretary Mohler has received no official crop reports, but from the information which he has from reliable sources, he believes that the condition of the wheat is uniformly excellent all over the state. There has been more moisture than usual this winter and the ground will be in good condition for sowing spring wheat.

### Born for Each Other.

There are now living in Washington a married couple, Paul and Abina Holmuth, who were born at Baden, Germany, in 1847, within four miles of each other. Even through their childhood, playing in the streets and byways of the same town, they were strangers to each other. In the course of events they came across the ocean to the land of promise, and at different times and by different paths they drifted to Washington, where they met and loved and married. Upon comparing notes to take out their marriage license they discovered, to their mutual surprise and gratification, that they were not only natives of the same place, but rejoiced in exactly the same ages to a day.

### Horses that Sleep Standing.

It is a fact not generally known that at least two out of every five horses do not lie down to sleep. The horse that sleeps in a standing position rests one leg at a time, depending on the other three to sustain the weight of his body.

The habit is a very dangerous one, since the animals frequently fall and break a limb or two. A great many horses are permanently injured as a result of accidents of this nature, and there is no way of curing them of the habit.

So far as is known, however, the district messenger boy is the only animal that sleeps while in motion.

Mrs. U. S. Grant leads a very quiet life, partly on account of delicate health, and partly from preference. Her sight has become poor, and she is seldom seen outside of the family circle, except when she drives in the Park in her well-appointed brougham. One of her most frequent and welcome visitors is General Sherman.


Mrs. Kennan is a great help to George Kennan in his work for the oppressed people of Russia. She recopies manuscripts, reads proofs, translates Russian works, goes over the receipts from his work, and sees to their investment or deposit. Mrs. Kennan is described as a thorough business woman, of considerable business tact, and much personal attractiveness.

Miss Julia Shreiner, the new beauty of fashionable society, is a niece of the late William Cullen Bryant. Her father was a German merchant in New York, but she spent most of her time in Paris. She is an accomplished young woman, who paints well, sings well, embroiders well, and speaks several languages. She is six feet tall and beautifully proportioned, and the Prince of Wales is quoted as saying that Miss Shreiner is the most distinguished American woman he has ever met.

## KANSAS SEEDS OUR NOVELTIES: Jerusalem and Kansas King Your Storekeeper is behind the age

if he doesn't keep SAPOLIO in stock. No city store is without it. The great grocers of the country handle no other scouring soap because the best housekeepers will not use cheap imitations which are liable to do damage far greater than the little saving in cost. If your storekeeper does not keep SAPOLIO tell him to wake up. If he offers you something else when you ask for SAPOLIO tell him to be wise and deal in genuine goods.

It pays to have the best.



**WHY**  
Are Some People Always Late?  
They never look ahead nor think. People have been known to wait till planting season, run to the grocery for their seeds, and then repent over it for 12 months, rather than stop and think what they will want for the garden.  
**VICK'S SEEDS** never disappoint. It is the verdict from the millions who have planted them. If it is Flower or Vegetable Seeds, Plants, Bulbs, or anything in this line, **MAKE NO MISTAKE** this year, but send 10 cents for **Vick's Floral Guide**, deduct the 10 cents from first order, it costs nothing. This pioneer catalogue contains three colored plates, **Greatest Novelties** ever offered, 500 in cash premiums to those sending club orders. 5000 cash prizes at one of the State Fairs. Grand offer, chance for all. Made in different shape from ever before; 100 pages 8 1/2 x 10 1/2 inches.  
**JAMES VICK, SEEDSMAN,**  
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

### THE PRAIRIE FARMER.

The old reliable agricultural journal THE PRAIRIE FARMER, of Chicago, comes out with its initial number for 1891 in a handsome new dress, and is indeed an elegant paper, filled with the soundest and most practical information for all interested in agriculture in its many departments. The present editorial organization of THE PRAIRIE FARMER is most complete and thorough, and the journal enters its 51st year better equipped than ever. Writers who are well known authorities are its regular contributors, and their articles are accompanied by illustrations and engravings, to assist the reader to the fullest understanding of the subject treated.

THE PRAIRIE FARMER is a model home paper, alike useful to the farmer, the villager, and the city man, furnishing delightful reading for all who love and appreciate agriculture. The publishers will send a sample copy to every applicant, and it is worth while to drop them a postal for a specimen, or send them the subscription price, One Dollar, to THE PRAIRIE FARMER, 168 Adams St. Chicago, Ill.

Some curious, interesting, and hitherto unpublished Letters of Charles and Mary Lamb cover the first sixteen pages of the Atlantic for February, quite fully is continued, and the traveler at last arrives at the turning point, but not the end of his journey. There are several striking descriptions of scenery in the paper, especially Mr. Lowell's first glimpse of Noto, on the Arayama Pass. Alice Morse Earle has a paper on "The full of curious bits of information. William Everett has an article on the French Spoilation Claims, and Theodore Roosevelt, "An Object Lesson in Civil reaching their climax. Reviews of Sir Walter Scott's Journal and of Adam's Life of Richard H Dana complete a cleverly arranged number. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

### 800 ACRES. 13 GREENHOUSES. TREES AND PLANTS

We offer for the Spring trade a large and fine stock of every description of FRUIT and Ornamental TREES, Shrubs, Roses, Vines, SMALL FRUITS, Hedge Plants, Fruit Trees, Seedlings and Forest Tree Seedlings. Price Catalogue, spring of 1891, mailed free.  
**PHOENIX NURSERY COMPANY**  
Successors to HENRY TUTTLE & CO., BROOKLINGTON, ILL.

Small little fortunes have been made for us, by Anna Page, Austin, Texas, and John Bush, Chicago, Ill., and many others. Why not you? Some earn over \$5000 a month. You can do the work and live at home, when you are. Even beginners are easily earning from \$10 to \$100 a day. All ages. We show you how and start you. Can work in spare time or all the time. Big money for workers. Failure unknown among them. NEW and wonderful. Particulars free. H. Hallett & Co., Box 990 Portland, Maine.

\$3000 a year is being made by John R. Goodwin, Troy, N. Y., and work for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can teach you how to do it. You can get \$10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your spare time or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay \$100 for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY SPECULATED. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine.

### IMPROVED INCUBATOR EXCELSIOR

Simple Perfect and Self-Regulating. Hundreds in successful operation. Guaranteed to hatch a larger percentage of fertile eggs at less cost than any other hatcher. Send for this Catalogue. Circulars free. **GEORGE STARR, QUINCY, ILL.**

State Superintendent Geo. W. Winans, after corresponding with the county superintendent, has fixed the dates for holding county institutes as follows: June 8 to July 3; July 6 to July 31, and July 27 to August 21. Washburn college resumed its work Monday morning. The regular recitations were conducted as if no break had occurred. Both faculty and students seem determined that the only effect of the enforced rest shall be increased interest and enthusiasm in the work.



### The Little Tin Cup.

Who, Betty! How do, sir? Is this here the  
saloon for folks as is mad?  
It air? Wal, my Lucy's to hum, sir; not  
a-savin'! Oh, no—just a tad—  
And ef I's my own way I wouldn't be think-  
in o' fectin' her here;  
But it ain't no use argyin' matters when sis-  
ter-in-laws interiere.

You see it were this how: last harvest we  
parted with baby—with Chick;  
The poorest child in the country; the rompi-  
nest, fore he got sick;  
And his mother, poor gal, took it badly when  
we told her as baby was dead,  
For she didn't shed tears like she'd orter but  
set that a-shakin' her head.

And when baby was put in the parlor she  
crept softly up to the box  
And we heeded her say, "Go to sleep, darlin'!"  
As she brushed back his bootful look.  
But nex' day she was sleepin' herself, sir,  
When they come from the town with the  
hearse.  
So we went to the graveyard without her,  
and saved her the stories, or worse.

Wal, when we got back from the funeral, thar  
was Lucy a-gettin' the tea;  
On the table was three cups and saucers, for  
her and the sister and me.  
But I can't tell the turn as it give me to see  
on the plate, polished up,  
Just as bright as it shined on his birthday, our  
poor Chickey's little tin cup!

Then the sister she starts in a-cryin', and says  
she, with her face very white,  
"Lucy, dear, don't you know that the baby  
wasn't dead, no—just a-sleepin'!"  
Then, poor gal, she lets up her finger and  
she points it at baby's old place,  
And she says, "Don't the tin cup look dirty  
along o' that dazelin' face?"

Ev'ry morning she's up with the daybreak,  
a-scribbin' that poor bit o' tin;  
And she's still at it, scrubbin' and rubbin', when  
the shadows of even comes in;  
But let's be black, air—as black as the kittle—com-  
pared with the child as she there,  
Shinin' bright with the glory o' Heaven; still  
as death in his little high chair.

So I've come, sir, to ask you take her and larn  
her that Chick's gone away  
To a place whar no sun'll in kin enter, no rust,  
no disense, nor decay;  
But of God sent this stroke as a mercy—of the  
doctors all gives Lucy up—  
She will bring back a heart, that ain't broken,  
and polish the little tin cup.

—Thomas Frost.

### A MODERN MILES STANDISH.

"Just the old tender story,  
Just a glimpse of morning glory  
In an earthly paradise,  
With shadowy reflections  
In a pair of sweet brown eyes."

—R. D. Blackmore.

"A favor?" repeated Rob Bonnell,  
leaning back in his pine office chair,  
the arms of which were becoming at-  
tenuated from the persistent whittling  
of its successive occupants, "a dozen if  
I can."

"I knew you would," declared Henry  
Dreier, in a tone that if confident was  
also full of vague relief. "In fact I  
really wrote Linnet you would go."

"You did, eh?" returned Bob, tilting  
back and teetering on the rear legs of  
his chair in a dexterously reckless  
manner that would have driven a more  
impressible individual than his  
partner wild with nervousness. "That  
was awfully kind of you! But where  
am I to go? And who in this world is  
Linnet? If you would only supple-  
ment your disposal of me with a little  
information I couldn't be sufficiently  
grateful!"

Dreier grinned amiably, and shifted  
his position in the doorway of the  
small, western grain office. Like most  
men slow of speech themselves, he  
was prompt to appreciate the ready  
raillery of another.

"Why—why Linnet is," rather awk-  
wardly, "Linnet Josylan, you know."

"Oh!" in sudden comprehension.  
"The bride-elect. You never spoke of  
her otherwise than as Miss Josylan."

"Didn't I? By the way, I don't be-  
lieve I ever told you much about her  
anyway, beyond the fact that she is a  
kind of distant cousin of mine, and  
that we are to be married next Thurs-  
day."

"No," replied Bob, with a shake of  
his handsome head. "You never did."  
He was a tall, well-knit, athletic-  
looking fellow. There was in his  
whole bearing a certain easy grace  
that irrefutably bespoke good breeding  
and gentle associations. His dark-  
skinned, finely-chiseled face was bright  
with humor and alert with intelli-  
gence. In every sense of the word  
was Henry Dreier unlike him. He  
was of medium height and heavily  
built. His movements were deliberate  
to clumsiness. His face was large and  
round, and florid, and fat. His stubby  
streak of a sandy mustache reminded  
one of that of Mr. Jefferson Brick,  
which Martin Chuzzlewit mistook for  
"a recent trace of gingerbread." His  
mild blue eyes were most kindly. In-  
deed, his general appearance was  
seraphically stupid. In reality Mr.  
Dreier was the least stupid of men.  
He was most keenly and practically  
shrewd. His look of bland innocence,  
almost of helplessness, was a mask  
with which Nature had capriciously  
presented him. Those who fancied  
they could by superior mental agility  
compass a business or personal victory  
over Henry Dreier were apt to find  
themselves confronted with a counter-  
move on the probability of which they  
had altogether failed to reckon. But  
he was hopelessly unromantic. There  
was no denying that fact. He had not  
in his composition a single grain of  
sentiment. And in his life love would  
be, as Mme. de Staël avowed it was  
in the life of all men, merely an episode.  
Of this Rob Bonnell had always felt  
sure, but when now his partner went  
on to speak of his sweetheart in his  
prosy, matter-of-fact way he was more  
than ever convinced he was correct in  
his deductions.

"She's an eastern girl. Her people  
were wealthy. She was educated with  
the greatest care. She grew up think-  
ing life was to be for her just a long  
procession of pleasures. Well, one  
day her father went all to pieces on  
the Board of Trade. The shock killed  
him. His wife didn't last for many  
weeks after him, and then Linnet  
found she must either work or starve.

The former seemed, as you may sup-  
pose, the more acceptable alternative.  
She wrote to a cousin of her father who  
has a ranch out here, asking him if she  
could secure employment teaching in  
this part of the world. There was a  
chance of her obtaining the district  
school, so he sent her word to come.  
She did so. She was too late. The  
board of directors had given the place  
to an earlier applicant. Linnet had  
not enough money to take her home  
again, so she was obliged to remain at  
Blanchford's. Know them?"

"No, Rob didn't know them."  
"Well, they live over by Concordia.  
They are the relatives of Linnet's I  
mentioned. Mean? You may bank  
on that. They think more of a nickel  
than I do of a dollar; and they're more  
dollars than I have. They told Linnet  
she could do the housework for her  
board. And the housework of their  
big barrack of a place is no joke.  
She was plucky. She tried it. But  
you might as well harness a butterfly  
to a plow as Linnet to drudgery."

He paused to weigh a load of corn  
for a man who had driven up on the  
scale outside. Then he scribbled a  
line upon the battered book that lay  
on the shelf-like ledge just below the  
dingy window pane.

"I used to go to Concordia pretty  
often, as you remember, and I got in-  
to the habit of stopping in at Blanche-  
ford's. And—well, the long and the  
short of it is, I made up my mind to  
get married, and to marry Linnet  
Josylan at that."

Bonnell nodded interestedly. Never  
before had Henry been so confi-  
dentially communicative.

"She's awfully pretty," he averred,  
"and I like her quite as well as any  
girl I ever saw—indeed better. I've  
built a fine house, you know. She  
shall have everything she wants. I'm  
sure we'll be very happy."

Rob smiled grimly. How prosaic  
Dreier was! How unromantic! The  
girl who would be content with the  
affection he offered would have all she  
deserved, Bonnell felt convinced.

"And now," said Henry looking at  
his friend, "here is the fix I'm in—I  
can't go over there to be married next  
Thursday. The decision about that  
new elevator the railroad men talk of  
putting up may be made any day. It  
would not do for me to risk being  
away."

"Man alive!" cried Rob, bringing  
down the forelegs of his chair with a  
bang, and springing to his feet. "Do  
you remember you would go to be  
married?"

"That is the identical reason I can't  
go!" answered Henry with his usual  
air of serenity. "The very fact of my  
assuming new obligations would make it  
culpable of me to jeopardize my  
business interests."

There was a little amusement and a  
good deal of contempt in the glance  
Rob gave him.

"And so," decided Dreier, putting  
his short, thick hands in his pockets.  
"I wrote to Linnet that you would go  
over for her Thursday, and bring her  
to Belleville. We can be married here."

No longer could Bonnell conceal his  
exasperation.

"Good heavens, Dreier," he exclam-  
ed, "can't you see that what you sug-  
gest is infernally bad form?"

Henry did not see it. He turned de-  
liberately to weigh the empty wagon  
that had rumbled back on the scale.  
Then he calmly faced the indignation  
of his partner.

"No girl," avowed that wrathful in-  
dividual fiercely, "at least no girl in  
her senses, would tolerate such a dis-  
tortion! You ought not to expect her to  
come and go as you decide, as if she  
were a trained terrier."

Henry smiled placidly.  
"O, she won't mind! My absence  
from town might mean quite a loss to  
me in a money sense."

"Defer your marriage then."

"Postponements are unbusinesslike."

It was with something suspiciously  
like an oath that Mr. Bonnell pulled  
his hat down over his brows and swung  
out of the office.

He vowed over and over to himself  
that he wouldn't go to Concordia. It  
was atrocious that he should be sent to  
bring and deliver a bride as if she were  
so much merchandise! And yet, did  
not a poor poet bring Lalla Rookh to  
the arms of her royal lover? Yes, but  
the poet was the lover. Well, after  
all, what business was it of his? He  
had given his word to Dreier to do him  
the favor requested. And the future  
wife of his partner must be but a nar-  
row-minded and spiritless creature and  
unworthy his savage chivalry in her  
defense.

So he went; but against his will, as  
Beatrice said, when she invited Bene-  
dict to dinner. It was still early,  
not 10 o'clock, when he drew up his  
horses before the large, ugly frame  
farm-house on the outskirts of Con-  
cordia.

It was an April day, and a delicious  
one. The skies were most softly, sun-  
nily, luminously blue; everywhere  
were plows furrowing the dark sod;  
everywhere was budding greenery;  
everywhere were budding boughs; and  
from the prairie grass came the per-  
sistently cheerful chirp of the meadow  
larks. Kansas was that morning, as  
she not infrequently is, more prodigal  
of springtime promise than of mid-  
summer fruition.

"Miss Josylan!"  
The weather-beaten woman who had  
answered his brisk knock-knock on  
the panels of the seldom-used hall door  
regarded him with stolid curiosity.

"Linnet? She's out with the chil-  
dren somewhere—gaddin' as usual.  
Won't you come in?"  
"No, thank you," replied Bonnell,  
taking off his hat in a fashion that the

poor rich woman for a moment  
implied supreme sarcasm,  
shall try to find her."

Find her he did. She was in the  
next field, with half a dozen roystering  
young Blanchfords about her. They  
were on their way to seek the where-  
abouts of a nomadic hen, or rather of  
her nest. The fear that she would  
"lay out" had caused the mistress of  
the farm anxiety unutterable.

Although Bonnell had never seen  
Linnet there was no mistaking her. A  
girl city born and bred is, in the city,  
one of a multitude. In the country,  
especially in the new western country,  
she is distinctively and delightfully  
conspicuous. She is the transferred  
product of a more luxurious and intri-  
cate civilization.

"Miss Josylan, I believe," said Bon-  
nell.

She bowed slightly. She stood re-  
garding him with a glance of quiet in-  
quiry. She was a graceful girl of per-  
haps eighteen or twenty. Her gown  
of smoke-colored cashmere had never  
been fashioned by a Kansas dress-  
maker. It was artistically plain. It  
fitted her rounded young figure with  
glove-like smoothness. "I have come,"  
said Rob, with an embarrassment fore-  
ign to him, "from Henry Dreier."

The face before him—a very deli-  
cate, sensitive face it was, with dark-  
lashed hazel eyes and a beautiful  
mouth—flamed scarlet from soft hair  
to white throat.

"He did not receive my letter then?  
You are Mr. Bonnell?"

Rob assented.  
"I wrote him," hurried on Linnet  
Josylan, "that I would not go to Bel-  
leville as he desired."

Rob felt himself placed in an un-  
pleasant position. Assuredly the girl  
was neither narrow-minded nor spirit-  
less as he had supposed when he agreed  
to fulfill the request of Dreier. For,  
though her words were brief and sim-  
ple, there was a vast deal of resent-  
ment in both tone and expression.  
But how in the name of Heaven had  
such a woman promised to marry  
Henry Dreier! Suddenly and curiously  
he was answered.

"That's right, Linnet!" piped up one  
of the group who stood gaping at the  
stranger, "don't ye go. I heard ma  
tell pa yesterday that if you went to git  
married she'd have to hire help, 'nd  
that the less she'd have to pay 'ud be  
\$3 a week. Don't ye go!"

Linnet looked up from the freckled  
and persuasive countenance of Master  
Clive Leonard Leroy Blanchford. All  
the color went out of her face with a  
rush. Something set and resolute  
came into it.

"I shall go with you," she said to  
Bonnell. She turned and walked  
toward the house.

"Poor little girl," said Rob. He knew  
now why she was going to marry  
Henry. She would be her own mis-  
tress. She would be independent.  
She would be free from repellent labor  
and petty despotism. If the absorbed  
and passionate devotion all young  
hearts crave it was not in the nature of  
Dreier to give her, she would at least  
receive kindness and affection. And,  
mild sentimentalists to the contrary,  
half a loaf is preferable to no bread.

Bonnell went back to the road. He  
stood by the buggy, waiting. He could  
hear within the house the sounds of  
angry and aggrieved protestation.  
When, carrying a sachel, Miss Josylan  
came out, down the path, and to the  
buggy, her lips were set in a mutinous  
red line, and her hazel eyes were black  
with rebellion. Silently he helped her  
in. Silently they drove off. Warner  
the day had grown. The fresh, half-  
pungent scent of "broke" ground  
drifted to them. And faintly heard  
they the murmurous whir and hum  
that preludes the summer.

It is about a three hours' drive from  
Concordia to Belleville. They had  
traveled more than half the distance,  
and almost in utter silence, when all at  
once Linnet broke down in a fit of  
childish weeping.

"Turn!" she panted. "Go back. I  
can't marry Henry Dreier. He is good.  
Yes, I know that. But to be with him  
—always! O, no—no. I was foolish.  
I only wanted to get away from Blanche-  
ford's. I—I didn't think of the sin of  
marrying for such a reason. Take me  
back—please!"

A force mightier than his will,  
mightier than himself, mastered Rob  
Bonnell. Traitorous—dishonorable?  
Perhaps. But he could at that mo-  
ment no more have held back the  
words that sprang from his heart to  
his lips and overflowed them than he  
could have restrained the fierce fury of  
a mountain flood.

"Linnet," he cried, hoarsely, "I  
love you! Marry me!"

"O," she whispered, and shrank  
back trembling. He had stopped the  
team. He turned in his seat and faced  
her. Their eyes met. There was  
that in his imperious, steady, fervent,  
that compelled surrender. Linnet's  
lashes drooped. Rob bent and kissed  
her. That broke the mad spell that  
was upon them both.

"Don't!" she said. "Go on. I could  
care for you—yes. But the disloyalty  
would be more wicked than—than  
keeping my word."

Bonnell snatched out the whip. He  
gave the horses a lash. He drove  
straight on towards Belleville. There  
he left Linnet at the hotel. He then  
went straight to the office. He found  
Dreier alone, and in high spirits.

"Well," he cried, "that elevator  
business was fixed to-day. We've  
come out several thousands ahead.  
What is the matter? You look like a  
ghost!"

"Do I?" with a wan smile. "I ought  
to look like a scoundrel. I've fallen in  
love with your sweetheart, Henry. I  
asked her to marry me. I kissed her."

### AMANTY. This is now the simplified FaceDay device the Lenses of the Photographer.

Some of our girls are learning to  
be photographed beautifully and  
trickily. "Have you observed and  
wondered," said one of the most cele-  
brated of the camera men, "how well  
the actresses manage to look when the  
eye of the camera is focused on them?  
Well, I can tell you how to do as well  
as they do. First, choose an artistic  
photographer. No matter how much  
you know about what you want and  
what to wear, there are matters of  
view, and light and shade, for which  
you must depend absolutely upon him.  
But he will not be able to advise you  
how to make up your face and will  
probably object sweepingly to any such  
device. That is where he is mistaken.  
If he were wise he would know how to  
pose a girl, and then with a bit of  
white and a bit of black chalk make  
her lovely for that view. Several of  
the New York photographers do this  
now. The stock pose, into which  
photographers, on general principles,  
put victims over whom they don't in-  
tend to bother, is three-quarters, which  
is an abomination to most faces. There  
is small chance for expression; the eye  
gets no show at all, and the contour of  
the cheek, which is seldom beautiful,  
except in children, is betrayed. You  
will find they have a rooted objec-  
tion to full-face positions. I have never  
been able to discover why. There is a  
tendency to raise one eyebrow higher  
than the other, or look cross-eyed; but  
it is his business to look out for that,  
and stop you if your features begin to  
wander around your face."

"Now, in painting a face for pho-  
tography the eyes can safely be made  
up a great deal. Put black under the  
eye, only don't let it be just one heavy  
black line. Shadow it out softly.  
Blacken the lashes as much as they  
will stand, only don't let them be  
lumpy. Increase the apparent length  
and sweep of the upper lid, by which  
the size of the eye is judged, with a  
line continuing the line of the lashes,  
and a parallel one continuing the line  
of the crease that shows just above  
when the eye is open. Draw these  
only as long as can be done without  
their showing as lines. An actress ob-  
tained a clever picture, in which the  
effect of very long lashes is given by  
lines, presumably shadows thrown by  
said lashes, painted above the eye, just  
under the eyebrows. Use red very  
carefully. Your lips probably need  
painting into an improvement upon  
their own shape. Do it softly, and  
with very faint red. Red takes black.  
Look carefully and you will trace a  
hard line about the lips of many  
actresses' photographs. Sometimes  
you don't need to look carefully. If  
you want a dimple to show specially,  
you can heighten its light and shade a  
little; but unless your photographer  
poses you so that the device does not  
betray itself the effect will be a failure.  
Having thus accentuated your  
face, don't disturb its arrangement by  
a smile, or smirk, or any other grimace  
of expression when the lens is opened  
on you. Otherwise, art and nature  
will make a hopeless mess of your  
features. But if you have planned an  
expression in harmony with the make-  
up, save it till the last moment. The  
operator is bound to grip the back of  
your neck with his monkey wrench,  
and if you hang on to your joyful  
smile all through that ordeal you will  
get something demonic and wild to  
send to your friends."—N. Y. Sun.

### MONSTROUS TOAD.

Unsuccessful Attempt of a Swiss Officer  
to Kill It.

M. Charles Offredus, a lieutenant in  
the Swiss army, gives the following  
account of a gigantic toad encountered  
by him on the coast of Italy:

"After having seen Rome, Naples  
and other principal cities of Italy, I  
returned through Venice. I had just  
left Aquapendente, a town situated  
upon an eminence, and passed down  
the mountain foot to go to an inn  
that lies out of the town. M. Bus-  
chins, the companion of my journey,  
was a good way before me, I having  
loitered by the way to examine some  
peculiar plants indigenous to those  
parts. I had not penetrated far when  
I heard a rustling in the thicket upon  
which I had my eyes fixed. I looked  
down and saw at my feet an enormous  
toad, so prodigious that, without ex-  
aggeration, it seemed to be more than  
a foot and a half across the back. The  
ugly monster was so near me that it  
touched my left foot. Seized with hor-  
ror, I quickly drew back my foot,  
having only strength enough left to  
run away as fast as I could. Recover-  
ing my wits when I had reached a safe  
distance from the horrid creature I  
stopped awhile and at last made up  
my mind to return to the spot where I  
had seen the horrible beast. Seeing it  
in the same spot I came to the conclu-  
sion that I could easily dispatch it  
with my sword. Uncertain, however,  
what weapon I should use in making  
the attack, and judging that distance  
would be more prudent than a close  
engagement, I laid hold of a large  
stone which I could scarce lift with  
both hands, and with my naked sword  
under my arm I presented myself be-  
fore the animal. His mouth was wide  
open, and his little, black, wicked-  
looking eyes were sparkling, his whole  
aspect betraying not the least sign of  
fear at sight of danger; on the con-  
trary, he appeared anxious for the  
fray. Having raised the stone as high  
as my strength would permit, I meas-  
ured well its fall, covering the toad  
entirely, crushing it, so I thought, in-  
to a shapeless mass. 'Horrible beast,'  
I said to myself, 'that is the last time  
ever you will frighten a tired soldier  
out of his wits!' and, 'here shall be  
your grave,' I again said, as I piled a  
number of smaller stones upon the  
large one that had first crushed the  
monster. I had a great desire to ex-  
amine the thing more closely and, if  
possible, to dissect it, but had not the  
courage to touch even the stones un-  
der which it lay buried. Standing,  
gazing intently at the little rock mound  
which I had intended as a tomb for  
the unsightly creature, I noticed that  
the smaller stones had commenced to  
move. Soon the whole mound top-  
pled over and the beast walked out  
alive, seemingly none the worse off  
for his late experience. Seeing that  
the creature had neither wound on his  
ugly skin nor broken bone in his body,  
I snatched my cloak and sword and  
passed out of the thicket, declaring  
that I would no longer make war  
against such a monster. Arriving at  
the inn I called for a glass of wine,  
but no sooner had I drunk it than I  
felt feverish symptoms, which turned  
into a chill, lasting nearly two weeks."

During the fourteenth and fifteenth  
centuries some of the Italian and east  
German prisons were provided with  
the monstrous poison loads of the  
Mediterranean coast. In a very short  
time the air became contaminated by  
the exhalations of the venomous crea-  
tures to such an extent as to cause the  
death of many prisoners kept within  
the buildings.

### Explaining a Puzzle.

When a wheel is in motion does the  
top move faster than the bottom? Nine  
people out of ten would cry nonsense  
at the mere question. Both the top  
and bottom of the wheel must, of ne-  
cessity, it would seem, be moving for-  
ward at one and the same rate—i. e.,  
the speed at which the carriage is  
traveling. Not so, however, as a little  
reflection would convince you. The  
top is moving in the direction of the  
wheel's motion of translation, explains  
the Illustrated American, while the  
bottom is moving in opposition to this  
motion. In other words, the top is  
moving forward in the same direction  
in which the carriage is progressing,  
while the bottom is moving backward,  
or in an opposite direction. This is  
why an instantaneous photograph of a  
carriage in motion shows the upper  
part of the wheel a confused blur,  
while the spokes in the lower part are  
distinctly visible.

### The Dutch National Breakfast.

Coffee, brown bread and herring  
constitute the national breakfast of  
the people of Holland.

### Hunting the Gorilla.

From a recent lecture by Paul du  
Chailu at Bryn Mawr College:

"I continued my travels all alone  
from one tribe to another, learning  
their languages, which carried me  
through a couple of tribes, when I  
would have to stop and learn another  
language. I finally got to the cannibal  
country, the land of the gorilla. I  
here heard some startling stories  
about this man-ape, but could not at  
first get any of the natives to go with  
me to hunt the gorilla. At last I gave  
three cannibals as many beads as they  
could carry to go with me. On the  
night before we started they danced  
around the idols and bled their hands  
in about twenty places and rubbed the  
blood over their hearts. They then  
scraped the bones of their ancestors  
and swallowed the scrapings, under  
the belief that it would get into their  
blood and make them brave. We then  
went into the forest. The silence was  
wonderful. Not a sound broke the  
stillness. We saw nothing for two  
days. On the third day I was about  
100 yards ahead of the party when I  
heard the sound of a branch breaking.  
I gave the signal of danger. The  
others came up to me and we heard  
the noise again. The branches of the  
trees near us were loaded down with  
red berries. My heart was beating  
and I was forced to stand still to calm  
myself. I waited for a few minutes  
and there was no sound. Suddenly  
the noise was repeated and a huge  
monster stood before me. He had a  
black face, short legs and body covered  
with hair. His deep-sunken gray eyes  
looked at me, as he sat twelve feet  
away. With a howl he was getting  
ready to come for me when I shot him  
through the heart. This was the first  
gorilla killed by a white man in 2,000  
years."

"This beast measured 5 feet 11  
inches, and the spread of his arms was  
9 feet 4 inches. The circumference of  
his chest was 7 feet. He seemed to be  
constructed of bones and muscles of  
wires."

The man who is always picking a  
quarrel rarely complains of a short  
crop.—St. Joseph News.



## ERA DIAVOLO OUTDONE.

### THE EXPLOITS OF A DARING RUSSIAN BANDIT.

The Deeds and Romance of the Dick Turpin, Claude Duval and All Their Kind Put in the Shade by a Russian Nobleman.

The adventures of a Russian nobleman named Kroukowski, is brought out at his recent trial in a criminal court in Poland, read like a story of Fra Diavolo or Dick Turpin in their palmiest days. The Russian, however outshines all the bandit chiefs of history or romance in his experiences. And what is more, the story is true, given as the facts were brought out at a trial.

Being the son of rich parents he received an excellent education, and spoke French like a Parisian. He spent a great deal of his time in Paris at the commencement of his career. In 1881 he was living a very fast life in the French capital, and when his fortune began to slip away from him he organized a band of brigands, the principal officers of which were his coachman, his valets, and some tenants on his own estates. Then he set out for the Kejoff government, and commenced to take the castles of the nobles by storm or strategy, according to circumstances. In a short time, after a few skirmishes with the czar's troops, he found himself and his band surrounded, and nothing seemed left for him but death or surrender. The troops, however, only succeeded in capturing a comparatively small number of the brigands, and their astonishment was great when it was discovered that the chief had escaped. Then they remembered that a feeble and white-headed man, bent with age, asking charity of the officers, was permitted to pass through their lines. That bogus old beggar was Kroukowski.

Two years slipped by and nothing more was heard of him until suddenly he appeared at the head of another band of robbers. He came upon the community like a blizzard and his boldness knew no bounds. At Loustek and Doubno it was shown in the evidence that he often used to walk about the streets and flirt with the ladies; but every time that the police got wind of his presence the search for him proved fruitless. One night, however, the authorities became aware of the fact that the celebrated bandit was in a little inn at the outskirts of the village of Keversti. The troops were immediately called out. The place was surrounded and all the doors carefully guarded. Suddenly a Russian officer in full uniform appeared. With an air of authority he asked to see the officer in command of the troops. The latter approached him respectfully and told him the object of his visit. The handsome officer seemed surprised at first, and then smiled at what he appeared to regard as a hoax. Then he requested the young lieutenant in command to be so good as to give a letter with which he presented him in the politest manner possible, to his friend, the chief of police.

The lieutenant took the letter, promised to deliver it, and saluted. When the lieutenant got back to the village with his men and reported, he handed the chief of police the letter which he had received from his brother officer. The latter opened it and read in French the following:

"Kroukowski, chief of brigands, presents his compliments to the chief of police."

The unfortunate lieutenant lost his rank for allowing himself to be duped. Kroukowski also followed the example of his Italian confreres in making prisoners and demanding a high ransom for them. One of his prisoners was the daughter of a prominent Russian count. The count paid the ransom and got back his daughter, but was soon afterward horrified to learn that she was about to become a mother. He then proposed to the outlaw to marry his daughter, and promised that if he did so, and returned to an honest life he would do his utmost to secure his pardon, and would succeed beyond a doubt. But Kroukowski replied that he regretted exceedingly that a previous engagement put it out of his power to comply with the count's request. He was very much in love with another lady.

The authorities then went to work to discover that interesting young lady. They found her, and a watch was placed upon her house, where, at last, after a desperate fight, Kroukowski was captured.

Although his fights and duels were innumerable, there was no evidence to prove that he ever committed a cold-blooded murder. That was about all that could be said of him, except that he was a charitable robber, and his gifts to the poor were princely. As

he earned his money easily, he parted with it lightly, and he was a great favorite with the moujiks, to whom he really owed his facilities for fooling the soldiers and the police for so long a time. But the court sentenced him to penal servitude for life, and his appeal to the Czar has been unanswered. He will be sent to the island of Sakhaline, in Siberia, where he will be chained to some other convict in the gold mines, from which no prisoner has ever yet escaped.

But the moujiks still have faith in him. They already regard him as a Chevalier de Monte Cristo with plenty of hidden treasure, who is sure to come back and share it with them like a gentleman.

### SMOKING AND CHEWING.

What the Cigar and the Plug of Tobacco Contain.

Joseph H. Bishie, revenue collector of North Carolina, at one time was a tobacco manufacturer, and what he says about the weed is not at all pleasant information to the smoker.

"Do you know what a cigar contains?" said Mr. Bishie, to a Chicago reporter, as he took his memorandum book from his pocket and read the following: "Valeric, acetic, butyric, formic, propionic, prussic and carbolic acids, cresote, ammonia, sulphureted hydrogen, pyridine, virdine, picoline, and rubidine."

"Isn't that enough to make a man stop smoking?" said the collector. "All those acids are found in a pure cigar. What then must be found in the adulterated article? Connoisseurs imagine the little freckles that are frequently seen on cigars indicate a superior quality of leaf. I want to dispel that idea. The pure natural leaf in its yellow hue is undoubtedly the finest tobacco in the market. But so many accidents conspire to render the finest leaves scarce that even the natural leaf is imitated. Coarse leaves are bleached by the use of chlorine to the yellow color of the natural leaf, and sulphuric acid, properly diluted will produce the little freckles you so often see. So, don't ever be misled by the freckled cigar."

"But the men who chew are in even more danger of being poisoned than those who smoke. The real nice plug, with the pretty pieces of tin on it, which look so inviting, is soaked with all kinds of vile stuff. I know of a factory where New England rum is used to sprinkle the tobacco used to make plugs; another where Jamaica rum is put on to flavor it, and another where the rankest kind of corn whisky is used."

"I know of a negro in our state who drank a wineglassful of a mixture of Tongva bean and wintergreen and died a half-hour afterward. But this same stuff is used largely to adulterate the leaf that makes up the plug tobacco. I tell you that almost the only chemically pure tobacco is that which the planter dries on his own roof and smokes in his pipe, after crumbling it himself in his hands. But the simplicity apparently don't please the smokers. They prefer to be poisoned."

During the time Mr. Bishie was giving the foregoing warning to smokers he was puffing away at a cigar that from its odor was simply execrable, and the hotel clerk will swear that he saw the South Carolinian take a generous chew from a huge plug half an hour before he told what it contained.

### Very Disagreeable People.

We meet these indifferent, bloodless people everywhere. On the streets they will stand tamely by while a brute tyrannizes over a helpless beast of burden; or while a mother yanks a sobbing child along by its poor little arm (as full of ugliness herself as a storm-cloud is of rain); they will see a miserable man following an innocent young girl with seven full-grown devils in his heart; they will watch a big boy tormenting a smaller one or an honest man getting the worst of a bargain with a sharper, all with as little feeling as might be evinced by a mole sneaking across a battle-field the morning after the battle. They are too respectable to get mixed up in brawls, too polite to take the onus upon themselves of championing a defenseless woman or protecting an overloaded horse if the deed is going to entail the publicity of a street altercation. Such people are less afraid of the devil than they are of notoriety, and would see their own mother garroted sooner than call attention to the fact at the risk of collecting a crowd. I have no use for such folks. If I had my way I would run a big funnel out into the lake and drive 'em all in as a farmer shoos hens.

### They're All in Jail.

"Where are the most innocent men to be found in the world?" asks an exchange. In state prisons. Ask any prisoner and see. — Boston Traveler.

### THE LAW OF LIFE.

Myron W. Reed Says People Must Be Helped, Living to Let Live.

"Mutual aid is as much a law of animal life as mutual struggle," says Myron W. Reed. "The duck is a sociable bird and it is good to eat, but there are vastly more ducks than hawks. Ducks co-operate. They flock, they have their labor unions, they have their night sessions. I have heard the noise of their evening debates on the Kankakee marsh, and I have seen the result in the morning, not a duck left. All on their way out of 'the bad lands' of frost and gunpowder. They do as men do, throw lime dust in one another's eyes."

"Beetles are a low order of citizen, but they help one another. They must have decaying organic matter to lay their eggs in and thus to provide the hatched children with food, but that matter must not decay too rapidly. When one beetle has discovered the corpse of a mouse or of a bird which it could hardly manage to bury alone it calls four, six or ten other beetles to assist in the burial. Together they transport the corpse to a suitable soft ground, and they bury it in a very considerate way, without quarreling as to which of them will enjoy the privilege of laying its eggs in the buried corpse."

"Some land crabs of the West Indies combine in large swarms in order to travel to the sea, and to deposit therein their spawn, that implies concert, co-operation and mutual support. Dr. Erasmus Darwin states that 'the common crab, during the moulting season, stations a sentinel, an unmoulted, hard-shelled individual, to prevent marine enemies from injuring moulted individuals in their unprotected state.' I have hunted a good many days, as a boy, the sandhill crane. I never found him alone or asleep. The flock fed but the sentinels are out. The picketling is made. They have a sharper, longer vision than any boy with a gun. They also apparently know the difference between a shotgun and a rifle. They know the exact minute in which to light out."

"An ant's nest is a study in co-operation. Every ant is under obligation to share its food, although swallowed, with every member of the community which may apply for it. If an ant which has its crop full has been selfish enough to refuse feeding to a hungry comrade it will be treated as an enemy."

The ants hold their own against crickets, grasshoppers, spiders, beetles and wasps. Their force is in mutual support and mutual confidence. They rally on the center. The individual ant is nothing by himself, but an ant hill is to be respected. It is organized. A tarantula has about as much poison in him as anything I know. I captured one in Arizona, put him in an empty pickle bottle and corked him in. The next day we were in camp and I turned loose my captive tarantula on a nest of red ants. They were ready for him. About four of them to each of his feet pinned him to the earth—and then the rest in scientific manner disarticulated him and put him in the cellar. I was really sorry for him. To be sorry for a tarantula is about as far as sorrow will go. But the red ant is uniformed, organized and drilled."

"There is no end to the study of bees. By working in common they multiply individual force." The pelican is a sociable and thrifty bird. In fishing these birds form a wide half circle in face of the shore and narrow it like a net, catching all fish that happen to be in the circle. Sparrows are sociable and well organized for mutual help.

"A Greek orator once said: 'While I am speaking to you, a sparrow has come here to tell other sparrows that a slave has dropped on the floor a sack of grain and they are all come here to see.'"

Suppose out on our plains there is a bunch of cattle and a few calves, and a few coyotes loafing about. It is doubtless your observation that the whole herd will organize to protect those calves against murder. The beaver is a social animal. They organize to cut down trees and build a dam. One beaver by himself can do nothing. Many beavers can do wonderful things. They can make a big sufficient home for a community of beavers. But I must end this thing. Ants combine and birds and beavers and they prosper.

### Drum and Cymbals.

"Don't you think it is time for Miranda to learn to play on some musical instrument, Edward?" asked Mrs. Sharp of her husband, as the notes of their daughter's voice floated in from an adjoining room.

"Yes," replied Edward, with conviction, "I do; but it should be some loud instrument, to drown her voice." — Somerville Journal.

## COMPOSITE HUMANITY.

### MAN MAY BE BOUND IN HALF CALF OR DOGSKIN.

By Swapping Skin and Bones With the Brutes, the Future Man May Cast Sheep's Eyes at His Fellow in Earliest Borrowed Notes.

Slowly and surely the word "impossible" is becoming obsolete in the lexicon of surgery, as each year sees triumphantly performed under the scalpel of the skilled practitioner feats undreamed of a decade before.

Following rapidly upon the track of a successful operation in Texas in which the diseased collar bone of a patient was replaced by a portion of the osseous anatomy of a sheep, came the clean removal of a diseased lobe of a child's brain in a Philadelphia hospital, the successful patching of a lacerated stomach, removed and replaced in the operation, and a most remarkable case of bone grafting in New York.

In the last instance the removed bone of a lad's calf was supplanted by one from a spaniel's leg, a severed end of the latter being splinted to the calf, and both boy and dog carefully tended until the knitting was effected, when the strange pair were separated and human and canine patient nursed back to health and strength.

These are but a few illustrations of the strides taken by modern surgery. But they suffice, even without further trust in the future, to make average humanity thankful for its nineteenth century existence.

When one of Noah's grandchildren lost a finger in a hay cutter or an arm in a buzz-saw, or had an eye put out or a leg cut off, or lost his hair or teeth, he was forced to go without the item thus deducted from his sum total for the rest of his mortal life. It is hard to credit the amount of patching up that may now be accomplished by the advanced processes and inventions of these days.

Suppose that a man has lost all four limbs, his hair, his eyes, his nose, all his teeth and a portion of his palate; he has a fractured skull and tubercles on his lungs. The gentleman may also be covered with the pits of an early case of small-pox, and may have been presented at his birth with a large mole on his cheek.

First, of course, he will have his head trepanned by some skillful surgeon, and when he has had the tubercles removed from his lungs by a specialist in pulmonary diseases and has recovered from the exhausting effects of these two operations he will be in a proper state to have his limbs attended to. A rabbit is selected whose optics are of a color becoming to the subject, and one of them is transplanted by means of transference. Of course he could hardly expect to have both eyes successfully supplied in this way, but supposing he has good luck and one grows satisfactorily, the other socket, for the sake of beauty and symmetry, will be filled by one of the glass eyes now manufactured to such perfection.

His next proceeding will be to call in a maker of artificial limbs and be measured for a full suit of arms and legs.

If the patient is fortunate enough to have one arm down to the wrist, he will be supplied with a hand with which he can manage to write a little and feed himself quite perfectly. As lower limbs will convey him from place to place, not very gracefully, to be sure, but still as well as many merely lame legs convey their owners, and which, sitting or resting, will present, perhaps, a more symmetrical appearance than the originals they have succeeded.

The once total wreck is still bald, toothless and disfigured with pockmarks and a mole. An artificial set of teeth, quite as good as the original article and incapable of aching, will be supplied by any good dentist, and the missing portion of the palate also will be furnished. Then the hair would naturally be his next thought.

He may have hair or portions of scalp transplanted to the uncovered cranium. But this is a long and painful process, so we will suppose that the subject contents himself with a wig. Fortunately, in these days wigs are made which are entirely deceptive and, so far as appearance goes, look quite as well as nature's own production.

The beauty seeker next goes to that artist of recent growth, the "dermatologist," who first destroys his mole by "electrolysis," and then gets to work upon the pockmarks. These are smoothed by a disintegrating process, which loosens up the fibrous structure of the scars and smooths down the whole face by a sort of planing method. He is still disfigured by the want of a nose, certainly a most important lack in a human countenance.

This feature may now be supplied by surgery by transplanting a fold of flesh from some living arm, which is held near to the face to be repaired until a portion of the fold has grown fast in its new situation, and then is wholly separated from the arm and forms a fairly satisfactory nasal appendage.

Here the former human wreck may walk about the streets or call upon his feminine acquaintances, quite capable of appreciating their charms, for he has one available eye. He may smile also, for his molars and incisors are now plentiful and of pearly whiteness, and, though his nose may be a trifle pudding-like and lack Grecian symmetry of line, his delicate complexion and luxuriant hair largely compensates for this trifling defect.

He will never, of course, be a satisfactory partner in the waltz, but his dignified repose and symmetrical limbs must make him an ornament to the reception and conversation.

Thus, while the vital organs remain within the trunk and the gray matter of the brain is intact a man need not despair, and surgeons believe that we may soon expect to see the ill-furnished cranium supplied with such qualities as it lacks, and poets, painters, inventors and philosophers manufactured out of the raw material of the idiot ward and the stage door contingent.

### Shorthand Has a Limit.

There are limits to shorthand. Every honest stenographer will admit that no person is able to report the most rapid speakers or to follow with accuracy an argument which consists of many references to scientific books, and contains quotations which must be accurately recorded. In practice, wherever a speaker makes use of many quotations, particularly of poetry or of statistics, the stenographer is always anxious to be supplied with the quoted parts. Among the very best stenographers the practical impossibility of one writer being able to record the most difficult speaking with accuracy is so well recognized that in the most important cases a system of check notes is always observed so that points which may be missed by one writer will be caught by another. This is really not an unusual practice, and it has been found to be absolutely essential in many cases.

In shorthand writing there are many expedients, there are many omissions of sounds and letters, so that a great deal of the accuracy of transcribing depends upon the intelligence of the transcriber. There are comparatively few words which are written out in the shorthand notes. It is true that some expert writers are able to write words almost fully, and there are some who write so fully that their notes may be transcribed by others; but the great majority of shorthand writers write notes which can be read only by themselves, and which are in most cases but suggestions of words.

### A Lovely Time.

Oh! dear, mamma, we've had such fun. Since you have been away; We got the brand new microscope That aunt bought yesterday, And took a drop of vinegar To look at, and, oh! dear, The things we saw a-wiggling 'round Were very, very queer. Some had no heads, and there was scarce A leg among them all, And many of the bigger ones Kept swallowing the small. It scared us awfully to see Them act so strange and bad, But, mamma, you can't think what A lovely time we had!

### Even So.

The first half of man's life, 'tis true, He spends in finding what to do; The other half, see if he won't, He spends in learning what to don't.

### His Source of Information.

A Washington young man, whose pen has made him indirectly acquainted with many discriminating readers, recently became more than discreetly intimate with the cup that cheers, and is now wondering whether he has really signed an agreement to ship as a sailor on an ice berg. If he is under such obligation seems must be rather scarce, for a conversation something as follows took place between him and the officer:

"Have you any knowledge of the business?"

"Yes, sir."

"Glad to hear it. Where did you get it?"

"I have a vast fund of nautical information which I acquired by reading sea stories that I wrote myself." — Washington Post.

### Cold Day for Some Folks.

"That overcoat would be a good one to wear when a man's going to vote," said Robbie, pointing to a very thick one. "I should think they ought to have very warm clothes when they go to the Poles."







## Books and Magazines

**Domestic Monthly For February.**  
It is a constant surprise that so good a magazine as THE DOMESTIC MONTHLY can be sold for \$1.50 a year. The February number has over 150 illustrations, and a large supplement. Everything that pertains to fashion and dressing is discussed and illustrated profusely. The magazine was never so popular as now.

The publishers announce that for only 25 cents they will send it 3 months, and a coupon good for 25 cents worth of "Domestic" paper patterns. Send direct to 353 Broadway, New York. This trial offer will remain open only a short time.

The first original article by Count Tolstoi, that has ever been published in an American magazine, appears in the February issue of the Comopolitan, with a number of interesting photographic reproductions, one of them being a picture of Tolstoi guiding a plow in his Russian fields. Brander Matthews appears with his first article upon Some Latterday Humorists. Mr. Matthew's contributions constitute one of the most interesting features of the magazine, the third in the series of colored front-pieces is a delightful sketch by McVicker, ex Postmaster General James presents an article upon the Welch in the United States, liberally illustrated by portraits of prominent men who are of the Welch extraction. Women Clerks in New York, by Marquise Clara Lanza. A charming article on the old Chateaux in Touraine by Miss Elsie DeWolf; Prince Talleyrand and his Memoirs by H. de Bury. Amateur Portraiture in Photography, and A Remarkable Musical History by William Fole, are other prominent features. Price, 25 cents. Comopolitan Pub. Co. Madison Square, N. Y.

### A Paper for the Millions.

THE WESTERN RURAL AND AMERICAN STOCKMAN is one of the oldest and ablest farm journals published in this country, and none is more fully identified with the best interests of the agricultural classes. It deals not only with the farm but more especially with the farmer. Its columns are devoted to subjects involving literature and science and its aims are for the promotion and elevation of the social and economic condition of the farmer and his family. The Rural advocates physical culture and manual training as well as intellectual endowment. It believes that the State owes to the citizen the right to such an education as shall fit him for a self-reliant citizenship and that our Public School system should be enlarged along the more practical lines. In short, The Rural is a Fireside Companion as well as a helper in the affairs of farm life. Subscription price \$1.50 per year. For free sample copies Address Milton George, 158 Clark St., Chicago.

The February ECLECTIC offers a feast of able and timely papers on a variety of subjects. Amusing people are discussed in the article on "The Druses of the Holy Land," and Mr. De Kervo's description of the wonderful Water Cure at Wörthshofen, Germany, which excites only less talk now abroad than the Koch lymph, will be found very interesting. Mr. Jennings, M. P., analyzes very intelligently the great commercial contest now raging in "The Trade League Against England." Women will be attracted to Dr. Kenealy's article on "The Talent of Motherhood," and all will find pleasure in the article by John Dennis "The Journal of Sir Walter Scott," describing the last days of the Wizard of the North. Under the pen-name of Adalek, a lady who has been an inmate of a Turkish harem paints its life and experiences. A brilliant paper on "Crime in Fiction," by an anonymous contributor to Blackwood's is very entertaining in its analysis of a most important feature of the modern novel. Mr. James Bryce is worthily represented in his essay entitled "An Age of Discontent," touching on the most pressing of latter-day problems. Stanley's companion, Lieutenant Stairs, tells us about his experiences in the African forest, and Sir George Baden-Powell makes a strong argument for the future of Canada as a British dependency or, failing that, as an independent nation—anything rather than union with the States. One of the most striking papers of the number discusses "The Problem of the Slums," as set forth in General Booth's late remarkable book, "In Darkest England." There are many short articles, poems, etc., worthy of the companionship.

Published by E. R. Pelton, 25 Bond Street, New York. Terms, \$5 per year; single number, 45 cents; trial subscription for 3 months, \$1. ECLECTIC and any \$4 Magazine, \$8.

### Vick's Floral Guide for 1891.

No lover of a fine plant or garden can afford to be without a copy. It is an elegant book of over 100 pages 8 1/2 x 10 1/2 inches, beautiful colored illustrations of Sunnir Amarantus, Hydrangea, and Potatoes. Instructions for planting, cultivating, etc. Full list of everything that can be desired in the way of Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Plants, Bulbs, etc. Also full particulars regarding the cash prizes of \$1,000 and \$200. The novelties have been tested and found worthy of cultivation. We hope it will be our good luck to see the Nellie Lewis Carnation and taste the Grand Rapids Lettuce. It costs nothing because the 10 cents you send for it can be deducted from the first order forwarded. We advise our friends to secure a copy of James Vick Seedman, Rochester, N. Y.

The attention of our readers is directed to the advertisement of Munn & Co., patent solicitors, in another column. Their name is familiar to patentees throughout the country. In connection with the publication of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN for the past forty-five years, they have made the drawings and specifications for more than one hundred and twenty thousand inventions and their facilities for obtaining patents were never better than now.

### She Couldn't Play.

"Won't you please play something for us, my dear Miss Swindle?" says the hostess. "Oh, I can't, really, I am so horribly out of practice!" cries Miss Swindle. "Oh, Miss Swindle! When you always play so beautifully at any time!" "I? I play beautifully when I really don't pretend to be anything more than an amateur? I only wish I could play." "Do play, Miss Swindle!" says one of the guests, coaxingly. "Oh, do," cries another. "Please do, Miss Swindle," cries a third. "I have heard so much about your exquisite playing and have always wanted to hear you. Please do play!" "Oh, thank you! But I really am quite out of practice, and I simply play a little for my own amusement." "O-o-o-o-h, Miss Swindle!" cry all the guests in chorus. "Really, I don't pretend to play well," insists Miss Swindle. "Do play something for us. Let me escort you to the piano." "Well, if I must, I must, I suppose," says Miss Swindle, reluctantly; "but I shall play horribly and I really don't know a single thing to play, anyhow." About an hour later the hostess said to her husband,—"We really must do or say something to get that stupid Miss Swindle away from the piano. She's played six long pieces now and is beginning on the seventh, and Heaven only knows when she'll stop. Everybody's either yawning or giggling. I don't know what ever made me so stupid as to ask her to play, anyhow!"

### Rich Men's Sons.

Examples of this law of heredity are plentiful among the financial leaders. The Astors and Vanderbilts of this generation have shown themselves well worthy to uphold the great monetary dynasties founded by their ancestors, and there is not in either family a spendthrift or an unworthy member. W. W. Astor has done some creditable literary work. Jay Gould's sons are likely to carry out his projects and increase the magnitude of his fortune. Robert Bonner's heritage is well cared for by his sons. The Ames family, which started its fortune by making shovels and increased it in Credit Mobilier, has an able member to-day in Oliver Ames, who has twice been Governor of Massachusetts. "Old Hutch's" son in Chicago is at thirty the president of a bank and director of a score of financial institutions. James L. Flood, son of the bonanza prince, and most prominent of the scions of mushroom wealth, has been at the head of the great Nevada Bank.

### Reads all the Country Papers.

Senator Plumb, of Kansas, is said to receive more mail than any other member of Congress. He is a subscriber to more than two hundred papers, nearly all of which are published in his State.

Some one asked him the other day if he ever read these papers. "Indeed I do," he answered. "It is by means of these publications that I am kept in constant touch with the people of my State, and am better prepared, knowing their sentiments expressed through the papers, to serve my constituents."

Besides these papers he receives hundreds of others. Nothing is ever thrown from his desk unnoticed, and when he is not engaged in pouring hot shot into the enemy's camp across the chamber he is up to his eyes in the correspondence on his desk.

His postage account, outside of the matter on which he is authorized to use the Government frank, amounts to \$75 and \$80 every month.

### Her First Elevator Ride.

Mrs. Kelley, the washerwoman, called for the soiled clothes after the Doorns had moved into their flat.

"Phew! the stairs," she asked of the hall-boy.

"There," he said, pointing to the door of the elevator.

"Phwat floore's the Doorns on?"

"I'll show you," said the obliging boy, stepping into the elevator after her, and pulling the rope as he closed the door.

When the car began to move, she began to scream, "Lit me out."

"I will," said the boy, and in the twinkling of an eye he slid the door back. She stepped out into a narrow hall.

"The Doorns live there," he added, directing her to their door. Then he sank out of sight.

"Well, I'm lathered! If that isn't quare! Jist wan joomp an' you're up; another an' you're down. It makes an owd woman fule young; but it cooshts a pile of money to live in buildin's phwat hev joompin' shairs."

An old soldier applied for a pension. He had been injured at a battle. On examination it was found that he was injured. He ran away so hard that he hurt himself.

"And this is where you teach the young idea how to shoot?" remarked the visitor to the pretty schoolma'am.

"Yes, sir," she replied; "we teach trigger-nometry here."

## From Now until Jan. 1, 1892, The Topeka Weekly Capital And This Paper for \$1.25.

THE WEEKLY CAPITAL will contain the most complete reports of the organization and proceedings of the coming Legislature that will be published, besides all the news of Kansas and the Capital City. No Kansan should be without it. Address KIMBALL Ptg. Co., North Topeka, Kans.

### The Atlantic for 1891

will contain  
The House of Martha,  
Frank R. Stockton's Serial

Contributions from  
Dr. Holmes, Mr. Lowell,  
and Mr. Whittier.  
Some heretofore unpublished  
Letters by Charles and  
Mary Lamb.

Mr. PERCIVAL LOWELL will write a narrative of his adventures under the title of  
Noto: an Unexplored Corner  
of Japan.

The Capture of Louisbourg will be treated in  
A Series of Papers by  
Francis Parkman.

There will also be Short Stories and Sketches by  
Rudyard Kipling,  
HENRY JAMES, SARAH ORNE JEWETT, OCTAVE THANET and others. Unpublished papers on Questions in  
Modern Science.

### The Atlantic for 1891

Mr. MICHAEL WATSON GILDER, Dr. PARSONS, Mrs. FIELDS, GRAHAM E. TOMSON, and others will be among the contributors of Poetry.  
TERMS: \$1.00 per volume. POSTAGE FREE. Send a number. With new life-size portrait of Lowell, and also portraits of Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, or Holmes, \$5.00; each additional portrait, \$1.00.  
The November and December numbers sent free to new subscribers whose subscriptions for 1891 are received before December 20th.

Postal Notes and Money are at the risk of the sender, and therefore remittances should be made by money-order, draft, or registered letter, to  
Houghton, Mifflin & Co.,  
4 Park Street, Boston, Mass.

### A Charming Memory.

No improvement has been so marked, so signally perfect in attainment, in the last few years, as the numerous luxuries which have been introduced in transcontinental travel. Instead of harrowing collections the tourist now has left to him when his journey is completed, a charming memory of perfect train service and palace dining cars. The arrangements this winter for dining cars on the Union and Southern Pacific roads, is something far in advance of anything in that hitherto attempted.

### THE QUEEN'S LATEST OFFER.

A Free Education or One Year's Travel in Europe.

In The Queen's "Word Contest," which the publishers of that magazine announce as the LAST ONE THEY WILL EVER OFFER, A Free Education consisting of a Three Years' Course in any Canadian or American Seminary or College, including all expenses, tuition and board, to be paid by the publishers of THE QUEEN, or One Year Abroad, consisting of One Entire Year's Travel in Europe, all expenses to be paid, will be given to the person sending them the largest list of words made from the text which is announced in the last issue of The Queen. A special deposit of \$750. has been made in The Dominion Bank of Canada, to carry out this offer.

Many other useful and valuable prizes will be awarded in order of merit. The publishers of The Queen have made their popular magazine famous throughout both Canada and the United States by the liberal prizes given in their previous competitions, and as this will positively BE THE LAST ONE OFFERED, they intend to make it excel all others as regards the value of the prizes. Send six two cent, U. S. stamps for copy of THE QUEEN containing the text, complete rules and list of prizes. Address THE CANADIAN QUEEN, Toronto, Canada. 1-1-91.

WANTED AT ONCE—A man to handle in Topeka THE ANASTASIAN MAGAZINE, a new monthly devoted to the literary, social and political life of the South and West. Everything necessary to start a live agency will be furnished. Must have energy and ability. Address, THE ANASTASIAN PUBLISHING CO., Washington, D. C.

Chop up the cabbage leaves, to feed the poultry.

Oats and bran are said to be good egg producing food for hens.

LAURA JEAN LIBBEY'S BEST.

A delightful love-story, full of passion and intrigue, and written in Laura Jean Libbey's best vein, entitled, "Ulmot Ulvesford," begins in this week's New York Family Story Paper. It is a splendid story, and will be eagerly read by the thousands of admirers of the charming and versatile young authoress of "Miss Middleton's Lover." Our readers should not fail to buy a copy of this week's Family Story Paper, so that they can read the opening chapters of "Ulmot Ulvesford," by Laura Jean Libbey.

## A GREAT CLUB OFFER.

\$12.25 FOR NOTHING!

## THE GREAT DIVIDE GEMSTONE CABINET

GIVEN AWAY FREE!

This is Done to Call Your Attention to the Best Dollar Monthly in the World.

## THE GREAT DIVIDE.

(STANLEY WOOD, Editor.)

Published at Denver, Colo.

Is a superbly illustrated monthly journal containing articles every month on Rocky mountain scenery, illustrating and describing its canons, lakes, valleys, natural parks, mountain peaks, waterfalls, cascades, trails, minerals, mines, crystals, relics, cliff dwellings, Indians and customs, sights above the clouds, summer and winter resorts, haunts of fish and game, natural wonders, caves, grotesque and marvelous works of nature, burning rock, mineral springs, climate resources, birds and animals, wild flowers, and hosts of other interesting things. Brim full of fresh, original and spicy reading every month. Different from any other publication in the world. Subscription only \$1.00 per year, including the Gemstone Cabinet. This journal recommends itself. Send for a sample copy, which is free, if you say where you saw this announcement.

### LIST OF GEMSTONES AND THEIR VALUE.

Cameo, finely cut, can be used for ring, scarfpin or brooch set.....	\$1.75
Goldstone, can be used for ring or scarfpin.....	.75
Tiger Eye, can be used for ring, scarfpin or brooch.....	.60
Pink Crocidolite, can be used for ring or scarfpin.....	.50
Pink Crocidolite, can be used for ring or scarfpin.....	.65
Green Crocidolite, can be used for ring or scarfpin.....	.75
Carnelian, can be used for ring or scarfpin.....	.50
Tree Agate, can be used for ring or scarfpin.....	.50
Perfid Wood, can be used for ring or scarfpin.....	.50
Jasper, can be used for ring or scarfpin.....	.50
Bloodstone, can be used for ring or scarfpin.....	.75
Mosaic, inlaid with Agate & Jasper, a watch-chain, to be mounted with compass, 1 00	
Agate, two cut stones complete, for ladies' sleeve buttons.....	.75
Agate, two cut stones complete, for gents' sleeve buttons.....	1.00
Mosaic, square pattern, sleeve button sets.....	1.25
Sardonyx, setting for ring or scarfpin.....	.50

This whole lot of Gemstones will be sent with each subscription. Total value, 12.25

All of the above are finely finished cut gemstones, all polished ready for any jeweler to mount as you may desire. They are all guaranteed to be of value stated, and it is given to increase our subscription list quickly. We recognize its costliness, but nowadays it requires an unusual offer to establish a journal with a large circulation in a short space of time.

The Great Divide and this paper will be sent for one full year upon receipt of only \$1.25. The Gemstone Cabinet will also be sent you as a premium free of any cost. Bear this in mind.

As it may seem impossible that we can and do give you so much value for so little money, we have a sample copy of THE GREAT DIVIDE and a Gemstone Cabinet at our office, and will be pleased to have you call and see it. THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING IS IN THE EATING.

Send \$1.25 to this office and secure THE GREAT DIVIDE, this paper and the Gemstone Cabinet free, as a premium. Do not delay.

Address Kimball Ptg. Co., Topeka, Kans.

## Western Foundry

—AND—

## MACHINE WORKS.

R. L. COFRAN, Prop'r.

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

## INTER-OCEAN MILLS.

PACE, NORTON & CO.,

—NORTH TOPEKA, KANSAS.—

## Millers and Grain Merchants

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

## NEW books

New Books every week.

Catalogue, 96 pages, free;

not sold by Dealers; prices

too low; buy of the Pub-

lisher, JOHN B. ALDEN,

393 Pearl St., New York

COMMERCIAL COLLEGE OF KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY,  
LEXINGTON, KY.

Highest Award at World's Exposition.  
Book-keeping, Business, Short-hand, Type-  
Writing and Telegraphy taught. 100 lec-  
tures. 10 teachers. 10,000 Graduates in Business. Send for  
Address WILBUR D. SMITH, Prop'r, Lexington, Ky.

## MONEY

can be earned at our NEW line of work,  
rapidly and honorably, by those of  
either sex, young or old, and in their  
own localities, wherever they live. Any  
one can do the work. Easy to learn.  
We furnish everything. We start you. No risk. You can devote  
your spare moments, or all your time to the work. This is an  
entirely new line, and brings wonderful success to every worker.  
Beginners are earning from \$25 to \$50 per week and upwards,  
and more after a little experience. We can furnish you the em-  
ployment and teach you FINE. So please to explain here. Full  
information FREE. THE T. & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

## THE ODELL

Type Writer.

\$20 will buy the ODELL TYPE WRITER

with 78 Characters, and \$15 for the SINGLE CASE

ODELL, warranted to do better work than any

machine made.

It combines simplicity with DURABILITY.

SPEED, RASID OF OPERATION, wears longer without

cost of repairs than any other machine. Has no

ink ribbon to bother the operator. It is NEAT

SUBSTANTIAL, nickel plated, perfect and adapted

to all kinds of type writing. Like a printing

press, it produces sharp, clean, legible manu-

scripts. Two to ten copies can be made at one

writing. Any intelligent person can become a

good operator in two days. We offer \$1,000 to

any operator who can equal the work of the

DOUBLE CASE ODELL.

Reliable Agents and Salesmen wanted. Special

inducements to dealers.

For Pamphlet giving Indorsements, etc., address

ODELL TYPE WRITER CO.,  
Rookery Building, CHICAGO ILL



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

The present problem of humanity is to help humanity. That is the supreme end and aim of legislation, of education, of development in all ways, and the terse little expression comprehends almost infinite meaning and variety.

THERE are nineteen millionaires in the United States whose combined wealth is \$140,000,000. Yet notwithstanding the golden calf worship prevailing in the United States it can not be said that the people do more than to tolerate them.

LARGE families are at a premium in Quebec. In that province the happy father of a family of twelve living children is entitled to 100 acres of crown land and 1,009 heads of families last year satisfied the government that they had complied with the necessary conditions and were rewarded accordingly.

A MAN who expects to do what he promises himself to do reaches his determination by deliberate processes, and independently of the days of the week or of the year. He who sticks to the old leaf till the swearing-off season simply tries to cajole his own conscience. In nine cases out of ten swearing off on January 1 will not help things if the proposed reform had been previously considered and postponed.

ALUMINUM as a metal has had a practical test of its strength and lightness. An Indianapolis man constructed a bicycle of steel tubing and aluminum, which, though exceptionally light, is claimed to be practically unbreakable. The aluminum age really seems to have set in at last. In ten years more who can say what changes will have been made in science, art and manufactures by the use of it?

MANY of the little folks, those at all events who have wealthy parents, have no doubt been watching with much interest Mr. Edison's experiments with the phonographic doll. Such a toy seems entirely feasible, and a few have been made. It was not practicable to make them in any quantities, however, and the idea has been given up. The failure of this experiment will inspire very little regret in the hearts of fathers and mothers. It will be a good deal of money in the pockets of Santa Claus.

ALL that is necessary for any person to do who wants to apply for a pension or an increase is to write to the Pension bureau in Washington asking for the necessary blanks and when they are received, as they will be almost by return mail, to fill them out, before a proper notary, comply with one or two other printed instructions, make the necessary oath and then send them on. If the applicant is worthy, the Pension bureau will do all the rest. The pension agent is of no more assistance to the pension applicant than is a tallow-dip an assistant to sunlight.

ASK any man who has not taken the trouble to investigate the subject how many Jews there are in this country and the probabilities are that he will name four or five million as the limit. The man who thus makes this rough estimate never stops to think that nearly all the Jews of this country live in the cities and large towns. They are very rarely found in the country in the role of agriculturists. The facts are as laid down by John S. Billings, M. D., surgeon of the United States army, who has been investigating the subject, that there are only 7,000,000 persons in the whole world who can properly be called Jews, and of these only about 500,000 live in this country.

THAT a sufficient quantity of fruit for home use should be grown on every farm hardly admits of an argument. Were it not for the fact that observation shows that, in many cases, it is not done, it would be taken for granted that every farmer's family would be well supplied with the principal fruits which succeed in the section in which they are located. Apples and pears succeed over a large extent of territory, and grapes have perhaps a still wider range. Peaches and plums can be grown in many localities, and numerous other fruits can be produced with comparative ease in places where one or more of the kinds named above do not find a congenial home. The farmer who has a soil and climate suited for any of the leading kinds of fruit, and does not grow an abundant supply for his family, certainly neglects a very important means of promoting his and their health and comfort.

## THE FARM AND HOME.

### A HALF-HOUR WITH AGRICULTURAL EXCHANGES.

Something About the Silk-Worm Mulberry—  
Breaking a Colt—Mulching in Winter—  
Raising Onions—Farm and Stock Notes.

**The Silk-Worm Mulberry.**  
Since the formation of the Women's Silk Culture association, now several years ago, a great deal of interest has been excited in the silk worm industry. Plants are sent free to those who give proper guarantee that they will cultivate them for the purpose specified. The association started right at first, by deciding on the use of the Morus alba, the white mulberry, as the proper one for the purpose, and they have adhered to the sending out of this one alone, despite the well-meant but mistaken advice of some persons to use the multicaulis, or some other one differing from the alba. It is said that the silk from worms fed on the leaves of the multicaulis is finer than that from those fed on the alba. While this may be so, it is well known to those familiar with the subject that multicaulis-fed worms do not long continue healthy. This was why the industry came to an end many years ago, when the craze known to Philadelphians as the "multicaulis fever" raged. Though there were many who went into the business from excitement alone, believing that it offered a large field for great profits, there was nothing then to prevent its paying a fair profit, excepting that the wrong kind of mulberry was used. There was something in the multicaulis which did not agree with the worms. They sickened and died, and this it was which brought the business to an end. The explanation given for the lack of fitness of the plant was, that as it was but a variety and not a true species, it could not be raised from seeds, but had to be increased by cuttings and layers. The excessive propagation the demand called for so weakened the plants that they became sickly, and thus caused a lack of health in the worms; and no doubt this was the cause of failure. The mulberry now used is raised from seeds, which insures a healthy tree to start with. The stripping of the leaves to feed the worms, of course injures the trees to some extent. The wisest way is to set out enough trees, that one set can be left entirely alone every other year. Even then the trees in use should only be partially stripped, as, if wholly defoliated, it is almost death to them. Osage orange leaves can be fed to the silk-worm, but are not to be recommended, as they produce a coarse silk. As said above, the common white mulberry, Morus alba, has been found the best of all trees that have been tried.

#### Onions.

Take one year with another the onion crop is about as profitable a crop as the small farmer or the market gardener can grow. The market gardener, however, would not grow them in the same way nor sell them in the same condition that the small farmer would. He would raise small onion sets and these he would pull and dry and early the next spring he would set them out in rows. He would commence pulling these for market and sell them in bunches just as soon as they began to form small bulbs and would probably have them all sold before they were ripe. Onions grown and sold in this form have been known to bring from \$600 to \$1,000 for the product of an acre. But then there is a large charge for labor to balance against this income.

Small farmers, even at a considerable distance from market, can grow ripe onions, with profit, if all the conditions and the management are correct. One of the fundamental conditions is, a good rich soil. If it be rich it does not make a great deal of difference what its classification is. We have seen splendid crops, yielding 400 to 500 bushels to the acre produced on a quite light sandy loam, and we have seen them equally large grown on a deep swamp muck. The two indispensable requisites are fertility and fineness. It is not requisite that it should be mellow to a great depth, but the upper three inches should be of very fine tilth.

#### Breaking a Colt.

A writer who claims to know what he is talking about, gives the following directions for leading a colt along side of a cart: "Put a halter on the colt and halter-break it. Harness a gentle horse in a cart. Procure a slender stick like a broom handle (the sprout of a willow, locust or elm is as good) about four and a-half feet long; use it as a jockey stick. Fasten one end with a thong of buckskin to the colt's halter at the chin. Make the other end fast to the center of the breast plate of the harness. Then

fasten a long strap or cord to the halter at the chin, and then tie the end so that it will hold the colt back about abreast of the horse. The jockey stick will hold the colt off from the horse about four feet. The strap will hold him from going in front. Start the horse off in a walk. If the colt fails to come up to place touch him up with a whip. In five minutes the colt will trot alongside of the horse, more or less agreeable to you as he is well or otherwise broken to halter or as he likes the company of the horse. You can turn either way without danger. After you have tried it you will say it is the easiest, safest and most sensible way to lead a colt that was ever thought of. You can fasten the jockey stick to the shaft where it goes through the strap if you prefer. Then your stick would answer for four feet long."

#### Mulching in Winter.

Mulching of trees is usually not thought of until it is found that drought is injuring them. By this time, of course, the soil has become thoroughly dried, and as the mulch itself will absorb light rains, it may absolutely do little good during the remainder of the growing season. The very best time to apply mulch is in the winter while the soil is frozen. The ground is then full of moisture and the mulch prevents its evaporation. In winter it has also several other good effects, especially around bearing fruit trees. The mulch, by preventing the soil from thawing out quickly, keeps back fruit buds that might in some places put out and be destroyed by late frosts. It also helps to prevent too deep freezing of the soil, which in dry land sometimes kills otherwise hardy trees. There are fewer objections to a mulch in winter than in summer. During the growing season continuous mulching keeps the soil near the surface so moist that it encourages the tree roots to form near the surface. So, if mulching is done in summer, it must be kept up during the winter, in order that these surface roots be not frozen dry and killed.

#### Ignorance in Dairying.

National Stockman: In no business perhaps does ignorance have to be paid for more promptly than in dairying. When we churn, if we don't know the right degree of temperature for the cream we may either waste many hours at the crank or else have the butter come too soon, with flavor and texture ruined. If we don't know how to feed our cows we may be wasting feed every day; we may be dairying with the wrong breed, and so on through the whole business, if we do not have the knowledge we are always in the way of making heavy losses. In the present state of dairy science it is inexcusable for anyone to go blindly about his work when he, by a little reading and study, can be as fully informed on every dairy subject as the most expert.

#### Keeping Breeding Stock.

Breeding hogs, especially, should not be allowed to get fat. A good development of bone and muscle is far more important than an accumulation of fat.

The kind of food that is supplied makes a considerable difference in this, and then in addition a good pasture should be supplied where they can have a good range. This affords them a good opportunity to take exercise. Some animals seem more inclined to lay on fat than others, and while this is no fault with fattening hogs, care must be taken to keep from getting too fat. With breeding hogs, both with the sire and dam, a good thrifty condition is all that is necessary and the nearer they can be kept to this the better.

#### Farm and Stock Notes.

An animal raised on the farm will not introduce disease.

On the farm something is always growing while you are sleeping.

Generally, early planting should be shallow and late planting deep.

It is poor economy to purchase good implements and allow them to lay out.

A good horse blanket saves feed, prevents disease and is a credit to the owner.

Even if stock are allowed to run out, it will be better to feed a little hay or fodder.

Beauty in a horse, if combined with a good animal, increases its value very materially.

If a bell is kept on any of the sheep, select one of the ewes that is most docile to wear it.

The amount of stable manure can be greatly increased by supplying plenty of bedding.

The men who breed and raise good draft horses for market rarely complain of hard times.

The kind and quality of the hay supplied, will make a considerable difference in the amount of grain it will be necessary to feed.

## BURNT-OUT STARS.

Is There any Chance that They Will Ever Strike Our Earth?

Astronomers tell us that our sun and all the stars must eventually burn out and become dead celestial bodies. Then we should like to know what is to become of the remains. It is a pretty well established fact that in nature nothing is lost and we may fairly assume that there is no universal cemetery where defunct stellar bodies are laid at rest. When our sun, for example, reaches the end of its life span it will of course emit no light, yet its change from life to death will not stop its onward journey in the realms of space at its present rate of nearly half a million miles a day. Just so it must be with all the other suns, the whole fifty million that are visible through the telescope and the countless millions beyond telescopic range.

But in considering this matter of a burnt out and dead sun we must remember that we can look at stars, any clear night, that may have been well-defined suns before our great luminary was born. If this process of sun-making, or star-making, as you choose to call it, has been going so long does it not logically follow that there are, at this very moment, stellar spectres, dead and dark remains of stars, wandering through the universe? Many astronomers believe this, and none of them have so far successfully argued against the theory.

If this be true, we may be looking directly in the line of a dead and dark star, up there between two bright and living ones, when we gaze at the heavens these clear winter nights.

But here is an interesting thought. If these immense dead bodies are thus wandering through space, is there not a possibility that one of them may wander into the confines of the solar system and play havoc with his little brood of planets and moons? This possibility has been discussed by some astronomers; but the matter is one that neither this generation nor the next one, at least, need trouble itself about. For this reason: the approach of such a body would be detected by astronomers before it could get within a hundred years of travel from us, even if it moved at the sun's rate of half a million miles per day.

The presence of the planet Neptune, nearly three billion miles away, was detected by certain perturbations that astronomers noted in the movements of Uranus. Now it is safe to assume that a body so large as a burnt out sun, coming toward the solar system, would by its attraction affect our outlying planets and also the sun, when at least twenty times farther away than Neptune is. At the rate Neptune travels in its orbit it would take him about twenty-five years to reach the sun, traveling in a straight line if he should take a sudden impulse to visit his parent.

Even allowing for a spectral tramp star to take a fancy for calling on us, it would take it certainly not less than a hundred years to get here after the astronomers would have detected its intentions, even if it should come at the sun's speed of a hundred and sixty million miles in a year.

But this question as to what becomes of the dead stars is one that the astronomers seem very chary about discussing. They can see what they believe to be the process of star making constantly going on, but they cannot see any dead and dark stars, and there is nothing but analogy, conclusion and conjecture upon which to base an opinion.

One thing we certainly know; there is no stellar spectre now near enough to the solar system to get here in the lifetime of anybody now living on the earth.

#### Arranging the Offices.

"Now, in this little republic we are going to establish," remarked young Mr. Hunter to his fiancée, "of course I shall be president."

"Yes," replied the rare and radiant maiden; "and I'll be secretary of the treasury."

"Perhaps we had better consolidate the offices of president and secretary of the treasury," suggested the young man. "You can have a cabinet place, however. How would you like to do your own cooking and so be secretary of the interior?"—New York Sun.

#### A Point of Honor.

A man with the soul of an American does not consider that he is worthy the name of a man if, in asking a girl to share his life, he is not sure that he is capable of doing as much for her as her father did for her mother when life was young to them. With the soul of an American he understands that to win and keep the respect of a true woman he must prove to her substantially that he is the barrier between her and all the ills of the world.—Chicago Herald.

## FOUR STOMACHS.

Something About the Animals That Are Thus Endowed.

Cows, sheep, goats, camels and giraffes are endowed with what at first thought may be regarded as stomach extravagance. In addition to these animals, the four stomach apparatus is found in such wild creatures as the buffalo and all the members of the deer family; but it is not found outside of the order technically called ruminantia, and commonly known as cud-chewing animals.

The operation of this complicated member is very interesting. In the infancy of the animal, before the weaning period, only one of the four stomachs is used. This is what in the adult is called the fourth or last one. But when the time comes for changing the diet from milk to herbage the three hitherto disused stomachs are put to work.

The grass cropped by the cow, for example, is not chewed at once, but is passed directly into the large stomach number one. If the cow were killed immediately afterward the grass would be found practically the same as if it had been cut with a scythe. But after remaining there awhile it is moistened with a sort of saliva and then passed into the second stomach. This one is sometimes called the honeycomb stomach, because of its cellular formation on the inside. Its appearance is familiar to lovers of tripe.

At this stage of the process nature has provided a surprising arrangement. The moistened grass is now rolled about over the honeycombed surface until it is made into quite compact balls. Then these balls are in turn passed up into the mouth and there leisurely chewed. After this has been thoroughly done the mass starts downward again and fetches up in the third stomach. In this are a great many folds wherein the food is put through a course of kneading and crushing. Finally it passes to the fourth stomach, the one to which the milk goes directly in calfhood, and this stomach corresponds to the one in human kind, where gastric juice is mingled with the food.

But why would not a single stomach, like that which answers so well for humanity, also do for the cow and other animals of the ruminantia? In the answer you will find another example of the fact that nature makes no mistakes. The ruminantia, in the first place, are timid animals, always glad to flee from danger, and never combative except in self-defense. Secondly, it requires the greater part of their time to crop herbage enough to sustain life. The cow, browsing in good pasture, will keep on eating during the greater part of the day.

In their wild state, however, animals of this class do not get selected pastures, and they generally have to make the best of their business hours in grass clipping. Well, in their native wilds these animals are constantly menaced by carnivorous, or flesh-eating, animals, including man. Driven from their browsing places, they might starve before they could safely return. Here appears the wisdom shown in the mysterious stomachs. The cow or the sheep, by hard work, on the ten-hour system of labor, can clip enough grass to keep the digestive machinery in fair supply for three days. With this beneficent provision the wild members of the class can flee to barren mountains when pursued, and live on the supplies stored in the first stomach until it is safe to return to the browsing ground.

#### Didn't Suit Him.

"No, Willie," said his mother, "you should not fight. If Bobby Stapleford has done you any injury you should return good for evil."

#### "Hey?"

"And heap coals of fire on his head." "Naw!" said Willie with superb contempt. "If he had his head covered with Little Lord Fauntleroy curls I'd just as soon burn 'em off as not, but if I can't do up Bob Stapleford with bare fists in one round I'll go out of business—that's all!"

#### Quite So.

People of slow intelligence sometimes make such curious answers to questions that their brevity amounts to wit. This, for instance, from a character in Maine. On the occasion of an affliction in his family he was asked:

"Wasn't your father's death rather sudden?"

"Waal, yes," he drawled out, "it was rather sudden—for him."

#### His Neighbor.

Victim—See here, sir! When you sold me those lots you said they were in a good neighborhood, and I find they are surrounded by livery barns. Real estate dealer—Certainly. It is the best neighbor-hood I know of.



## BAWLEY'S LAST RUN!

HE GOT THE 'GATOR FIRST, BUT LATER ON THE 'GATOR GOT HIM.

The Story of an Intelligent, One-Eyed Georgia Mule Who Was a Family Heirloom.

The principal personage concerned in this authentic narrative was known all through the big woods of Southeastern Georgia as Old Tom Krandal's one-eyed mule "Bawley." Old Bawley and his master dwelt on a thousand acres of pine woods and swamp land near the great Okefenokee swamp, and Old Tom religiously believed his mule to be the most sagacious, industrious, and trustworthy beast that ever chewed hay.

"I taken that animal when hit weren't no bigger'n a pint o' huckleberries, an' th' can't nobody tell me hit ain't the smartest an' best mule in Georgy 'thout bein' called a liar an' a fightin' liar, t' boot. When hit comes to a mule at knows more'n half the school teachers does, an' a willin' t' work, too, I'll put Old Bawley agin any mule 'at walks on four laigs."

The people of the neighborhood entertained much the same opinion of Old Bawley says the *Chicago Tribune*. Any stranger that wanted a fight on his hands had only to stroll into that region and cast slurs on Old Tom Krandal's mule. Indeed, it was currently reported that a young dude from Thomasville, who had a "partikler hankerin' after" Miss Georgia Krandal, spoke once upon a time in a casual way of Old Bawley in her presence as "an onhan'some beast," and when last seen he was running through a mile of swamp that lay between the Krandal's and Thomasville, and he was only a short distance ahead of a bull-dog the spirited girl had unchained for his sole and exclusive benefit.



THE 'GATOR'S LAIR.

The numerous negroes on the place believed Old Bawley understood everything he heard anybody say, and were careful how they talked when he was within hearing distance. Old Tom Krandal had no sort of doubt the animal would outlive him, and in making his will bequeathed him, in the most solemn and binding English 'Squire Thiggs could muster, to his only son, Young Tom, a lad who was lively and industrious enough, but much given to fishing, 'possum hunting, and above all to alligator-catching. And right here the plot of this story begins to thicken.

One night, soon after Young Tom's father had made his will, an alligator in an adjacent swamp disturbed the slumbers of the Krandal's by a most unearthly bellowing. Early next morning Young Tom, assisted by a swarm of Afro-Americans aged from 3 to 15 years, repaired to the swamp with the tackle customarily used in capturing 'gators, the chief implement being a hook of peculiar construction fastened in a stout wooden handle. It had pulled many an ugly saurian from his cave in the swamps. A great deal of interest was felt in this hunt, as the alligator was believed to be an unusually large one.



OLD BAWLEY LOOKED BACK.

night that 'gator's fifteen foot long—not an inch less," said old Fluker, who had been born a slave on the place and was wont to officiate as oracle-in-chief to the younger generation of dusky Georgians. More than one of the gang had mourned the loss of a favorite dog that was believed to have gone down the red gullet of this particular 'gator, and the thirst for vengeance gave zest to the hunt. A drought of unusual duration had made the water in the pond very low, and it was found possible to approach within reaching distance of the 'gator's hole by wading a few rods through swamp mud. Young Tom set his teeth, took a firm grip of the long pole, and in a few moments was prodding vigorously in the cave. The maddened reptile snarled at

the hook, it fastened itself in his jaws, and the next instant Tom was jerked prostrate in the mud. He held to the pole, however, and several of the boys seized the rope attached to the handle. They pulled, and the alligator, an enormous one, charged on his enemies, lashing his wicked tail and hissing most horribly. Young Tom dropped everything and made for dry land, barely escaping a vicious blow from the 'gator's tail. The attack was renewed again and again with the same result. The boys had the beast hooked but could not land him.

Like a flash of inspiration the thought of Old Bawley presented itself to young Tom's mind.



THE RACE.

"Fetch the mule!" he shouted. A dozen youngsters obeyed the order. In five minutes Old Bawley was hitched securely to the rope. Bogus Jackson, a daring young 'coon who had ridden him in many a scrub-race, was perched on his back and instructed to yank the 'gator out. He gave the mule one blow—only one—on the ribs with a light-wood knot, and with a wild bellow Old Bawley sprang to his work. At the first jump the alligator was jerked out on the bank, hissing, blaspheming, and thrashing its awful tail. Old Bawley looked back for an instant and saw the hideous creature. No need for Bogus Jackson's club now. As that coffee-colored lad rolled off into the gallery bushes the mule, snorting with terror, his ears thrown back, his tail straight out, tore through the woods with the speed of an express train. And ever as he looked back and caught a lightning glimpse of his frightful pursuer bumping horribly at his heels he redoubled his efforts and roared with all the energy of his being. Bawley had done some fast running in his days, but his best previous record was a circumstance to the time he was making now. On through the dense woods, on through the pine stumps, palmetto plants, and stunted gallberry bushes flew the frenzied old mule, and on flew, close at his heels, a limp and soggy alligator, bounding, banging, and zigzagging wildly, now in the air, now on the ground, now rebounding from some decayed stump on one side and bringing up with a muffled crunch against a tree on the other, but keeping all the time in the general direction pursued by Old Bawley. On past the meetinghouse where Parson Wheeler's horrified congregation just dismissed from a funeral service, stood gazing at the fleeing caravan in petrified astonishment, on through Mammy Briggs' yard, pulling down the week's washing for the Krandal household, on through the premises of Scrub Jones, upsetting a barrel of soft soap, demolishing a hencoop in the rear of Ab Gantling's house, and carrying desolation to Jimbo Hunter's melon patch, whizzed the ill-assorted pair with unabated speed. But all things have an end. At the turning of a long lane stood the schoolhouse where Basie Krandal was teaching the young Georgia idea its first lessons in projectiles. Old Bawley, clearing a fence without a variation in the swing of his stretching gallop and dragging the 'gator through its decayed timbers without feeling the obstruction, tore down this lane. At the point where the road took a sudden turn he let it turn and crashed through the gate of the school-yard, then through the door of the little school-house, the stout timbers flying into splinters as he struck it, and with a last despairing snort Old Bawley fell to the floor amid a pile of overturned benches and yielded up the ghost, while two score terror-stricken children screamed a requiem over his lifeless remains.

In the Quiet Country.

I had been staying at an Indiana farmhouse all night, and next morning the farmer said he would give me a lift into town. When he was ready to go he called to his oldest boy.

"Bill, is that shotgun loaded with salt for tramps?"

"Got the gates shut so that no mad dogs kin git in?"

"Yes."

"Well, keep a lookout for windmill, lightning rod, organ, and sewing machine men. Don't have any truck with the peddlers or poultry buyers. Don't let in any patent gate or wire fence men. Keep clear o' patent hayforks, and don't waste no time on churns, for e pumps, ice-cream freezers, bag holders, patent barrels, fruit trees, wagon jacks, nor owl traps."

"No."

"And say, Bill!" called the old man after we had driven forty or fifty rods, "don't buy no cure for the heaves, no fireproof paint, no patent gate hinges, pitchforks, nor encyclopedias."

"No."

We had driven about three miles when he suddenly pulled up with an exclamation of disgust.

"What is it?"

"Hang my hide if I didn't clean forget to warn Bill agin Bohemian oats, New Zealand clover, and them pesky insurance agents! Well, it's a late now, but I guess I kin git back home afore the mob overpowers him."—*N. Y. Sun.*

## EMPEROR WILLIAM'S BOYS.

The Present Emperor Is a Regular Martinet—He Spares Neither His Children, the Empress, Nor Himself.

Plain living carried to the length of affection has always been a characteristic of the Royal House of Prussia. Frederick the Great, the domestic idol of the family, had a hard time of it when he was a boy a hundred years ago. He often wasn't able to eat his food, it was so bad, or sleep in his bed, because it was so hard. His regal papa used to chase the Prince's music-teacher round the royal halls with a big stick, driving the unhappy man to take refuge in his terror up chimneys and under beds.

The impression ever since has been that, because Frederick the Great turned out such a swagger king, the sort of training he received must be the best.



The present Emperor is a regular martinet. He believes in the sort of mill he himself was put through, and thinks there is nothing like it. His little sons, two of them not yet out of long clothes, are literally spoon-fed by military rules. The royal nursery is a small barrack room, where everything is done with iron discipline and regularity.

The children rise at dawn and go to bed at about 6 o'clock. The three eldest are under the care of a stiff and starched military tutor of the most Prussian type. His orders must be obeyed with military alacrity. Disobedience would be looked upon by the Emperor as mutiny and punished accordingly.

The little Crown-Prince William has never been told that there is any difference between himself and his brothers in rank or prospects. This is by his father's orders, yet being a youth of an inquiring turn of mind he has found out that he is to be an Emperor some day. The knowledge has given him a great sense of his own importance, and he now struts about trailing his small sword with considerable self-complacency.



Prince Eitel Frederick, when he is not at his lessons or taking exercise, passes his time conducting extensive military operations with huge armies of tin soldiers, and whenever part of them are slain the dead are always Prussia's enemies.

If Emperor William doesn't spare his children he doesn't spare himself or the Empress, either. He doesn't hold the ordinary German view of the restricted sphere of the Hausfrau. She is Colonel of a regiment, has a uniform, and, what is more, wears it on review days. Perhaps, though, the fact she is proudest of is that she has borne five sons to Germany who will be able one day to fight for the Fatherland.

She and her husband have begun the multifarious duties of the day at 6 o'clock in the morning. They can be seen walking in the Thiergarten, even in midwinter, at 8 o'clock.

During the day the Empress, in addition to all the important court functions and engagements which she has to at-



tend to, assists the Emperor as a sort of private confidential secretary. As her husband has to a very great extent taken the reins of the Empire into his own hands, and is very fond of putting his fingers into a great many pies, she has plenty to do.

The young Princes are dressed and brought up in a plainer fashion than the families of ordinary well-to-do people. There isn't a Fauntleroy in the family.

—*N. Y. Evening Sun.*

## New Orleans' New Game.

New Orleans brokers have \$10 gold pieces frozen into cakes of artificial ice and then brought around to the exchange by a boy. The cakes are placed in the sun and the last gold piece to melt out takes all the others.

Mr. N. Peck—"In all the years we have been man and wife—"  
Mrs. N. Peck—"Husband and wife, Nathan; husband and wife."—*Atchison Globe.*

## THE BUFFALO'S MUD BATH.

The Ring-Shaped Wallow No Longer a Familiar Sight on the Prairie.

A buffalo wallow, once one of the most familiar objects on the prairies, is a circular depression, having a diameter of from six to thirteen feet—the average, perhaps, about twelve feet. In approaching a large herd during the summer the first indication of the presence of the huge animals was an immense cloud of dust rising high in the air, for the buffalo, as do many of the wild beasts, loves to revel in the fine sand or dirt, which he furnishes by digging it up with his horns. "Like a bull in his wallow," was once a frequent saying on the plains, and it had a very significant meaning with those who had ever witnessed a buffalo buldozening to cool himself off in a wallow.

Many years ago, in the early days of travel on the great plains, the travelers believed these curious rings to have been made by the Indians in their dances, but the idea prevailed for a short time. The buffalo, whose hair is remarkable for its intense shagginess and thickness, must necessarily suffer severely from the heat, and then he will seek the lowest ground on the prairie, where there has been a little stagnant water left, if he can find it; of course the ground being soft under the short grass, it is an easy matter for him to make a mud puddle of the spot in a very short time. He accomplishes this by getting down on one knee, plunging his short horns, and at last his head, into the earth, and he soon makes an excavation into which the water slowly filters. This makes a relatively cool bath, where, throwing himself on his side as flat as he can, he rolls forcibly around and, with his horns and hump, he rips up the ground by his rotary motion, sinking deeper and deeper, continually making the wallow larger, which fills with water, in which at length he becomes completely immersed, the water and mud, mixed to the consistency of mortar, covering him perfectly, changing his color and general appearance. When he rose the mud dripped in great streams from every part of his huge body, a horrible looking monster of mud and ugliness, too terrible to be accurately described. It was generally the leader of the herd who took upon himself the business of making the wallow, or if he found another had commenced the excavation, he would drive him away and wallow until he was satisfied, standing in a mass of mud and water in the hole until he got ready to give the others a chance. It was always the next in command who stood ready; and when he came out, the next, who advanced in his turn, and so on according to rank until all had performed their ablutions. Frequently a hundred or more would patiently wait their turn, each one making the wallow a little larger.

It required about half an hour to make a decent wallow, and the depth was about two feet. The water naturally drains into these holes, together with its accompanying vegetable deposit, and the result is a remarkably rich soil, where the grass and weeds grow with a luxuriance so marked that a buffalo wallow can be distinguished long before it is reached. The prairies are covered with them all over the central and western portion of Kansas, where the plough has not yet disturbed the primitive sod. The first thing a Kansas farmer does after a rain is to examine the buffalo wallows; if they are filled with water the rain has been a good one, and the saying common in that region, both by the individual and the newspapers, is, when speaking or writing of a soaking rain, "The buffalo wallows are full."

When the weather was dry the buffalo had to content himself with the comminuted dust he could make in the hole, and, as the weather was generally dry, the whereabouts of a herd could usually be located by the cloud of dust rising above it.—*Kansas City Star.*

## An Incident at the Theatre.

The other evening, while the audience at the Baldwin were listening spellbound to the famous scene where Barrymore is discussing the foibles of women a couple of San Mateo rustics in the front row of the dress circle began an earnest discussion as to the merits of a certain prize sow one of them had for sale.

Despite the angry looks and s-s-s-h's of those near by, the controversy waxed louder, until at last a gentleman sitting behind the talkers touched one of them on the shoulder and quietly said:

"Excuse me, my friend, but what will you take for that sow of yours?"

The granger stared for a moment and then said:

"About \$6, I s'pose."

"Exactly," said the gentleman, taking out his pocketbook and handing over a greenback.

"Here is a twenty. Now that sow's mine; just let her alone, if you please."

The audience snickered, and though the countryman made a woful attempt to turn the joke by gravely pocketing the note and handing over the \$14 change the snub was crushing in its effect, and in the dead silence that followed the philanthropic millionaire leaned back and modestly enjoyed his popularity.

But what the delegation from up the bay said when, after the performance, they tried to buy beer with the twenty and found it a bad counterfeit is unfit for publication.—*San Francisco News Letter.*

Being conceited is the only satisfaction some men find in life.—*Puck.*

## WINGED MISSILES.

The greatest repeater in the world—the joker who thinks he only has fresh jokes to tell.

It was the grim old Dr. Johnson who said: "It is worth 1,000 pounds a year to have the habit of looking on the bright side of things."

Geologists have proved that the diamond mines of South Africa are situated in vents or chimneys varying from 70 to 1,500 feet in diameter.

The poor, pitiable parvenue who has just "broken into" society fancies in his silly intoxication that simplicity is ludicrous and fashions respectable.

There is one Chinaman in the regular army of the United States. He is a good soldier and an excellent poker player. John is usually an expert with cards.

A surgeon says he can take any human face and with four cuts with the knife and a few stitches so alter its original expression that a man's mother won't know him.

Emerson says: "One of the illusions is that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your hearts that every day is the best day of the year."

Indian ponies are brought from the southwest and northwest, where they cost on an average of \$13 apiece. They are sold through the states at from \$30 to \$50 a head.

The current fad in Boston is to cover almost everything with gold paint. Out West the popular paint is silver. Even the Western statesmen put on silver paint.

Lord Randolph Churchill says: "I would suggest that a good digestion is the essential quality for the 'all-around development' of a human being. I know no other."

Marriage is a little expensive in France. The bride must have two wedding dresses—one when she signs the civil contract and one when the religious ceremonies are performed.

It may be on the principle that "misery loves company" that induces Puck to say: "It is a great comfort to those who are hard up to know that the well-dressed man always keeps a little behind the fashion."

They say in some instances a liar may be honest and tell the truth. A defendant in a New York court confessed that he was the "most notorious liar in the world. I can't help it. I would rather tell a lie than not."

Suicides in Leipzig, Germany, are more numerous in proportion to population than in any other portion of the world. The number of inhabitants there is 1 million, and last year 450 of them thought life was not worth living.

A piano has been exhibited at the Edinburgh exposition with two sets of strings and two sounding boards. Each key, therefore, strikes six strings instead of three, and a pedal makes it possible to play on three only.

Perhaps Canada is going to tax churches in the near future. The preachers' stipends there have heretofore been exempt from taxation if below \$3,000 a year. Henceforth they will be subject to tax as the incomes of other citizens are.

The wild cockatoos of Queensland, when plundering a cornfield, post sentinels to give an alarm. If one bird is shot, the others, instead of at once taking to flight, hover screaming over their dead comrade until many of them share his fate.

People who believe they are in the right are liable to insist too strenuously on their point of view. Thackeray says: "I believe it is by persons believing themselves in the right that nine-tenths of the tyranny of the world has been perpetrated."

Sixty years ago Allen G. Thurman's desire was to go to West Point. He says: "I was ambitious when 16 years old to become a soldier. Inability to get a cadetship, and the opposition of my mother and my uncle, William Allen, prevented."

The high schools in Germany seem to be regarded as superficial. A paper has been signed by 407 German university professors declaring that the education now given in high schools affords a poor foundation for scientific medical studies.

The Wellesley college girls evidently need more physical culture than lacing. The girls there have been measured, and the average waist measure of the 1,100 students was found to be 24.2 inches. Physicians say that this is too small for health.

London is supposed to be the center of the world's highest civilization, and yet you may read this discouraging item: In London town one woman in every twenty is a pauper, one in every thirteen is illiterate, and one in every sixty is a gin drinker.

Senator Jones, who lives in California and New York and represents Nevada, has built a fine villa at Monica, Cal. It overlooks the ocean and adjoining it he owns a 30,000-acre-ranch. The senator is a man who takes good sized views of all questions.

Dr. Schlemann's widow is 30 years younger than her distinguished husband was. She is hardly more than a girl in years, but she is a beautiful woman and has been most carefully educated. She knows several languages besides Greek, and is said to know nearly all the Iliad by heart.

George William Warren, the well-known organist and composer, says that the writing of church music is largely a labor of love. He began composing over forty years ago, and has published over one hundred works, but the royalties he receives from them form a comparatively small part of his income.

Miss E. O'Duffy, a young woman about 20 years old, is one of the largest importers and dealers in wild animals in this country. She is the daughter of a Dublin druggist, and has a natural liking for the business. Miss O'Duffy is not the first of her sex to enter this calling, for some of the most successful dealers in birds and animals in Europe are women.



The Old Ship Niagara.  
One of the results of the 1892 world's fair is a growing interest in the raising and restoration of the brig Niagara of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry's fleet, the well preserved remains of which are at the bottom of Lake Erie. Perry's flagship, the Lawrence, was raised successfully and transported to the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876. The American people would not, however, believe that the old hulk, so plain and simple in its construction, was the historical vessel that so gallantly withstood the fire unintercepted for two hours of the British squadron commanded by Captain Barclay. The Lawrence, therefore, received the ignominious treatment of being sold at sheriff's sale and whittled up into canes and other mementoes for the benefit of relic hunters.

The Niagara, which may be raised in the near future, is, therefore, the only important relic of that naval encounter and magnificent victory of September 10, 1813. The public square of this city is graced with a heroic monument in marble of the gallant Commodore, and in bas-relief on the pedestal is immortalized the historic scene which gave to Perry victory and probably prevented a national disaster. In the midst of the storm of battle, when only seventeen men escaped either injury or death out of a command of a hundred on the flagship Lawrence, Perry, seeing the Niagara at a safe distance and uninjured, determined to change his flag to that vessel. With the words, "If a victory is to be gained I'll gain it," he boarded a rowboat and thus exposed to the guns of the enemy for a distance of half a mile he made the passage, part of the time standing erect as a target for the British guns. The oars were splintered, shells were flying thick and fast around and about him, but he gained the Niagara, poured a deadly fire into the Detroit and Queen Charlotte, which boats became hopelessly entangled and in seven minutes the enemy was forced to surrender.

The Niagara now lies in Misery Bay, near Erie, Pa., about a mile and a half from the main land, in thirteen feet of water. She is careened to one side, and her ribs on the upper side are plainly visible some three or four feet under the surface. A careful examination recently made by an expert diver showed the hull to be in a very fair state of preservation, being in a much better condition than was the Lawrence when she was raised. The remains of the cabin and other parts that have fallen are in the hold, and one of the skylights removed in 1885 with a boat hook is among a collection of antiquities and curiosities in Erie. Owing to a number of most favorable conditions, among others that she is in the sheltered water of a landlocked bay, the Niagara could be raised and placed upon Garrison Hill at a comparatively small expense. The diver reports that there is nearly half of her hull remaining, although she has been washed by the waters of Lake Erie for more than three-quarters of a century, serving as a landmark so called for the fishermen and as the prey of a few dazed relic hunters, who converted much of her timbers into canes and other relics.

And so the poor old boat which has figured so conspicuously in the most brilliant victory ever recorded in naval history, modestly concealed beneath the waters of the old Erie for nearly a century, may be exhibited to the throngs of world's fair-sight seers, so that the Niagara's seeming insignificance, when compared with the frightful engines of death and destruction that float the seas to-day, may be more readily commented upon. This is what Pennsylvania's Governor (Beaver) had uppermost in his mind when he wrote: "The movement of the raising and restoration of the Niagara ought to be popular, as the exhibition of the ship at the world's fair in 1892 would not only appeal to the national impulses of our people, but would at the same time illustrate the wonderful change in naval architecture and construction in three-quarters of a century since the Niagara went down."

## DR. HENDERSON

109 & 111 W. Ninth St., KANSAS CITY, MO.  
The only Specialist in the City who is a Regular Graduate in Medicine. Over 25 years' Practice, 12 years in Chicago.

THE OLDEST IN AGE, AND LONGEST LOCATED.

Authorised by the State to treat Chronic Nervous and Special Diseases, Sexual Debility (loss of sexual power), Nervous Debility, Poisoned Blood, Ulcers and Swellings of every kind, Urinary Diseases, and in fact all troubles or diseases in either male or female. Cures guaranteed or money refunded. Charges low. Thousands of cases cured. Experience is important. All medicines are guaranteed to be pure and efficacious, being compounded in my perfectly appointed laboratory, and are furnished ready for use. No running to drug stores to have prescriptions filled. No mercury or injurious medicines used. No detention from business. Patients at a distance treated by letter and express, medicines sent everywhere free from cost or breakage. State your case and send for terms. Consultation free and confidential, personally or by letter.

For Both Sexes, send illustrated BOOK sealed in plain envelope for 6c in stamps. Every male, from the age of 18 to 65, should read this book.

## RHEUMATISM

THE GREAT TURKISH RHEUMATIC CURE.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM. \$50 for any case this treatment fails to cure or help. Greatest discovery in annals of medicine. One dose gives relief. A few doses remove fever and pain in joints. Cure completed in 7 to 10 days. Send statement of case with stamp for Circulars. Call or address Dr. HENDERSON, 109 W. 9th St., Kansas City, Mo.

## USE FERRY'S SEEDS

BECAUSE THEY ARE THE BEST.

J. D. M. FERRY & CO.'S Illustrated, Descriptive and Priced SEED ANNUAL

For 1891 will be mailed FREE to all applicants, and to last season's customers. It is better than ever.

Every person using Garden, Flower or Farm Seeds, should send for it. Address D. M. FERRY & CO.

1000 N. W. 10th St., Chicago, Ill.

Largest Seedsmen in the world.

Illustration of a man and a woman in a garden.

"Hello! Tom. Glad to see you, old fellow! It's almost ten years since we were married. Sit down; let's have an experience meeting. How's the wife?"

"Oh! she's so-so, same as usual, always wanting something I can't afford."

"Well, we all want something more than we've got, don't you?"

"Yes; but I guess 'want' will be my master. I started to keep down expenses; and now I'll say 'I'm 'mean' and she's tired of saving and never having anything to show for it. I saw your wife down street, and she looked as happy as a queen!"

"Oh! that's my secret! But I think I've discovered her 'secret.' When we married, we both knew we should have to be very careful, but I made one condition: she would have her Magazine. And she was right! I did not do without it myself for double the subscription price. We read it together, from the title-page to the last word; the stories keep our hearts young; the synopsis of important events and scientific matters keeps me posted so that I can talk with authority on any new idea from the household department; she makes all her dresses and those for the children, and she gets all her patterns for nothing, with the Magazine; and we saved Joe when he was so sick with the croup, by doing just as directed in the Sanitarian Department. I can't tell you half!"

"What wonderful Magazine is it?"

"Demorest's Family Magazine, and—"

"Why that's what I'll want so bad, and I told her it was an extravagance."

"Well, my friend, that's where you made a grand mistake, and one you'd better rectify as soon as you can. I'll take your 'sub,' right here, on my wife's account; she's bound to have a club; and I'll get you the premium I got for getting up a club. Here's a copy, with the new Premium List for clubs—the biggest thing out! If you don't see in it what you want, you've only to write the publisher and tell him what you want, whether it is a tack hammer or a new carriage, and he will make special terms for you. Or send five times the price, and I'll send you a new one. Write to Mrs. Tom. Only \$2.00 a year. Will save fifty times the price of paper and cover. Circulation in the book trade has done wonders for the reading public, and this is the most marvellous of all."

A GREAT LITERARY BARGAIN.

Five Famous Romances of the American Forest.

The Leatherstocking Tales.

By JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

An entirely new edition of the Leatherstocking Tales has just been published in one large and handsome volume of over 1,000 pages, containing all of these famous romances, complete, unchanged and unabridged, viz.:

THE DEERSLAYER, THE PATHFINDER,

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS, THE PIONEERS, THE PRATIE.

This edition is printed on good paper from large type. It is a delightful book, and one which should have a place in every American home, and is the best of the most charming romances that the mind of man has ever conceived. A whole winter's reading is comprised in this mammoth volume. All who have not read Cooper's stories have in store for themselves a rich literary treat. Every member of the family circle will be delighted with them. We have made an arrangement with the publisher of this excellent edition of the Leatherstocking Tales whereby we are enabled to offer this large and beautiful book at a price of 75c to our subscribers. Such a offer as we make would not have been possible a few years ago, but the lightning printing press, low price of paper and cover, competition in the book trade have done wonders for the reading public, and this is the most marvellous of all.

WHAT I WANT IN MY WEEKLY PAPER.

I WANT A reliable paper that I can safely take into my family.

I WANT A Weekly Sermon and Sunday-School Lesson.

I WANT A paper which represents High Ideas and Sound Principles.

I WANT The latest Home News.

I WANT The latest Foreign News.

I WANT Reliable Market Reports.

I WANT Reliable quotations of Farm Products, Live Stock Markets, Financial & Commercial.

I WANT Sensible and seasonable Editorials on Political, Social, and Moral Questions.

I WANT The cream of the best Editorials in New York and other daily and weekly papers.

I WANT To let me know what they think of matters of Good, reliable Farm and Garden Articles written by Practical Men.

I WANT To know something of the Home Life of the American people, and of their Life, thoughts and experiences.

I WANT Pleasant moral stories for the Young People, and for the children may look for the paper as they do for a friend.

I WANT Stories of Interest for Elders.

THIS IS WHAT I DON'T WANT:

Long, padded News Articles; The padding doesn't add to the value, and I haven't time to read them.

I DON'T WANT Fierce, one-sided Editorials, written by special pleaders, who can't see both sides of a question.

Now, what paper will fill the bill? WE ANSWER:

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY WITNESS

EVERY TIME.

ONLY \$1 A YEAR.

The WITNESS is just the paper for Farmers, Farmers' Wives, Farmers' Sons, Farmers' Daughters, Country Merchants, Country Store-keepers, Blacksmiths, Carpenters, Builders, Stone Masons, and all other laborers, who form the backbone of our country, and who want to be thoroughly posted in what is going on in the world.

The WITNESS offers one of the most valuable premium lists of any paper in America. Every article guaranteed away below retail prices. Send for a free copy.

READ OUR GREAT PREMIUM OFFER!

Send us \$1.10 and you will receive the NEW YORK WEEKLY WITNESS, one year, and the NEW FIVE WORLD'S FAMOUS NOVELS—all Postage Paid by us, which is sent to you by express free of charge. You will thus get at least \$5.00 value for \$1.10.

WEEKLY WITNESS, New York City.

## New York Tribune.

1891.

The Tariff and the Farmer.

The Tribune will devote much space during 1891 to the Tariff as it affects the Farmer and the Household.

Hon. Roswell G. Horr, of Michigan, has been added to the Tribune's staff of Tariff writers for this purpose. He will, through the columns of the Tribune, devote himself to this topic, and will invite and answer questions upon points which perplex the American Farmer and the Household. He will also, so far as other duties will allow, attend Farmers' Institutes and agricultural gatherings the coming winter any spring, and expound the principles of the Tariff.

Those who desire the presence of Mr. Horr at Farmers' Institutes, etc., are invited to communicate promptly with the Tribune.

Young Men who wish to Succeed.

Many a man feels the lack of early direction of his energies and early inculcation of the maxims which promote the formation of character and success in after life. Every such man would gladly see the young men of to-day better guided in youth than he was. The Tribune has planned the following series of valuable articles, which will appear in this paper only.

What shall I do? By S. S. Packard, President of Packard's Business College.

Suggestions for the Boys on the Farm who are Ambitious. By the Hon. J. H. Brigham, of Delta, Ohio, Master of the National Grange.

Education without the Help of a College. By President C. K. Adams, of Cornell University.

A Continuation of How to Win Fortune. By Andrew Carnegie, whose remarkable article of last Spring was so full of encouragement to poor men.

Village Policy of Paying Occupations in the United States. By the Hon. Carroll D. Wright, Commissioner of the Department of Labor.

A Talk with the Hon. J. P. Barron, of Bridgeport, Conn., the great American showman, temperance lecturer, traveler and writer.

Examples in the History of Our Own Country. By Gen. A. S. Webb, the gallant soldier of Gettysburg and Spotsylvania and College President.

Importance of Good Manners. The views of Ward McAllister.

A College Education good for all; what is best for those who cannot get it. By President William Pepper, University of Pennsylvania.

The Tribune will print from week to week condensed answers to any questions which young men or women, in any part of the country, may ask.

Vital Topics of the Day.

Present Needs and Future Scope of American Agriculture. By the Hon. Jeremiah Rusk.

Proper Function of the Minority in Legislation. By the Hon. John C. Burrows, of Kansas.

Village Improvement Associations; their practicability in Rural Districts, with the report of certain Model Villages. By the Hon. B. G. Northrop, of Clinton, Conn.

Principle in Politics and the Virtue of Courage. By the Hon. James S. Clarkson, of Iowa.

Influence of the Labor Movement upon Human Progress. By Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor.

America's Suburbs. By Rural Homes. By George Pollock, of New York.

Warehouses for Farm Products. By L. L. Polk, President of the National Farmers' Alliance.

Alaska and the United States. By Professor Israel C. Russell, of the United States Geological Survey and explorer of Alaska.

Other Features.

During 1891 the Tribune will print a valuable series of articles, written by its own traveling correspondent, on the agriculture of the United States, with explanations of a large number of model farms.

A special correspondent, a practical farmer, is now in France, visiting the farms and farm-buildings of that thrifty of the agricultural world, and he will report upon the dairy, grain, stock and other branches of French farming in illustrated articles.

Notes of the West. By the Hon. William Meyer, President of the Woman's Relief Corps, will contribute a column of notes and news to the Tribune's G. A. R. page, every week.

Attractive letters of travel in the Southern States, illustrated with pictures, will be printed, describing the South as it exists to-day.

The Home Circle columns will be varied by frequent illustrated articles on home decoration, fashions and other subjects of intense interest to women. Written principally for people with little money.

Mrs. Bayard Taylor, the widow of Bayard Taylor, will write articles on Cookery. She is a remarkable housekeeper, with a scientific as well as a practical knowledge of her subject.

The best chess champion of the world, will supply a column a week on the greatest and purest of all the games of the home.

Foreign letters, good stories; the news of the day, the best of market reports, book reviews and literary news, witty jokes, etc., etc.

The Tribune is printed in large type and broad margins, and is the easiest paper to read in the country.

Premiums.

Premium List for 1891, containing many new and useful articles, will be sent to any applicant, free.

Prizes for Large Clubs.

Club readers are invited to write to this office for the Tribune's new Terms to Agents.

Subscriptions.

The Weekly, \$1.00 a year; free for the rest of 1890. Semi-Weekly, \$2.00 a year; free for the rest of 1890. Daily, \$10.00. Sunday Tribune, \$2.00. Tribune Monthly, \$2.00. Sample copies free.

The Tribune, New York.

Knott's Ready Reference

K-LAW MANUAL

Gives just the information every intelligent person should possess. It is not for Lawyers, but those who are not lawyers, gives clearly the provisions of the law that concern every man and of which it sometimes costs a good deal to be ignorant. Tells all about Commercial Paper, Arrest for Debt, Exemptions, Assignments and Attachments, Marriage and Divorce, Landlord and Tenant, Will, Patents, Copyrights, Railroad Damages, Duties, Naturalization, Etc. Hon. D. J. Foster, State Attorney of Vermont, and other eminent legal minds endorse it. Price, post-paid \$2.

Do You Want A Position With U. S. Government?

With U. S. Government?

Positions \$1,000 and over

Open to Men and Women.

12-14 particulars regarding these examinations are given in THE CIVIL SERVICE QUESTION BOOK. Sent post-paid, for \$1.50. Endorsed by U. S. Civil Service Commission. For sale by F. & others of prominence. Agents wanted for these and other valuable books.

C. W. BARNES, Publisher, Syracuse, N. Y.

Munn & Co.

Scientific American

Agency for

Patents

A pamphlet of information and advice regarding the laws, showing how to obtain Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, and free.

361 Broadway, New York.

## MAKE A CARRIAGE

OUT OF YOUR WAGON

AT SLIGHT COST

BY USING THE KING WAGON SEAT SPRINGS.

ONE piece of Oil-tempered STEEL, applied by any one in five minutes to any Wagon.

CHEAPEST, LIGHTEST, BEST MADE.

THE CHATTANOOGA

BOLSTER SPRING

CARRIES A LOAD AS EASILY AS A SPRING WAGON AND MAKES IT PULL ONE-THIRD EASIER.

YOU NEED this, you know you do. Investigate at once. Send for circular and price.

THE VEHICLE SPRING & MFG. CO., CINCINNATI, O.

1891.

Home Grown, Honest, Reliable.

I offer you my Vegetable and Flower Seed Catalogue for 1891: FREE. Note the immense variety of seed it contains, and that all the best novelties are there. Not much more show about it (you don't plant pictures) but fine engravings from photographs of scores of the choice vegetables I have introduced. Would it not be well to get these from first hand? To be the oldest firm in the United States making mail and express business a specialty proves reliability. Honest and honorable dealing is the only foundation this can rest on. My Catalogue is FREE as usual. A matter of one page of cover will interest my customers. J. L. GREGORY & SON, Northfield, Mass.

GREGORY'S SEED CATALOGUE

1891.

BEST WEEKLY AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL

ESTABLISHED IN 1841.

\$1.00 PER YEAR.

ISSUED EVERY WEEK.

THE PRAIRIE FARMER.

DEVOTED TO PRACTICAL AND CORRECT INFORMATION ON

Agriculture, Live Stock, Veterinary, Dairy, Horticulture, Entomology, Poultry, Bees, Garden and Lawn, Science, Markets, Etc.

A Family Journal for two generations the acknowledged favorite at the firesides of Western homes. The Household Department, carefully prepared and illustrated, delights the ladies. Its Miscellaneous, Puzzles, and Young Folks' column is to the young members of the family. Filled with Practical Illustrations and Concise, Timely Topics of General Interest.

Subscription Price: Send for Free Sample.

One Dollar Per Year. Active Agents Wanted.

Prairie Farmer Horse Book.

Something New! Containing Valuable Information for all, about this noble animal.

250 Attractive Pages. . . . . Embracing Breeds and Characteristics; Care and Management; Feeding and Curing; Stable Ventilation and Care; Vices and Unsoundness; How to Tell the Age; Bones and Muscles; The Limbs and Feet; Poisons and Antidotes; Veterinary Appliances, Etc., Etc., from the best Modern Authorities. A very valuable and useful book.

By the EDITOR OF THE PRAIRIE FARMER.

JONATHAN PERIAM, Professor of Hygiene, Care and Management of Animals, Chicago Veterinary College; Author of Works on Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Swine, Poultry, Etc., Etc.

This Book and THE PRAIRIE FARMER, prepared one year for only \$2.50.

Price of the Book, \$2.00.

Sent FREE for a CLUB of FOUR Subscribers to THE PRAIRIE FARMER.

Address The Prairie Farmer Pub. Co., 168 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

1891 is permanently enlarged to one 100 pages.

hundred pages, radius with new and larger type, a new set of page, and fresh, strong literary and pictorial attractions.

beginning with the Holiday Number.

1891 is permanently enlarged to one 100 pages.

hundred pages, radius with new and larger type, a new set of page, and fresh, strong literary and pictorial attractions.

beginning with the Holiday Number.

1891 is permanently enlarged to one 100 pages.

hundred pages, radius with new and larger type, a new set of page, and fresh, strong literary and pictorial attractions.

beginning with the Holiday Number.

1891 is permanently enlarged to one 100 pages.

hundred pages, radius with new and larger type, a new set of page, and fresh, strong literary and pictorial attractions.

beginning with the Holiday Number.

1891 is permanently enlarged to one 100 pages.

hundred pages, radius with new and larger type, a new set of page, and fresh, strong literary and pictorial attractions.

beginning with the Holiday Number.

1891 is permanently enlarged to one 100 pages.

hundred pages, radius with new and larger type, a new set of page, and fresh, strong literary and pictorial attractions.

beginning with the Holiday Number.

1891 is permanently enlarged to one 100 pages.

hundred pages, radius with new and larger type, a new set of page, and fresh, strong literary and pictorial attractions.

beginning with the Holiday Number.

1891 is permanently enlarged to one 100 pages.

hundred pages, radius with new and larger type, a new set of page, and fresh, strong literary and pictorial attractions.

beginning with the Holiday Number.

1891 is permanently enlarged to one 100 pages.

hundred pages, radius with new and larger type, a new set of page, and fresh, strong literary and pictorial attractions.

beginning with the Holiday Number.

1891 is permanently enlarged to one 100 pages.

hundred pages, radius with new and larger type, a new set of page, and fresh, strong literary and pictorial attractions.

beginning with the Holiday Number.

1891 is permanently enlarged to one 100 pages.

hundred pages, radius with new and larger type, a new set of page, and fresh, strong literary and pictorial attractions.

beginning with the Holiday Number.

1891 is permanently enlarged to one 100 pages.

hundred pages, radius with new and larger type, a new set of page, and fresh, strong literary and pictorial attractions.

beginning with the Holiday Number.

1891 is permanently enlarged to one 100 pages.

hundred pages, radius with new and larger type, a new set of page, and fresh, strong literary and pictorial attractions.

beginning with the Holiday Number.

1891 is permanently enlarged to one 100 pages.

hundred pages, radius with new and larger type, a new set of page, and fresh, strong literary and pictorial attractions.

beginning with the Holiday Number.

1891 is permanently enlarged to one 100 pages.

hundred pages, radius with new and larger type, a new set of page, and fresh, strong literary and pictorial attractions.

beginning with the Holiday Number.

1891 is permanently enlarged to one 100 pages.

hundred pages, radius with new and larger type, a new set of page, and fresh, strong literary and pictorial attractions.

beginning with the Holiday Number.

1891 is permanently enlarged to one 100 pages.

hundred pages, radius with new and larger type, a new set of page, and fresh, strong literary and pictorial attractions.

beginning with the Holiday Number.