

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Husbandry.

VOL. XX.

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NO. 39

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

BY THE
Kansas News Co.,
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Farm News, of Lawrence, and nine other country
weeklies.
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rates. Breeders and manufacturers' cards, of
four lines, or less, (25 words) with Spirit of Kan-
sas one year, \$5.00. No order taken for less than
three months.

Speaker Reed certainly does a
generous thing by Kansas in the
making up of the house committees.

David Bennett Hill has reached his
highest point, and is now Looking
Backward. It may be added that a
good many other politicians are in the
same condition.

The only prize fight that can be
generally approved came off in Mon-
tana a few days ago, where, after the
manner of the Kilkenney cats, both
fools fought until both died.

The sugar output of the Medicine
Lodge sugar factory will exceed 500,
000 pounds. Seven car loads were
shipped to New Orleans, and an
order for 600 barrels could only be
partially filled.

Henry W. Grady, the brilliant,
patriotic, and kindly statesman of
Atlanta, died Monday morning. He
took cold at the late Plymouth Rock
celebration, where he was an honored
guest. This resulted in pneumonia,
and he was tenderly taken to his
southern home some days ago. The
whole nation will mourn the loss of
this great leader of the new south.

The Meriden Advocate is to be re-
moved to Topeka and will be enlarged
and made the state organ of the
Farmers' Alliance. This will give
us a paper through which some in-
formation may be gained of the work
of this great and growing organiza-
tion. It will have ample backing
and be ably edited, probably as heret-
ofore, by Dr. McLellan.

An episode, somewhat interesting
occurred in Wichita last week. For
some reason our great newspapers
have failed to mention it. For some
weeks past it has been extensively
advertised that the southwestern
Farmers' Association would hold a
great three days' meeting in that city.
Gov. Humphrey, Ex-Gov. Anthony,
candidate for governor A. W. Smith,
were assigned parts in an elaborate
program, and Prof. Snow, of the
State University, and Prof. Popenoe,
of the Agricultural College were ad-
ded, to interest the farmers. At the
proper time the Topeka papers an-
nounced that Gov. Humphrey had
gone down to attend the great meet-
ing of the state alliance, and some
were led to suppose that a grand
farmers' convention was having a
three days' session. The fact is the
meeting was not a farmers' meeting
at all. It was not gotten up or en-
gineered by them. It was simply a
political scheme got up by politicians
to wheedle farmers into their net.
It is coming to be felt, though re-
luctantly acknowledged, that the al-
liance movement means business, and
this was an attempt to get some hold
on it. It was a failure. It was a
dismal and humiliating failure. No
meeting was had the first day. No
farmers came out. They were posted.
The second day not more than a
dozen were present, and they were
there to note what was going on and
not out of sympathy. The politicians
were outwitted and are a good deal
at a loss to understand what it means.
For one we hail this as an omen of
good. The failures that have come
from similar movements heretofore
have resulted from the influence of
political demagogues, from within or
from without. If the Farmers' Al-
liance and Industrial movement can
keep itself free from political para-
sites, repulsing demagogues that ap-
proach it from without, and purging
itself from such as may work in, there
is every reason to expect from it the
most beneficial results.

Senator Ingalls was not able to
address the Teachers' association last
Friday. The "grippe" had seized
him.

The secretary of the navy has
adopted a new design for the flag of
the navy, to take effect July 1, 1891.
It will be applied to both the flag
and the Union Jack of the navy, and
consists of a rectangular arrangement
of the forty two stars.

Prof. L. L. Dyche, of the State uni-
versity, has returned from a five
months' trip to British Columbia
where he has been searching for
specimens for the museum. The trip
has been a very hard one but has not
been without good results. The col-
lection consists in four deer, one web-
horned buck, one elk, very large,
eight Rocky Mountain sheep, two of
which have unusually large horns, a
number of goats, one Rocky Mountain
lion which measures nine feet one inch
from the end of the tail to the nose,
one fine Alaska seal, two wolverines,
five white-backed wood-chucks, several
wood-rats, one rare fur-bearing
animal called a "fisher." This animal
is several times larger than a
mink and of the same family. Aside
from a large number of specimens of
rodents, Professor Dyche secured a
complete set of skeletons of all the
animals killed, which are very valu-
able to him in mounting. He has
three skeletons of Rocky Mountain
goats, the first that has ever been se-
cured. The results of the expedition
are not only invaluable for the large
amount of materials secured but for
the information of the anatomy of
the animals which will be of great
service in enabling him to mount
them in their natural positions. The
university now has the materials for
the largest and most complete mu-
seum in America and especially in the
west.

There are various ways of preventing
rabbits from destroying young trees in
winter. In a late *Witness*, rubbing the
trunks with bloody meat, or sprinkling
them with blood, was advised to keep off
the ruinous ravagers. And now we give
the remedies recommended by the Min-
nesota Horticultural Society as follows:
To protect the bodies of young trees, set
laths or split staves around them and tie
the tops fast to the trees by means of a
cord. If snow is so deep that rabbits
can walk among the branches of the
trees, they must be trapped, poisoned or
otherwise destroyed. Rabbits are easily
caught in figure 4 traps. Bait the trap
with a sweet apple. Then catch him.
Now proceed to eat him. But the easiest
way to destroy them is by the use of
poisoned fragments of sweet apple placed
on sticks a few inches above the snow.
This is very effective. The animal in
question is usually found beside the
apple or outside it.

Hyacinth bulbs grown in glasses are a
delightful addition to the window gar-
den. The glasses may be purchased of
bulb dealers, and when possible, select
the dark colored ones. Fill the glass
with clean rain water, so that it is about
an eighth of an inch from the bulb when
placed on the glass. Set in a cool dark
closet for four or five weeks or until the
roots are well started, then place in the
window, preferably not in direct sun-
light. Add water as required to offset
loss by evaporation and also change the
water several times while coming into
bloom. For this purpose it is necessary
to select solid good sized bulbs, those
that have single flowers being the more
apt to prove satisfactory.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE for January
announces two new and valuable de-
partments—"Biblical Literature" and
"Pedagogy"—with Rev. J. C. Quinn,
Ph. D., and J. S. Mills, A. M., President of
Western College, as editors. Agricultural
readers will be especially interested
in the new "Institute of Agriculture,"
described in this number—a part of the
University Extension System of the
National University of Chicago, whose
non-resident or correspondence under-
graduate and post-graduate courses have
met with such favor. Other articles are
by Prof. E. A. Birge, of the University of
Wisconsin, and eminent specialists.
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Sample copy, 10 cents.

1889.

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

A Journal of Home and Husbandry.

Twenty-first year.

The SPIRIT OF KANSAS has for over Twenty years stood independently for the Home and the Farm.
For years it was known as the official organ of the Patrons of Husbandry while they were learning the les-
son of organization, and laying the foundation for greater reforms that were to follow.

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS is more than gratified with the work of the late St. Louis Convention. For a score
of years its present management has been engaged in just the work along the line laid down in its platform. Re-
cognizing the injustice of our laws in regard to women, and the disastrous effects of the liquor traffic upon
the industries of the nation and the happiness of the people, we have held that no real progress could be made
in labor and industrial reform, that did not recognize the relation of one to the other. We therefore believe
there is reason to expect the best results from the position now taken by the National Alliance upon the situ-
ation of the day.

Upon all the great questions of our modern civilization the Convention seemed inspired with unusual wisdom.
How refreshing those clear-cut declarations relating to the great principles underlying the common welfare
of a free and enlightened people! How free from any apparent cant or hypocrisy! How striking when placed
alongside the stale and meaningless platitudes of the every day political platform!

Such a ringing declaration ought to call together the claims of the nation, and become the war cry of the toil-
er on the farm and the workman in the shop. The world moves gloriously on.

No puling faction was there. No sore, disappointed political hacks gave expression to those sentiments.
No hidden, selfish purpose stares out between the lines. It was an earnest protest against great and growing
wrongs. It was a protest as startling as that which went up from Runnymede, as full of meaning as that which
rang out of Independence Hall.

This move the SPIRIT OF KANSAS hails with delight. It will lend to it a most hearty support, urging that
unanimity of effort and that unselfish devotion to a great principle, without which it will not fully triumph.

The SPIRIT OF KANSAS will not aim to be an organ of the Alliance, the grange, the suffragists, the prohibi-
tionists, nor of any labor union. While it will favor the principle of all these, it will act from a standpoint of
independence, giving more attention to general principle than to details, as becomes necessary in an organ of
any party.

In order to meet any want, and to give the fullest trial at least expense, we offer the SPIRIT OF KANSAS at
the following rates:

	One Year	Three Months Trial.
One copy,	\$1.00	.20
Two copies, at 80c,	1.60	.36
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Ten copies "50c	5.00	1.50

The Chicago Prairie Farmer and the SPIRIT OF KANSAS both one year for \$1.25.

The Topeka Weekly Capital and the SPIRIT both one year for \$1.25.

Sample copies free. Address

SPIRIT OF KANSAS, Topeka, Kansas.

The soil should be more than supplied
with the elements removed by each crop,
and it will never lose its fertility.

Sand-burrs come from seed, and may
easily be destroyed in one season by
cutting them down as fast as they
appear.

Heliotrope readily yields an abundance
of bloom if given a warm moist place
and frequent doses of liquid manure.
Shrubs of the hardy classes are greatly
benefited by a good dressing of manure
about the roots during the winter season.

All materials added to the manure
heap should be fine. The object of the
heap is to have the material undergo a
chemical process through decomposition,
and the result to be obtained depends on
the degree of decomposition. Unless re-
duced in the heap the material is not
converted into manure.

A good dairy cow is a wonderfully
delicate and sensitive piece of animal
machinery. The brain and nervous sys-
tem are so intimately connected with
the milk-giving functions that whatever
excites the nerves through the brain
affects the milk, usually—but not always
lessening the quantity of milk, but al-
ways diminishing the per cent of butter
fat to a greater or less extent, according
to the degree of excitement. This being
the case, it is necessary that a cow to do
her best must be just as contented and
happy as it is possible to make her. She
must not be exposed to storms or incle-
ment weather, or any conditions that
will give her discomfort or pain. She
must have no anxiety in regard to food
or drink, which should be given at regu-
lar times and in quantity and kind to
suit her appetite and needs.—Hoard's
Dairyman.

Orchard Care.

You must keep an eye on your orchard.
Never trust to Providence and your hired
hand, for a careless hand will do more
damage in an orchard than he will do
good. Keep all tramps out of the orchard
that are around after jobs of pruning.
Let no man prune in your orchard with-
out you know he is a skillful hand at the
business. Wrap your trees early in the
fall to keep the rabbits from barking the
trees. The best material to use is screen
wire. It will keep the borers and mice
away from the trees as well as the rab-
bits. The wire will cost about twenty-
two cents per yard, and one yard will
make five guards.—Mr. Schultz before the
Missouri State Horticultural Society.

About \$800,000 is invested in daily
newspapers in Kansas.

Corn is still being used as fuel in some
parts of Kansas.

It is estimated that over \$400,000 will
be spent on Fort Riley within a year.

Anthony sends out 400 barrels of salt
every day. It's a wonder that there is a
fresh person in all the world.

Topeka has a man who is 116 years of
age. Of course he is hale and hearty,
can see well and is lively as a cricket.

Buffalo Jones, of Garden City, has just
bought another herd of fifty buffalo. He
bought them at Winnipeg and they cost
him \$26,000.

Cost considered, the best implement
for pulverizing the soil is a plank drag.
To do the best work the drag must be
used on fresh-plowed land.

Some points of resemblance between
orchard grass and Kentucky blue grass
have been noticed. A great point of
resemblance is its doing well in the
shade. It is this quality which has
given it its popular name orchard grass
in this country. It is, therefore, well
adapted to orchards and woodland, and is
one of the best grasses to sow with blue
grass on such lands. Yet another point
in which it resembles (but in which it
does not equal, however,) blue grass, is
its abundant growth in autumn. As I
heard a man once express it, "its growth
is heavy at both ends." Growing rapidly
and luxuriantly very early in the spring
and very late in the fall it is indeed a
valuable grass with which to "piece out"
grazing. In flesh-forming material it
is superior to timothy, ranking with
timothy as ten to seven in the scale of
value, hence is well adapted to young,
growing animals.

Mrs. Deland's Serial, Dr. Holmes's "Over
the Teacups," and the first installment of
Mr. Frank Gaylord Cook's papers on
"Forgotten Political Celebrities" make
the ATLANTIC for January a number to
be remembered. Dr. Holmes writes
about old age. The short story of the
number is one of Miss Jewett's best New
England dialect sketches. "A Precursor
of Milton," a certain Bishop of Vienna in
the fifth century, forms the subject of an
interesting paper. Reviews and the
Contributors' Club (which contains some-
thing for devotees of Browning) close as
had a number as the ATLANTIC has ever
had.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.

The son of Robert Lincoln, who
was thought to be dying a short time
ago, is now recovering.

THE peculiar conditions, which for
many years prevented raising peaches in
Connecticut, have ceased, and their cul-
ture has again become an important in-
dustry. Fifty years ago the peach was
easily grown there, but suddenly there
came a reverse, and in a few years the
fruit became almost extinct. The mys-
terious element, whether in the soil or
the air, has now passed away, and the
crop gathered this year is large and fine.

The "Angelus."

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWS-
PAPER offers as a premium to all new
subscribers a most perfect and magnifi-
cent reproduction of the "Angelus," the
famous picture which has excited so
much attention. The best art critics
have examined this copy and have pro-
nounced it to be, in many respects, al-
most the equal of Millet's great painting.
It is a perfect copy in size and identical
in color. This week's issue of the paper
illustrates the method of signaling used
in the Squadron of Evolution, the way in
which coin-dies are destroyed at the
Philadelphia Mint, a visit to the New
York Quarantine in the Lower Bay, the
lottery mania in New Orleans, and inter-
esting foreign events, while Mrs. Senator
Don Cameron is the society lady repre-
sented.

"I know," writes Mr. O. S. Bliss, "that
dry feed is better, safer, healthier, more
convenient for hens than wet feed. Let
those who want to fatten fowls, do so.
I would rather a hen would put in two
hours of her time getting her fill of dry
feed than to wet it for her, so that she
can gulp it in five minutes and have the
other 115 minutes for mischief."

NO SOUTHERNER ever died of whom so
many kind words were said by the north-
ern newspapers as there were of HENRY
W. GRADY. Mr GRADY was the leader of
the new south, and the manner in which
his death has been received is the best
assurance that the time will soon be here
when the south will cease to be an issue
in politics. It can not come too soon.

Some New York shoe manufactur-
ers work their hands sixteen hours a
day for barely enough to live.

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

SINCE sympathy for murderers became the fashion no life now is so well guarded by the law as the man's who has taken another's from him.

SUPERSTITION lurks in high places. The baby King of Spain is the thirteenth of his name. His mother is in sore trouble about him. She fears ill fate may overtake him.

WRITING a book, painting a picture or bringing up a child are only different ways of doing the same thing, as in all of them we are influencing mind and shaping character.

BLESSED is the memory of those who have kept themselves unspotted from the world—yet more blessed and more dear the memory of those who have kept themselves unspotted in the world.

To toss a loafer a nickel because he quickens his pace and mutters in your ear that he wants one is not charity, and the act of giving will not do you or him any good either in this world or the next.

If the English would read more widely they would know more. Sir Julian Pauncfote is devoting a good deal of time to the study of American literature. He says that he had no realization of the richness and variety of the work of our men of letters.

A CLEVELAND chemist says that people who use kerosene lamps for a number of years become so permeated with the oil that their bodies after death scarcely need any embalming fluid to preserve them. That chemist is evidently undertaking to embalm himself in life.

A NEW style of horseshoe has been patented. The shoe is made in sections, with elastic cushions between and rivets connecting the sections, making a shoe in which there will be a vertical yielding or spring, avoiding shocks or jar to the horse while traveling over hard pavements or roads.

THE only conclusive evidence of man's sincerity is that he gave himself for a principle. Words, money, all things else, are comparatively easy to give away; but when a man makes a gift of his daily life and practice, it is plain that the truth, whatever it may be, has taken possession of him.

ALECK SMITH, of Bull Creek, near Jeffersonville, Ind., is probably the only farmer in the union, perhaps in the world, who devotes all his time and territory to the raising of butter beans. He owns a small place and has on this for years grown the butter bean, realizing a comfortable living therefrom.

THE Rochester Post-Express says: "The fountain pen is a great institution, but nine out of ten men who are not used to it are utterly lost if they don't see an inkstand within reasonable dipping distance." With nine pens out of ten the inkstand must be within reasonable dipping distance or there will be no ink.

AN American who spent ninety-two days in France says he saw only two pies in that whole country, and those were in Paris and had no upper crust. The pie was about the first thing invented after the Puritans landed in America, and we all believe that it has done its full share towards making this the greatest nation on the globe.

DR. MEADE, of Cincinnati, left his horse untied and it ran away. The doctor sent messages all over town and had about given up all hope of ever seeing his rig again when he was called to the telephone. He recognized the voice of his affianced, and was rejoiced to learn that the animal was standing patiently in front of her residence.

In the olden days, when heretics and witches were burned, drowned or flung from cliffs, it never occurred to those engaged in the work to shut a woman and a mouse up together in a small, dark room, with no window sill for her to stand on. Perhaps they had no mice in those days, or else they didn't want to kill their victims all of a sudden.

THE population of mummies is quite large. Amelia B. Edwards says no one need think that the field of Egyptian exploration is limited; it is practically unlimited. Authorities are of the opinion that in 2,500 years nearly 500 million mummies were entombed, and that hundreds of thousands of buried cities and temples yet remain to be discovered.

PROTECTING THE VOTE.

Workings of the Massachusetts Election Law.

Leading Features of a New System of Balloting—The Citizens Relieved from the Importunities of Political Heelers and Ward Bumpers.

What is the first desideratum in a free ballot and an honest count? would appear to be the perfect secrecy to the ballot, and this is vouchsafed by the Australian system of voting, as it was practically tested in Massachusetts at the last election. The operation of the system itself demonstrated its extreme simplicity. Everything having narrowed down to the action of the individual in choosing his favorite candidate, all he is required to do is the mere scratching of a cross upon a sheet of paper.

In Boston there were no crowds about the entrances of the polling places. Women and children kept away because there was nothing to be seen but a string of men walking in and out of a building. Men did not loiter about the places, because there was no prospect of any row. Within the inclosure was the police officer in charge of the good order of the polling place and seven election officers. The only other persons within the railing were the voters who were marking their ballots, or, in case the shelves were full, an equal number of men waiting for places at the shelves.

The process of voting was almost invariably this: The citizen placed himself at the bar which was placed across the entrance, and upon question gave his name and residence to the election officer at the entrance. A reference to the poll list, which was printed and arranged alphabetically, showed whether or not the applicant was entitled to vote in the precinct. Upon his name being found, the officer in charge of the check list at the entrance would call out "Found!" and the voter was admitted. He was then presented with an official ballot. This was taken by the voter to the series of shelves at the rear of the room.

These shelves were portable, and with ordinary use will be available for similar purposes for a dozen years. They are built upon a foundation shelf with a backing of a board, which is so hinged with the horizontal one that it may be folded over it. The partitions between the spaces used by the voter are hinged to the vertical board, so that they may be folded. Thus, when these shelves are packed away for use they occupy no more storage-room than three boards would were they laid up on each other. The shelves are supported by folding horses. Within the space between the partitions, with its head and shoulders sheltering his ballot and his pencil to the persons who were possibly near, the voter completed his choice on the ballot and at once after an average delay of three minutes, walked to the table at the left of the room, at which he again gave his name and residence, which, if again found upon the duplicate check list, entitled him to place his ballot in the self-registering box. Then the voter's duty was concluded and he departed through the exit.

An "ideal" municipal ticket arranged after the Boston plan of ballots, would be about as follows:

CITY.
OFFICIAL BALLOT FOR
APRIL 5, 1891.
F. A. Clerk.

To vote mark a (x) in the square at the right of name.

Mayor.	Vote for ONE.
Repton Remlap.....	Democrat
William Weekbolden.....	Republican
J. L. Throwith.....	Prohibitionist
Joseph Hutzgreen.....	Labor
City Treasurer.	Vote for ONE.
M. C. Naldomac.....	Democrat
Franz Bergam.....	Republican
Edwin Brownlee.....	Prohibitionist
Paul Kaugrott.....	Labor

There were many schemes used to "beat" the reform system in Boston, so far as it was carried out at the polls, but it may be said to the credit of the shrewd minds which perfected the law these almost all failed. In the most thickly populated ward in Boston, the one, too, in which there is the greatest proportion of illiterate persons, the average time it required for a man to verify his right to vote in the precinct, receive his ballot, mark it, repeat his name and residence, deposit his vote, wait for the box to register its number and make his exit from the inclosure, was three minutes.

Keeping the Gate.

A man who was arrested on a charge of vagrancy, says the Arkansas Traveler, was asked by the magistrate why he did not go to work.

"I cannot," the man replied.

"You cannot? Why I haven't seen a more strapping fellow in many a day than you are. Does anything ail you?"

"No, sir."

"Then why don't you work?"

"Because I used to keep toll-gate on a turn-pike in the South."

"You are discharged," said the judge. "Here, take this dollar."

The judge was a wise man. He knew the nature of a toll gate-keeper; he knew that the most active and industrious man in the world, if put at toll gate-keeping, would become a sloth incapable of self-support. The town constable is lazy, and the country school teacher is not given to undue exertion, but the toll gate-keeper is the head waiter (we can think of nothing more suggestive of indolence.) The old toll

gate-keeper was a sort of newsbuddy. He had nothing in detail, but held the paragraphic gossip of several neighborhoods. In season he had a little weedy garden back of his house, and in it yellow cucumbers could be seen, withering under the fierce rays of the sun, but no one ever saw him chop down any of the weeds or gather any of the cucumbers. Near his house there was a well, from which water was drawn with a long pole set in a see-saw, and with a heavy weight on one end. It would be risky to say that there was any worse water in the world. It was blackish, and had, in connection with its other atrocities, a burnt-leather taste. But how the old fellow did delight in handing out that water to the thirsty and dust-covered traveler. He had a gourd that had been broken and sewed up with a twine string, but the wound had never healed, and through it the water poured down the wayfarer's sleeve. As a rule the old fellow had seven children and several grandchildren. His daughter, a pale-faced woman, with large, sad, brown eyes, had buried her husband away over the hill under the persimmon tree. The oldest of the grandchildren, a chubby little rascal, with a dab of molasses in his hair, would toddle out to collect the toll.

The old fellow does not keep the toll-gate now. He lies under the persimmon tree on the hill.

Since Papa Doesn't Drink.

My papa's awful happy now and mamma's happy, too.

'Cause my papa drinks no more the way he used to do.

And everything's so jolly now—'tain't like it used to be.

When papa never stayed at home with poor mamma and me.

It made me feel so very bad to see my mamma cry.

And though she'd smile I'd spy the tears a-hiding in her eye.

But now she laughs just like we girls—it sounds so cute, I think.

And sings such pretty little songs—since papa doesn't drink.

You ought to see my Sunday dress—it's every bit all new.

It ain't made out of mamma's dress the way she used to do.

And mamma's got a pretty cloak all trimmed with funny fur.

And papa's got some nice new clothes and goes to church with her.

My papa says Christmas time will be pretty soon here.

And may be good old Santa Claus will find our house this year.

I hope he'll bring some candy and a dolly that can wink.

He'll know where our home is, I'm sure—since papa doesn't drink.

Tom Corwin's Audience.

A recently told story about Judge John A. Corwin of Ohio calls to the mind of a valued friend an incident in the career of the judge's famous brother, says the Washington Post. Tom had written a lecture, in which he had given full play to his robust humor, and in order to try it on a dog, as it were, went to a little sober-sided town in Ashtabula county. The people of the town were very seriously affected by the prospect that so great and so famous a man was coming among them, and the hall was well filled. As the lecturer entered a hush fell upon the audience. The poor country people were deeply and solemnly impressed by the presence of such a man. In his very best spirits Tom began his lecture. It was his intention to set his audience into a roar of laughter at the very beginning, but his effort was in vain. The people sat there in open-mouthed wonder, swallowing his tremendous fiction as a great and beneficial truth. For an hour and a half he labored to produce a smile. He twinkled, scintillated, effervesced, but all to no purpose. The audience was as solemn as a sexton.

When he had concluded his lecture and was leaving the hall quite convinced that he should never succeed with that lecture, he was met by an old man who gravely said:

"Gov'nor, I'm much obleeged fer that lectur, and I want to make a leetle apology fer me an' some o' my neighbors, fer I guess you noticed some on us looked like we sorter wanted to laugh. 'Twan't no feelin' uv disrespect fer you, gov'nor, but they was two or three times there that we couldn't hardly help snickerin' right out."

The Philadelphia Girl.

The Philadelphia maiden is sui generis. She is as unlike her New York sister as a pretty dove or a blackbird is unlike a gorgeous cockatoo. She is nothing if not demure, correct, lady-like. In her street costume particularly she is simplicity itself—the touch of the Quaker hangs round her still. She has a penchant for black at all times and in all seasons, but this season the penchant has developed into a positive craze. It amounts to a livery or to the habit of an order covering the entire area of fashion's quarter. Straight black skirt, with long loosely tied silk sash, black fur shoulder cape, black hat, with black wings or blackbird entire. There she is, every mother's daughter of her, and very pretty, graceful and stylish she is, too—a little monotonous perhaps, but, que voulez-vous?—New York Herald.

Reasonable.

Doctor (to messenger boy): "So yo' mammy say ez what de yabs ain' done her no good? Wait er minnit." (Consults book): "I-y! I thought so. Ask yo' mammy how she spec' de yabs to ack when de bill ain' paid."

A Friendly Warning.

Mr. White (of Blacktown): "See heah, Mr. Johnson, I see awful mad at you, sah." Mr. Johnson: "G'way fum me, man. Ef you fool around me you'll be madder den what you is."

BESSIE AND THE KING.

Confidence Between a Little American Girl and the Sovereign of Belgium.

It is such a charming little story that one almost envies the Philadelphia Enquirer the privilege of having been the first to learn and tell it.

Six years ago Frank S. Moore of that town was a sailor on board the Rhineland steamship, plying between Philadelphia and Antwerp. A letter from home informed him that his favorite sister was dying and wanted to see him. He took it to his captain and asked leave of absence. The captain said "No." Then Moore, watching his chance, deserted. He reached home in time.

After his sister's death he changed his name and shipped on the Waesland, a steamship of the same line. All went well until he and a shipmate of his fell in love simultaneously with a pretty girl, an orphan, living at Antwerp. Then his rival, who had known all along who he was, denounced him to their captain, who put him in irons, and at the first opportunity turned him over to Antwerp authorities. He was taken into court, where he didn't understand a word that was said, even when the bailiff made him stand up and the judge addressed a few words to him from the bench. Afterward he was told that he had been sentenced to an imprisonment of seven months in the city jail.

The pretty Antwerp girl learned in some way of his misfortune, got a permit to visit him, and by paying weekly out of her own pocket the equivalent of \$3 of our money succeeded in getting him transferred to a less comfortable cell, supplied with more palatable food, and allowed to exercise an hour a day in the open air. She also smuggled little notes to him in rolls of bread, and one day mustered up courage to obtain an audience with the king and intercede for his release. But his majesty told her he couldn't interfere.

Meanwhile one of Moore's shipmates had looked up his people and told them what had happened. The very next day the following letter was written and mailed to Leopold II., king of the Belgians:

YOUR MAJESTY, I am a little girl 13 years old and I hope you will pardon me for writing to you when you hear all.

"My uncle, Frank S. Moore, is now in the Belgium prison for desertion from the Rhineland over six years ago. He was sailing on the Rhineland and my aunt was very sick. Her only prayer was to see Frank before she died. We sent word to him that she was dying. He showed the letter to the captain of the Rhineland, but he refused to let him leave the steamer. The sailors advised Uncle Frank to run away and he did.

"Aunt Debbie lived about a week afterward. After she died Uncle Frank found that his vessel had sailed, so he sailed on the Waesland under the name of Frank S. Walker. That has been over six years ago and he was just arrested in Antwerp, as you can see by the newspaper slip that I send in my letter.

"Your majesty, if you had been in his place would you not have done the same? Hoping you will pardon Uncle Frank for writing to you when you hear all, I am yours respectfully, "Bessie Keim."

Bessie waited as patiently and hopefully as she could, and she didn't have to wait very long. One happy day a letter came from her uncle himself, announcing his release, and right on its heels another, big letter with a big stamp on it, such as Bessie had never seen before. The second letter was in French, so she had to get somebody to translate it for her, and this is what the translator made of it:

"AT THE PALACE BRUSSELS CABINET OF THE KING—Madame: I have the honor of informing you that the king has read your letter and taken action upon your request therein contained, by which you solicit that he remit your uncle's imprisonment.

"By his majesty's command an order to that effect has been transmitted to the minister of justice, out of compliment to his majesty's little friend. For the king, BOMMERHEIM, "Secretary."

"To Mme. Bessie Keim, at Philadelphia." "One little American girl," says the Inquirer, "prays nightly for Leopold II., King of the Belgians."

Molasses their Favorite Beverage.

The country (Republic of Colombia) from Cucuta to Bogota is thickly settled with important towns; trade is very active; provisions, principally wheat and maize, bread, pork and beef, potatoes, yuca and many excellent grains, are abundant. The favorite beverage in the hot valleys is a sour-sweet liquor made from molasses mixed with water, which refreshes, without being injurious to health. On the table-lands the lower classes literally degrade themselves to the level of the brute by the use of a distasteful beverage called china, made from Indian corn and the molasses first extracted from the sugar cane. This beverage not only produces, by its long-continued or excessive use, a stupefaction of the faculties, but also gives rise in time to the disease known in Italy as pelambria.

Shot too Quick.

In a Wyoming town the other day they got to talking about grapes, and a California man said he had seen bunches weighing five pounds. This led to argument and dispute, and an eastern man shot him in the leg. It was afterwards shown that five-pound bunches were nothing for California and that they bragged of nothing below fifteen.

An Unlucky Block.

"Don't let us turn down this street." "Why not?" "Because it's unlucky for me to pass the next block. There are precisely thirteen people to whom I owe money living on it."

WINGED MISSILES.

The consumption of horseflesh in Berlin is increasing.

Geneva is said to be the cheapest city in Europe for a permanent residence.

Chinese matches are competing sharply with the Swedish product in Europe. The United States bought over \$2,000,000 worth of eggs from Canada last year.

Boston educators are taking great interest in a proposed manual training school.

The production of Brazilian coffee has been doubled within the last ten years.

Several calculating machines received the gold medal at the Paris exposition.

According to the propaganda in Rome, there are 248,000,000 catholics in the world.

The youngest officer in her majesty's service is a second lieutenant of exactly eighteen.

It is believed that silos are going out of favor in Europe, though there are still many in use.

George W. Cable will write a book on "The Silent South." He takes up the cause of the negro.

Harvard Annex is to add a course in photography. The girls always did have a fondness for photographs.

France is not the chief food country. Hungary takes the lead. "More light" is what these countries need.

Mrs. Southworth, who shot and killed Pettus, has been indicted for murder. Kentucky takes her case.

Mark Twain's wife has written a book under a fictitious name. The critics will be saying Mark had a hand in it.

An official of the Michigan Central Railway figures out that the steam whistles cost the company \$18,000 a year.

Florence Marryat, the novelist, is short, thoughtful looking and impetuous mannered. Her novels are mild mannered.

Hannibal Hamlin is the only living ex-vice president. Thurman and English, who tried for the place and lost it, are still on earth.

Tennyson has read all of Rider Haggard's stories. That may help to account for the decline in quality of the Laureate's poetry.

The proprietors of the Hotel Brunswick in New York have found out that gas can be cheaply and satisfactorily utilized for the most delicate kinds of cooking.

In all European countries it is common for laborers to stay all their lives, even for several generations, on one farm; in many instances they are pensioned when aged.

About everything in agricultural machinery in all Europe is clumsy, heavy, roughly finished. Their grain harvesters are evidently patterned after ours of years ago.

In England there are a few high-toned land owners' clubs, but very little if any organization among common farmers, nor do they support farm papers to any extent.

A well-known London journalist, realizing the fact that the ordinary professions in England are greatly overcrowded is having his eldest son educated to be a cook.

A woman in Maine is defendant in a \$2,000 suit for looking up her weak-minded brother in a dog kennel. This seems to show that the big sister is not always to be relied upon.

Bret Harte's son is doing fairly well financially for a young man. He draws a salary as secretary of the Dion Boucicault School of Acting and is living with another man's wife who has an income of \$5,000 a year.

New York usually gets her hand into other people's pockets. But on the memorial arch question it seems to be doing something on its own account. It has raised about \$30,000. The Grant monument fund is stationary.

The man in Philadelphia who has not read "Ouida's" novels and a "Life of William Penn" is not eligible for office, and the woman there who has neglected this part of her culture is not regarded as "fit for good society."

The classic lands will never get done digging up statues. The most ancient statue yet discovered in Greece has been found at Tripolitza. It represents a god, seated, and resembles antique Egyptian sculpture.

Recent widespread failures in the tea trade in China have had a curious effect on ruined merchants. Five of them have taken refuge in a monastery in preference to meeting their creditors. One committed suicide and many have disappeared.

The Archduke John of Austria, desiring to earn his own living, has finally, after a very protracted and difficult effort, received permission from the emperor to bear henceforth the name of John Orth. He has gone to work in an English ship yard.

An Ohio paper prints the following notice under the heading "Obituaries": "William Jones, of Malta township, aged eighty-three, passed peacefully away on Tuesday last from a simple blessedness to matrimonial bliss, after a short, but sudden attack by Alice Blossom, a blooming widow of thirty-five."

A syndicate of New York capitalists have purchased the Dismal Swamp Canal in Virginia and North Carolina for \$75,000. The new owners intend to rebuild the locks and widen and deepen the canal for vessels of the largest draught, and make this route the connective link from Chesapeake Bay with the great inland waterway of the Atlantic coast.

A large tract of swamp land on the line of the Jacksonville Southeastern Railroad, near Manito, Ill., has been recently drained. The result of the tilling has been peculiar. In some places the roadbed of the Southeastern sunk four feet, and the road was compelled to spend a large amount of money in making necessary repairs.

Heavy watch chains, stout enough to hang an ox with, are very much out of fashion and are looked upon as vulgar. The latest jeweler's edict says: "Men's watch guards are out very short. You should have only enough length to go between the buttonhole and the pocket. These chains are, as a rule, very light, weighing from ten to twelve penny-weights."

CELESTIAL ROYALTY.

The Empress Dowager of China, and Not a Tartar.

An Interesting Romance Connected with One of the Principal Members of the Imperial Family—Miraculous Power of the Tartar Dynasty Over Chinamen.

Chinese laws prohibit the printing of the lives and doings of living persons, says Wong Chin Foo in the New York Sun. As regards royalty this rule is most severely enforced. The acts of the emperors and of their families must not be printed during the entire reign of the dynasty. Here is an interesting story concerning one of the principal members of the present imperial family:

About 1856, when Tseng Kwo Yon, a near relative of Tseng Kwo Fon, the famous general who suppressed the Taeping rebels by recapturing Nanking, was governor-general of the province of Kwong Tung, a timid, but pretty little girl was taken to him by her relatives to be sold as a slave. She was only 11 or 12 years of age. Her manner was gentle, and Mme. Tseng, the governor's wife, a kind-hearted woman, bought her. Little Chi Shi appreciated Mme. Tseng's kindness, and began at once to do all things to please her mistress, and soon, by her diligence as well as by her amiable love her, but even the old governor was delighted. Chi Shi progressed rapidly, both physically and intellectually. At 16 she was as beautiful a young girl as could be found in the province, and accomplished in letters and music. Gov. Tseng was more than proud of her; so were the rest of the family, but there was one thing puzzled them all: What were they going to do for pretty Chi Shi?

To find her a suitor among the first families of the land was impossible owing to the prejudice of such husbands against big feet wives. To give her in marriage to a poor youth would rob her of her luxuries.

That same year the governor's term of office expired, and according to custom he had to report in person to the throne. It was likewise the custom for retiring governors to bring some presents as a token of their great respect for the emperor. But what was Gov. Tseng to take his majesty?

"Ah! said the governor, as a happy thought struck him. "There! Why not ask Chi Shi to be an imperial concubine, a constant companion to his imperial majesty, the Emperor Hien Fung?"

The governor asked his good old wife, and she broached the subject to Chi Shi. The latter consented.

His majesty Emperor Hien Fung was then almost an old man, and yet he was so pleased with his extraordinary present that he conferred a still higher degree upon the already influential Tseng Kwo Yon. The latter being a Tartar, the emperor took it for granted that young Miss Chi Shi was likewise of that nationality, especially when he saw that she had natural feet, for such is the custom with the Tartar ladies of high rank. Chi Shi was duly installed as a member of the imperial harem, and became the imperial favorite. In due time she gave birth to a son. For this honor the emperor immediately made her an empress.

Upon the death of Hien Fung in 1862 it was discovered that his only other son was disqualified for the throne by reason of his wife giving birth to a child within three years after the death of his own mother. This was considered unfilial, as according to custom, all dutiful sons should be praying and fasting for the space of three years to mourn the loss of their greatest friend—a mother—instead of raising a family, as seemed to have been the case with this unfortunate prince.

Tung Chee, the son of Chi Shi, was then only five years old. He was the next legal heir to Hien Fung's great throne, and by the acclamations of the ministers he was immediately made the emperor. His mother, Chi Shi, was made regent during his minority.

For 280 years previous to this time the ministers of the courts of the emperors of the Ta Tsing dynasty were all Tartars. The highest offices which Chinamen could obtain were those of governors. For this the Chinese colleges refused to grant to a Tartar the noble order of Chung Yen.

Had the ministers of Emperor Hien Fung known that Tung Chee's mother was a Chinawoman they would never have dared to crown him emperor.

ONLY AN OYSTER.

Yet It Made Things Fairly Lively for a Fat Man.

A fat man, wearing a low-necked shirt with a turn down collar three sizes too large for him, sat down to a table in a Chicago restaurant and called for a plate of raw oysters. He got them cold and juicy right off the ice, and, harpooning a fat one with his fork, he lifted it toward his mouth. But the slippery, slimy, chilly bivalve dropped off the fork before reaching its destination, caromed on the fat man's chin, and then slid down inside his shirt and nestled on his breast.

No one saw the incident. The obese gent himself didn't see it, but he felt that something had happened and that he had arrived at a crisis in his life. A painful, startled expression rested for a moment on his face; then with a low, plaintive wail of heart-breaking agony he half rose from his chair and clapped his hand on his stomach. He struck the oyster, but that coy creature was one of the most alert and

agile of its species. It at once changed its base on feeling the pressure, and shielded upward and across the fat man's wide expanse of palpitating bosom, leaving a trail of arctic frigidity in its wake, and took up new quarters in his left armpit.

With a wild howl of anguish the unhappy proprietor of the oyster leaped two feet in the air, uttered another yell like a wild-west Indian, and commenced to work his arm after the manner of a bag-pipe musician. The oyster got excited and started again on its travels, but was apparently unable to select a permanent location. After making several blind rushes it halted for a moment under a short rib near the spine to catch its second wind.

The unfortunate fat man was now in a state of mind bordering on insanity. He kicked over his chair, yelled and swore, grabbed himself in front and behind and on both sides, rolled up his eyes, frothed at the mouth, and spun round like a top. But the slippery bivalve was now thoroughly rattled and scooted here and there like a streak of greased lightning, taking great pains not to travel over the same ground twice.

"He's got a fit!" screamed a wild-eyed man, making a rush for the door, with a napkin tucked under his chin.

"It's either that or he's afire inside of his clothes," said another palefaced diner edging away from the sufferer.

"For mercy's sake take him off somebody; I'm dying!" wailed the stricken man as he threw up both hands and sat down heavily on the floor.

When the victim of misplaced refreshments struck the floor the oyster shot out of the back of his neck like a bullet, hit the ceiling with a squishy plunk, and then fell back and hung limp and lifeless from the chandelier.

The fat man's physician says that the patient will recover from his attack of nervous prostration in a few days.

THE MARRIAGE TIE.

Jules Simon's Opinion on the Much Disputed Subject.

The venerable Jules Simon has favored the readers of the Revue de Famille with his views on the important subject of marriage.

He has not much faith in those sudden and romantic attachments which novel writers and dramatists prefer. As to the common complaint that marriages *de raison* often unite people who know little of each other, he thinks that this reproach is much more applicable to what are called "love matches." "Think before you marry!" is the maxim. Mr. Simon is not much afraid of *mesalliances*; he assures us that the only real *mesalliances* in the France of these days is the union of two persons of wholly diverse tastes and inclinations. Judging by the samples which he cites from his own circle of friends—though his circle, to be sure, is an unusually large one—these ill-assorted unions must be rather common in France.

He knows a married lady who spends her days in writing "vaporous verses;" her husband is a tanner, and beyond hides and skins neither knows nor cares for anything. Another, a male friend, is a poet; this friend's wife is a graduate in mathematical sciences. One of his acquaintances, again, who is a member of the institute, has married a country girl who can make cheese to perfection, and, as he scornfully adds, "knows little about spelling." Another is an agnostic of the aggressive type; his wife is always at church. We are bidden to ask ourselves what conversations these couples can hold together, and how they can unite in directing the education of children.

Abraham Lincoln as a Dancer.

Gen. Singleton of Quincy, Ill., who was one of the bright young lawyers of Springfield when Abraham Lincoln was a green youth there, tells this story, says the Washington Post, which we believe has never been printed before. The bevy of bright young ladies to whom Miss Todd belonged before her marriage to Mr. Lincoln used to have a good deal of sport at this awkward young man's expense. One evening at a little party Mr. Lincoln approached Miss Todd and said in his peculiar idiom:

"Miss Todd, I should like to dance with you the worst way."

The young lady accepted the inevitable and hobbled around the room with him. When Miss Todd returned to her seat one of her mischievous companions said:

"Well, Mary, did he dance with you the worst way?"

"Yes," she answered; the very worst."

A Sun Stove.

A simple stove for warming by means of solar heat has been contrived by Professor Morse. It consists of a shallow box, having a bottom of corrugated iron and a glass top. When this device is placed outside a building where the sun can shine directly into it, the rays pass through the glass and are absorbed by the metal, rising to a high temperature and warming the air of the box. The air thus heated is conveyed into the room.

Our Standing Army.

In a western town a play was given by amateurs in which one of the scenes represented the standing army of the United States, consisting of an officer and five soldiers sitting on a bench. "You see before you our noble standing army," exclaimed the hero to the low comedian. "That's where you're off," replied the low comedian, "for it is now sitting." And the audience applauded him for five minutes, and called out the author of the play.

NATURE'S RAREST GEM.

The Wonderful, Shoshone Falls in Idaho's Desert.

A Cataract as Wonderful as Niagara Boaring in the Heart of a Crater, Amid Lava Blocks, Volcanic Ashes, Sage Bush and Coyotes—A Grand Spectacle.

A splendid mountain trail leads from the village of Shoshone into the desert. The wagon runs smoothly over the road for twenty miles or more through a rank growth of sage brush, greasewood and tufts of pink cactus. There are no signs of life anywhere. There is not even so much as the chirp of a bird to break the terrible stillness. The dust that comes from wheels is a mixture of powdered lava and alkali, and has an acid taste. Bones so peculiarly white to an alkali desert are scattered among the clumps of sage brush and mark the ferocity of the blizzard and sandstorms which sweep over the waste in midwinter.

The next five miles of the ride is over great blocks of lava, where explosions have hurled them in heaps upon either side of a trail. Straight ahead a blue haze gives the horizon the appearance of a great sea out of which a score of snow-capped mountains, many of them pyramidal in form and looking like brigantines sailing along, with every stitch of snowy canvass set, poke their hoary heads. The trail finally leads into a deep cut, into the rocks and down an incline blasted from basaltic and limestone walls. A moment later the traveler has reached the grandest bit of scenery in the new world. He stands in the center of a monster crater—perhaps the giant crater from which poured the fiercest torrent of all the torrents of molten lava that swept over the country.

In other places in the towering walls which surround this blighted hole the flames of that prehistoric upheaval made caverns and chasms—actually ate their way into the rocks in their wild fury to join in the devilish orgy outside. Looking from the summit of the wall into the great basin 1,000 feet below—a basin of a circumference of at least ten thousand feet and walled by perpendicular volcanic palisades 1,100 feet high—the spectacle is one of awful sublimity. The visitor instinctively feels as though he had entered the theatre of the devil. Above the great hole is the blue sky with a hawk soaring lazily. Moving sluggishly through a narrow channel in the bottom of the basin is the Snake river, whose waters are as green as the brightest emerald. These are the only colors. All else is dead and in disorder. Here is where you might expect to see the evil one sitting astride a fire seamed rock at midnight contemplating the ruin below by the light of the moon in its last quarter. A flash of blood-red lightning and a roar of thunder are all that are necessary to complete the picture of the infernal regions. The grass is yellow and stunted. The few blasted trees and bushes growing upon the ledges look like those pictured in the haunts of sprites and gnomes. All are white as the shrouds of the dead.

The only noise heard in this cradle of chaos is a continuous and sullen roar which comes from the bottom of the pit. Man can never know how infinitesimal he really is until he picks his way over the fire-swept flooring of the basin in an effort to find the source of the ceaseless roar. Around him is stretched an amphitheatre of walls so great in their dimensions and so regular in their formation as to instantly give birth to visions of a multitude of insensate beings watching from their circling seats the turmoil below. Tracing the sluggish stream until it begins to boil in its race over rocks and through caverns, the stranger finally creeps to the edge of a mighty cataract which tumbles in one broad, sheer fall a distance of 210 feet. A cloud of spray hangs over the boiling waters below and through the white, pulsating veil a rainbow spanning the yeasty maelstrom blazes with vivid brightness. Here is the jewel in this great ring of death. Niagara cannot be compared with it in beauty or in the grandeur of its environments. The volume of water pouring over the cataract is not so great as that at Niagara, but the fall is greater and far more varied. From tip to tip the foaming, roaring cresent at Shoshone is a quarter of a mile. Before the tumbling waters reach the brink they plunge over rapids, over cataracts and through lava boulders which have been gnawed into caverns. Beginning at one end of the cresent, where the water falls in a broad, thin, silver spray, the torrent grows in volume until the main cataract is reached. Here the water is of such a solid green that it carries its color half way down its tremendous fall. Nearer the other end of the cresent the cataract tumbles over domes, minarets and pulpits of volcanic rock and joins in the mighty roar below. In the oppressive sublimity of all these surroundings—the towering walls of the crater, the thundering of the twin cataract of the new world, the waiting of the hungry coyote at the red sun sinking behind the purple, white-hooded mountains in the distance, and the knowledge of the barren waste stretching all about the great basin—the visitor loses all sense of fear and sits like one suddenly bereft of the power of articulation.

CAN HOLD HIS OWN.

He Sends to His Mother Evidence of His Progress.

It was in the afternoon Thanksgiving day, says the Chicago Times, when a dumpy-built, red-faced young

man stepped into a tintype gallery on South Halstead street. He wore a soft felt hat pulled down flush with his eyebrows and with the brim turned up behind. He also wore a blue flannel shirt without any necktie, and a new tailor-made suit of clothes with flaps on the pockets trimmed in wide braid. The bottoms of his trousers legs were turned up about an inch at the heels, showing the stripes of bright red stiffening leather sewed on the inside. Removing his overcoat, but still retaining a half-consumed Early Death 5-cent cigar in one corner of his mouth, he made known his wants.

"I'm one of dese blokes what never writes to his folks. See?" he said to the artist, "but I wants ter send me mudder me mug fer Thanksgiving."

"We don't keep mugs," replied the artist as politely as he knew how.

"Ah, come off, pardy. I means me phiz—de front side of me head. I wants to git me pictur took for me mudder. Tumble?"

The artist tumbled, and while he was preparing his camera for the shock the young man grew confidential.

"Yer wouldn't tink ter look at me dat I was from de country, now would yer? I am, an' dat's where me folks is livin' now, but I've been workin' in de packin' houses a couple of years. Me mudder's all de time writin' ter know if I'm holdin' me own, an' I wants ter let her know dat I'm no jay widout puttin' it on paper. See? I tink a neat, tasty pictur will show de old lady dat her babe is a peach what's holdin' his own. So yer kin make me about four wid red covers on."

"Do you wish to be taken sitting or standing?" asked the weary artist.

"On me pins beside a table if yer has one," replied the babe.

A small table was wheeled in front of the camera. Then the filial youth who was going to all this trouble to gladden his poor old mother's heart pulled out a revolver about a foot long and banged it down in the center of the table. From another pocket he produced a pint bottle half-full of whisky and placed it carefully on the table next to the arsenal. Then he deposited the thumb and forefinger of his right hand on the table back of his credentialed hat, pulled his hat over one eye, doubled up his left fist and stuck it on his hip-bone, crossed one leg in front of the other with the toes resting on the floor, set his teeth hard on a cigar, assumed a ferocious, scowling expression, and then told the artist to "touch her off."

If there were any doubts in that mother's mind regarding her boy's ability to hold his own in Chicago they are dispelled by this time.

Farms of France.

The farmers of France live in little tidy villages, one to four miles apart. Houses are mostly of brick, with tile roofs. There are not many barns, the stock being kept in sheds, and hay and straw in stacks, thatched. They own their farms, which average about a dozen acres each, with nearly as large a population on about one-twentieth the area of the United States.

France is no doubt the most prosperous nation in the old world. The largest indemnity ever exacted from any nation was paid to Germany in less than a year. A debt of \$3,000,000,000, contracted in '70 and '71, as great as our debt was, is all paid. It is a most beautiful agricultural country, and it is no wonder that the Frenchman is proud of "Sunny France," and does not emigrate. As a rule they are in advance of other nations in Europe in expert agriculture. Commercial fertilizers are used more extensively, and every inch of land is made to count. The Britisher "kicks" lustily because of agricultural imports from France.

In a section of northern France, by feeding good calves for eight or nine weeks on milk and eggs, exclusively, they make them weigh 300 pounds. The calves market at the fancy price of 20c to 25c a pound. Perhaps we have people who want their palates tickled with that kind of meat.

A Compromise.

With all my heart I loved Marie. Would she consent to marry me? "Of all the men," she said in mirth, "I would not wed the best on earth."

Her words I felt presaged defeat. I sighed. She smiled. "Oh what conceit!" She said, "Of men both great and small are you the very best of all!"

Then did I all my love confess Alone with my unworthiness. I'm glad earth's best she would not wed, She's going to marry me instead.

The Parlor Doomed to Extinction.

"The parlor has gone. Oh, you may admire my pretty room," said a bright hostess, the other day to a N. Y. Sun reporter, "but you must not call it a parlor. That breaks my heart. We don't have parlors any more, you know. Hotels have parlors, millers do, and barbers, and I believe, chiropradists, but not we. Oh, no, indeed. In this modest flat this is just my room where I see my friends. In a house it would be a reception room, and the other larger apartment would be a salon or drawing room in addition, and a white room, a Japanese room, a green room, and so on, but never a parlor among them all. We have to keep clear of the maddening crowd, you know, and 'parlors' are dreadfully common."

Hold Your Breath.

A French physician recommends as a sure cure for dyspepsia that patients hold their breath as long as possible several times per day. This may help, but a sure cure would be to hold your breath all day long.

WORKING FOR \$12 A YEAR.

Women in Denmark Labor Eighteen Hours a Day for a Shilling.

Ole Christiansen, a remarkably intelligent Danish Farmer, has just returned to the United States after a visit to his native land, the first he has made since he emigrated, twenty years ago. His experience has made him well contented with his adopted country, and he has no longings to live again where the condition of the people is so appalling and hopeless.

"I spent the most of the time with relatives who live on the Island of Lolland, in the North sea. It is about twenty miles long by fifteen in width, and the soil is extremely rich. Every inch of it is cultivated."

"What are the chief products?" he was asked.

"Wheat, rye and potatoes. Not many potatoes are raised, as the season is too short for them to mature well. Wages are extremely low."

"What is the average?"

"Women receive about \$12 a year, with wool enough for their stockings. They work out of doors like the men during the spring and summer, helping in the fields and in the dairy. Butter and cheese making are carried on extensively. In the winter they spin and weave, as all the clothing is made at home from wool raised on the farms. Shoes are generally bought, but not always. They have thick wooden soles with leather over the toes, and are roughly nailed together. They are frequently made at home."

"What wages do the men receive?"

was the next question asked by the Chicago Inter-Ocean reporter.

"About \$50 a year, but this can be earned only by a first-class laborer. Very few receive as much. Two hundred crowns is considered good pay, and 200 crowns is about equivalent to \$50 in United States currency. The coin most in circulation is the ore, about one-fourth of a cent. Danish laborers cannot or do not work as fast as Americans, but their hours are much longer—from 4 o'clock in the morning until 10 at night as the day's work."

Good Advice for the Boys.

Burdette in the Brooklyn Eagle gives the following sound advice to young men:

So you were a little pert, and spoke without thinking, my son? And you got picked up right suddenly on your statement, oh? Oh, well, that's all right, that happens to older men than yourself every day.

I have noticed that you have a very positive way of flying a decision where other men state an opinion, and you frequently make a positive assertion where older men merely express a belief. But never mind; you are young. You will know less as you grow older. "Don't I mean you will know more?" Heaven forbid, my boy! No, indeed; I mean that you will know less. You will never know more than you do now; never.

If you live to be 10,000 years old you will never again know as much as you do now. No hoary-headed sage, whose long and studious years were spent in reading men and books, ever knew so much as a boy of your age. A girl of 15 years knows about as much, but then she gets over it sooner and more easily.

"Does it cause a pang, then, to get rid of early knowledge?" Ah, my boy, it does. Pulling eyeteeth and molars will seem like pleasant recreation alongside of shedding off great solid slabs and layers of wisdom and knowledge that now press upon you like geological strata.

"But how are you to get rid of this superincumbent wisdom?" Oh, easily enough, my boy; just keep on airing it; that's the best way. It won't stand constant use, and it disintegrates rapidly on exposure to air.

Heart Burn.

The hiccough is simply a contraction of the muscles of the stomach, and is most frequently due to eating or drinking. The heart burn is likewise a stomach complaint, and due to over feeding or faulty digestion of fats or oils that have been overheated in cooking. Sometimes it is caused by an excess of gastric juice on the stomach, when it can be remedied by eating a piece of dry cracker or bread. Soda-mint tablets are good for this complaint, and a half teaspoonful of baking soda in water can always be recommended. If it is due to over-eating pastry or other heated fats. An emetic, such as recommended for the hiccough, is the easiest and most effective way of relieving the pain. A little bicarbonate of soda will often relieve it in such cases, without vomiting. If caused by the food eaten, the heart burn will usually make itself felt about an hour and a half after the meal.

His Turn Now.

An English publication tells the following story relating to a certain country magistrate: He is a staunch total abstainer and a cyclist, and his severity toward "drunk and disorderlies" is almost proverbial. Not long ago he sentenced a brace of these gentry to a fortnight's salutary exercise on the tread-mill, and as the story goes, last week he met the men as he was ascending a pretty stiff hill on a heavy tricycle, over a rough road, and in face of a stiff wind.

"Why, Bill," exclaimed one to the other, "blowed if this ain't the bloke that sent us on the mill!"

"Yus," was the response, "and now he's a-gettin' up-stairs hisself! Wonder how he likes it! Go it, guv'nor! We're out; it's your turn now."

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ed promptly at expiration of time paid for.
All kinds of Job Printing at low prices.
Entered at the Postoffice for transmission as
second class matter.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28

Broom corn to the value of \$300,000 is good for McPherson county in one year.

Corn is so low that many farmers are piling it on the ground instead of building cribs for it.

What will F. W. Reed do with H. S. Fillmore when he gets him "roasted" as the Leavenworth Sun puts it.

As society is at present constituted, lawyers may be a necessity, but there ought to be no more need of lawyers than doctors.

Low. Hanback having quit drinking and joined the church, is now praying to be made next candidate for state auditor.

When our Meade county friends voted their bonds to aid a swindling sugar company, we had another specimen of sugar trust.

The Agricultural College at Manhattan is doing splendid work for scientific agriculture, and in time to come it will do more.

Eugene Ware has recently published a new edition of his poems. Mr. Ware is by far the best poet if not the only real poet, in Kansas.

Plant some nut trees, if you never have. There is a good deal of the purest of homelike appearance when a family sits down on a winter evening to chat and eat nuts.

Free trade England seems to have made money enough to buy up about all the great American industries. There ought to be a little more protection along a different line.

Farmers! Don't sign receipts, orders or papers of any kind at request of strangers who have something left with you to try. Don't sign anything that you do not fully understand, lest it may turn out to be a note.

A Kansas City saloon keeper wants to put some money into a resubmission daily paper in Topeka. If he has money enough we would not object to his trying it, as it could do no harm, and would relieve him of a pile of his ill gotten wealth.

The Topeka State Journal thinks the Farmers' Alliance has the face to ask for almost anything. Some of these old machine papers have just learned enough about the alliance to sneer at it. In due time they will learn more, and be wiser.

The Kansas stock raiser or any other man, who will go to Kansas City or any other city, and show a pile of money and get drunk, or allow himself to be treated on drugged liquor and then be robbed, deserves very little sympathy, and will be apt to get it.

When a town or county votes bonds to pay for stock in any railroad corporation, it ought to know that it is equivalent to voting so much money as a gift. The towns that are now fighting the Rock Island foreclosure suits may have supposed they were voting themselves an interest in the corporation. If so, they were simply as green as a blue grass pasture in June.

It was Artemas Ward who was willing for his wife's relations to go to the war, and now some of our Kansas papers are recounting the honor done to Kansas because the man appointed to fill the place of the defunct Silcott is married with the sister of the wife of a man in Newton. Kansas is sometimes obliged to go a good ways round to get honors, but she gets them all the same.

The Farmers' Alliance will do what it can to protect Kansas from foreign meat combines and packers. But there is more meat in the coconut than this. It will join with the grange in cutting down official salaries, and will see that the next legislature is composed of material different from third rate lawyers and political demagogues, whose seats of operation are dry goods boxes, during the working part of the year.

We hope no one of our readers will fail to note the work done by the state grange last week. It may be further hoped that no member of the grange, and no farmer, of whatever politics, will fail to stand by the principles in their resolution, whether it causes his particular party to go up or down. Independent voting will tell a big story. Prepare to stand by your party if it stands by you, to bolt it vigorously if it does not, and do not be deceived by any political tinsel.

The State Grange.

Some grand, good work was done by the state grange last week. We hope it was simply a beginning, that the same spirit of independence will continue and not be weakened when another election approaches.

We give herewith some of the resolutions adopted, adding such comments as appear to be pertinent.

Mr. Allen of Douglas county offered the following:

WHEREAS, Judge David S. Brewer has by his opinions and decisions as a judge, shown himself to be against the people's interests in their contest with the combines, notably the beef combine, therefore be it

Resolved, That we emphatically protest against his confirmation as associate justice of the supreme court of the United States.

The resolution brought out a warm discussion, in which Judge Brewer was severely handled, and the resolution was adopted.

It was an advanced step, and although the senate confirmed his nomination that very day, it will not be forgotten by the farmers of Kansas, and Messrs. Ingalls and Plumb may perhaps be able to mark the day as the one on which the sun of their popularity began to wane more rapidly.

Another step in the right direction was the passing of a resolution declaring that when county officers' salaries were higher than was necessary, and that where the fees of a county officer exceed \$500 per quarter that all excess over that amount be paid into the county treasury.

Another good resolution was against extending the length of sessions of the legislature, and the influence of the grange is pledged against it.

Perhaps the best and most significant of all was the following:

WHEREAS, The times clearly indicate that special effort is now necessary on the part of the farmer to secure his special interest in the country, and as the ballot is the American citizen's potent means of securing his rights; therefore

Resolved, It is the judgment of this grange that the farmer must vote in the future with direct reference to securing his interest, rather than with reference to party affiliation.

This resolution as well as the others, will no doubt receive the support of the Farmers' Alliance, now growing so powerful in the state, as well as that of the several labor associations. It is an outspoken recognition that the political parties of the land have grown to be mere machines in the interests of office seekers and speculators in stocks, trusts and combines, who deal out to farmers and workers just as little as will satisfy their complaints, and legislate mostly in the interests of capital and monopolies that control prices, and is a stern protest against this policy.

It is a protest that must be heard. The following were also adopted:

WHEREAS, There is a growing belief that the farmers and other producers of the country do not obtain an equitable share of the wealth which they create, and that the farms and homes of the country are very largely under mortgage and

WHEREAS, Exact knowledge on this subject is of great importance in the study of the social economic questions of the day; therefore by the state grange be it

Resolved, That it is our judgment that the next United States census should show what percentage of the people of this country occupy their own homes, and what proportion are tenants; and of those who occupy their farms and homes what proportion have their property free from debt, and the farms and homes which are under mortgage.

Resolved, That the secretary of the state grange be requested to transmit a copy of these resolutions to Hon. John W. Noble, secretary of the interior, also a copy to each of our congressmen, with the request that they use their influence to have these facts collected and published.

Resolved, That we are heartily in favor of farmers' institutes being held in every locality where the same can be successfully conducted, and farmers of the locality induced to take an interest, and any sum of money which our general government may see fit to appropriate for farmers' institute work should be placed at the disposal of the proper authorities in the several states having such work in charge, and not expend the money for paying high salaries to officials whose fine theories and lack of practical knowledge will not instruct the farmer.

Resolved, That we ask our next legislature to provide by law for a uniform series of school books to be furnished to all pupils at actual cost, and that the series be continued unchanged for a period of five years.

A resolution also passed unanimously in favor of electing our United States senators by a direct vote of the people.

The following are the officers for the ensuing year:

Major Sims, Topeka, master; E. St. John, Manhattan, overseer; John G. Oils, Topeka, lecturer; A. P. Reardon, McLouth, steward; James Carroll, Perth, assistant steward; C. F. Worthington, Wea, chaplain; Thomas White, Topeka, treasurer; George Black, Olathe, secretary; Frank Marshall, Gardner, gate keeper; Mrs. J. O. Henry, Olathe, Ceres; Mrs. Maud H. Black, Olathe, Pomona; Mrs. A. J. St. John, Manhattan, Flora; Mrs. Josephine Nichols, Olathe, lady assistant steward; executive committee, Henry Rhoades, Gardner; E. St. John, Manhattan; J. C. Lovett, Bucyrus.

The Dutch bulbs furnish flowers at little cost and little trouble.

Aaron Hoss of Saline county raised 2,000 bushels of corn on twenty-six acres of land.

We venture the thought that some of the Kansas papers who are always blowing about the state are quite willing it should appear that Kansas has the big head.

A young man named Grannon, tramping his way from Wichita to Ohio found a package of letters by the railroad near Eudora, which he opened and showed indiscriminately, not knowing their nature. One contained a check for several hundred dollars payable at Watkin's bank in Lawrence. They were dropped from a postal car by a careless clerk, who was allowed to go free while the boy was arrested for robbing the mails.

Dr. H. A. GOBIN, one of the foremost educators of the state, has been tendered the position of dean of the theological department of De Pau university. Dr. Gobin has been at the head of Baker university for about three years and already is known to the entire educational population of the state. Since coming to Kansas he has refused the presidency of the Ohio Wesleyan and the chancellorship of the University of California. It is to be hoped that the doctor will stay where he is.—Salina Republican.

The mild weather of this winter, which is but a repetition of that of last year, gives color to the theory that the climate of this part of the country is changing. Whatever the cause it is certain that for a few years past our winters have been much less severe than they were. Whether the change is permanent or not it is a fact that Kansas is experiencing much less severe weather.

Col. Stanton says that drummers do not spend Sundays in Topeka, presumably because there are no saloons. The twister who twisted texts to suit the several sects, was not more of a twister than the twisted saloonic who twists the facts about prohibition to suit his purpose. In one breath there is as much liquor sold here as ever, and before that lie is cold from the lips we are told that prohibition is driving all business away.

The State Bar Association will hold their annual meeting in the senate chamber Tuesday, January 7, at 7 p.m. Thomas Ewing, of New York, the first chief justice of the supreme court of this state, will be present and deliver an address. First Associate Justices Kingman and L. D. Bailey, of Garden City, will also talk to the association. After the reports of standing committees, Judge Guthrie will deliver the annual address. Justice Ewing will follow, and be succeeded by Justices Kingman and Bailey. Judge S. O. Thatcher will address the association on early times. Judge John Martin will report from the memorial committee resolutions on the death of John P. Usher. A. L. Williams will deliver a memorial address.

The state grange at its last meeting asked that the postal laws be so amended that any person taking from the postoffice any newspaper, after the term of subscription expires, shall not be liable for the same, neither shall they be liable for any paper sent them without authority. As the law now is, persons taking papers out of the postoffice are liable for subscription money. The law should be so changed that a publisher who sends out his papers when they are not paid for, should do it at his own risk. There is a good deal of sham about our newspaper business.

It is a good thing for farmers to thoroughly understand scientific and practical farming, and it is well for farm papers to devote a good deal of space in educating and informing farmers in this direction. But producers are coming to understand that something else is needed. Their bins are already bursting. Their yards are filled with stock for which there is no sale, while whole families are starving for need of corn that is worth only fifteen cents a bushel. While on the other hand fortunes are piling up as never before in the known world. The farmers are thinking they need to know something more than how to raise corn and fat steers.

North half of the Dennis and Ewart building on Jackson street is filled with furniture, carpets, stoves, cutlery, &c., at cut prices.

Topeka, E. H. BATTY.

The countryman, when told that "lightning never strikes twice in the same place," exclaimed, "It don't have to" when success hits the nail on the head it never stops to argue. Like lightning, it don't have to.

This is why Drs. Starkey & Palen. instead of argument, offer example.

Drs. Starkey & Palen—Your Compound Oxygen Treatment cured me of consumption of four years standing.

L. A. PEACOCK, M. D., Smithville, Ga., Jan. 11, 1889.

Drs. Starkey & Palen—I had pleuro-pneumonia; your Compound Oxygen Treatment cured me.

JOS. S. HOWARD, 67 Main St., Mansfield, Pa.

A brochure of 200 pages containing the history of the Compound Oxygen Treatment in cases of consumption, bronchitis, asthma, catarrh, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, rheumatism, neuralgia, and all complaints of a chronic nature, will be forwarded free of charge to any one addressing DRs. STARKEY & PALEN, No. 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia Pa.

THE JACCARD Watch & Jewelry CO.

Are now prepared for the holiday season with a full line of

Diamonds, Watches, Canes, Umbrellas, Solid Silver and Plated Ware.

100 Visiting Cards & Engraved Copperplate, only \$1.50

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NORTH TOPEKA, KANSAS.

Millers and Grain Merchants

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

Western Foundry

MACHINE WORKS.
R. L. COFRAN, Prop'r

Manufacturer of Steam Engines,

Mill Machinery, Shafting, Pulleys,

Gearings and Fittings, Etc.

WRITE FOR PRICES

Topeka, Kans

The State Grange yesterday appointed a committee to confer with the Farmers' Alliance to arrange if possible, for harmonious, united action on the part of these two organizations in matters which concern the farmers of Kansas. There is doubtless much legislation needed in this matter, but it is very doubtful if what these organizations will ask can be obtained of any legislature. There is too much money and influence being brought to bear, and too little real intelligence in the honest legislator to effect this. Some good will be accomplished but not nearly all the farmers expect. They will have to work hard and live poorly, for many years yet, and no amount of legislation can change this until a new order of things shall come.—Lawrence Journal.

Well, this is rich. First is a confession that what the farmers and laborers are asking is just, "but" it is doubtful if they can obtain it, and why? Because there is too much money against them, and because, you farmers, laborers, voters have too little intelligence to effect it. So you must slave on, dig and toil and wait while those who have the money can still reap what you sow, for "many years yet."

It may be so. It will be so if the people are still willing to be led to the ballot box with halters on their necks to elect legislators, who have been selected through the influence of money, or who can be bought with money, as the Journal intimates.

It strikes us that this confession of the Journal, which every one knows to be the real sentiment of the machine demagogues everywhere, ought to open the eyes of the people and lead to a greater degree of independent voting. We ask our readers to study the above extract well, and read, too, carefully between the lines.

We believe the people have the remedy in their own hands. They can, if they will, elect the very next legislature that will give them just what the Journal admits they ought to have. They will do it, too, if they will resolve not to be longer the victims to political soft soap.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggist, Toledo, Ohio.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

E. H. Van Hoesen, Cashier Toledo National Bank, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 50c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

North half of the Dennis and Ewart building on Jackson street, is filled with furniture, carpets, stoves, cutlery, &c., at cut prices.

Topeka, E. H. BATTY.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

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

North half of the Dennis and Ewart building on Jackson street, is filled with Furniture, Carpets, Stoves, Cutlery, &c., at cut prices.

Topeka, E. H. BATTY.

At the meeting of the state grange A. F. Allen, of Vinland, introduced a resolution against Judge Brewer's confirmation because of his decision in the beef combine business. While we think that the people would have been better off had the beef combine decision been the opposite of what it was, still as Judge Brewer is not making the laws governing his decisions but merely interpreting them, and as he decided in this case according to what he considered the law, it is the height of folly to censure him. This idea that a Judge should be bulldozed into his decisions disregarding the law in case is an anarchistic and silly. Such resolutions do no good.—Lawrence Journal.

We remember when a boy that a class of journals in this country, used just this argument in support of Judge Taney in the Dred Scott case. The argument is not good. It is a sound legal principle that has been growing for years, that law should be interpreted in favor of the people rather than in favor of moneyed or aristocratic interests whenever there is any doubt. This is more so under our form of government. No judge should be bulldozed, but the people should see that all executives, legislators and judges are in sympathy with the people.

Orchard grass is highly praised by those who have tried it. It has its "faults," but its friends claim that it averages exceedingly well.

Established in 1879.

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DAVIS SEWING MACHINES.

—TOPEKA.

CHARLES E. WARDIN, JEWELER.

Carries a complete stock of everything in that line.

Fine Watch Repairing.

610 Kansas Avenue,

Topeka, Kansas.

One of the FREE "BEST" Tel. scopes in the world. Our facilities are unequalled, and to introduce our superior goods we will send FREE to any person who writes to us at once a make sure of the chance. All you have to do is return to us to show our goods to those who call—your neighbors and those around you. The beginning of this advertisement shows the small end of the telescope. The following cut gives the appearance of it reduced to about the fifth part of its bulk. It is a grand, double end telescope, as large as a easy telescope. We will also show you how you can make from \$25 to \$75 a day at least, from the start, without any money from us. We pay all express charges. Our experience. Better write at once. We pay all express charges. Address, H. B. LITTLE & CO., Box 888, Portland, Maine.

Chattel Mortgage Sale.

Pending a final settlement with the creditors, I have been appointed agent for mortgagee, to dispose of all the

❖ CLOTHING, FURNISHING GOODS, ETC. ❖

At appraisers valuation, which means selling goods at less than actual cost of manufacture.

Call and Examine the Elegant line which is being Sacrificed!

A saving of over 50c on the dollar. HOLIDAY GOODS in large assortment. Smoking Jackets in 10 styles, all sizes.

J. LEVI, Agent for Mortgagee.

REMEMBER THE PLACE

LEVI'S MAMMOTH ONE PRICE CLOTHING HOUSE,

628 and 630 Kansas Avenue, Topeka, Kans

Western Farm News.

Seward county prides herself on never having had to ask for aid outside the county.

Ex-Senator E. G. Ross, late governor of New Mexico, is now editor of the Headlight at Deming.

The commission of engineers have decided that Galveston is the best place for a deep water harbor.

The Kansas farmers' alliance is growing at the rate of 2,000 a month and has a membership of 70,000.

It should be remembered that all this talk about a protective tariff is something new and foreign to the principles of the old republican party. A tariff for revenue only is the genuine republican doctrine.

The board of railroad commissioners is unwilling to grant the petition of the railroads to return to the old system of shipping live stock by actual weight until the shippers have been heard from. The board has consequently sent out a circular to prominent shippers in all parts of the state, asking their views on the proposed change.

Daniel Webster said: "In a country like ours, above all others, this truth will hold good: If the people can obtain fair compensation for their labor they will have good homes, good clothing, good food and the means of educating their families. Labor will be cheerful and the people happy. The great interest of this country is labor."

Hon. Jacob Stotler, it is said, will be a candidate for state printer next winter. If there is one man in Kansas more deserving of the position than another, that man is Jacob Stotler.—Baldwin Ledger.

Very true. But a radical change needs to be made in regard to state printing. As it is now, the state printer may make in two years more than a farmer can make in twenty, and the farmer and taxpayer stand it.

The economical policy of the Santa Fe does not stop at reducing salaries but reaches into little things. For example, an order has issued to preserve old broom handles to be used again. An order issued cutting off matches and toilet paper. Requisitions have to be issued for the smallest articles—a poker or a shovel, and none will be given out until a satisfactory account of the old ones is furnished.

The regents of the State Agricultural College at Manhattan have elected Prof. George C. Georgesen, of Little Silver, N. J., to the chair of agriculture, vacated by the resignation of Prof. Shelton. Prof. Georgesen is a Dane by birth, but graduated from the Michigan Agricultural College and has since successively been associate editor of the Rural New Yorker, professor of agriculture of the Texas Agricultural College, instructor in agriculture in Japan three and a half years and editor of Orchard and Garden. He stands high in his profession.

It has just been published among the local flour men that during the year ending June 30th, 1889, the flouring mills of Topeka ground 1,325,000 bushels of grain, costing \$1,067,000 and turned out a product equal to 275,325 barrels. One hundred and nine men were constantly employed. The mills ran on an average 206 days of twelve hours each. The full capacity of the mills is 1,440 barrels daily. One hundred and twenty-four sets of rolls were used, and only fifteen pairs of burrs. The milling capital of the above city amounts to \$536,000 an increase over last year of \$38,000. Topeka is by far the largest milling center in Kansas. The next largest is Atchison, where the capital used amounts to \$374,000, producing 173,104 barrels, or over 100,000 barrels less than Topeka. The above is not generally known among local grocers, or, in fact, among those all through the West, who have no conception of the amount of flour manufactured close at home.—St. Louis Grocer.

State Board of Agriculture.

The annual meeting of the state board of agriculture will convene in representative hall, Topeka, Kans., on January 8th, and continue in session three days.

The meeting promises to be of unusual interest and much the largest in the history of the board.

Senator Plumb is expected to be present and will have something to say.

Governor Humphrey will deliver an address, also President Geo. T. Fairchild, Ex-governor G. W. Glick and others.

D. E. Salmon, chief of bureau of animal industry, Washington, D. C., will be present and give an address on hog cholera, its prevention and remedy. Also parties from Kansas who claim they actually have an infallible remedy for hog cholera.

Col. Tweeddale, of Topeka, will give his theory of irrigation, the most original, comprehensive and practical yet given to the public.

Representatives of both the diffusion and roasting process of sugar making will be present and the sugar industry will be thoroughly ventilated and the true status made known.

The "Alliance" and other organizations in the farmers' interest will be represented and the advantage of thorough organization of farmers will be ably presented and fully discussed; besides a wide range of interesting topics agricultural and horticultural will be presented by live practical farmers from every section of the state.

In addition to the meeting of the Board of Agriculture the Dairymen's Association, the Stockmen's Convention and the Swine Breeders Association, all meet during the same week, commencing January 7th.

Programs will be out for distribution and sent to delegates and others two weeks before the meeting.

Reduced railroad rates will be secured and published on program.

All farmers who desire to keep abreast of the times should be present at the meeting and the time has come when farmers' wives should participate in these exercises constituting as they do an important factor in farm operations. M. MOHRER, Secretary.

What Chemistry Has Taught Us.

Chemistry has taught us that plants are composed of certain ingredients, known as organic and inorganic or mineral; that plants on an average take from eighty to ninety per cent. of their weight from the air, while the other ten or twenty per cent. is taken from the soil; and that if man draws from the deposits which have been placed for his use this small quantity of mineral matter, he can make his worn-out soil rich and fertile as of old, and blossom like the Garden of Eden.

New soil usually contains enough plant food for a number of crops. In some places crops have been raised for generation after generation without seeming to exhaust the virgin fertility, and in other localities it has been exhausted in one or two crops.

Man has ascertained not only what these ingredients are which it is necessary for him to supply, but he has also determined the various kinds which are most suitable to plant growth. He has found that most soils still contain all that is required of the ordinary plant ingredients, such as lime, silica (sand), iron, magnesia, and many others, but that nearly all soils have been exhausted of their potash, their phosphoric acid or phosphate of lime, and their nitrogen; and that if we supply these ingredients, every agricultural soil may be made fertile again. The reason these have been exhausted more than others is because the crops which we grow contain, as a rule, more of these than they do of the minor ingredients.

According to the Stockbridge formula, 100 bushels of potatoes take from the soil 21 pounds of nitrogen, 34 pounds of potash, and eleven pounds of soluble phosphoric acid; 50 bushels of Indian corn take 64 pounds of nitrogen, 77 of actual potash, and 30 pounds of soluble phosphoric acid; one ton of English hay requires 36 pounds of nitrogen, 31 pounds of potash, and 12 pounds of soluble phosphoric acid.

Rural Horticultural Suggestions.

Sheep manure is estimated as next in value to horse manure.

A well kept hedge is a good thing on a farm.

Attend the horticultural meetings, friend. It will pay you to listen to what you will hear at them.

No one who intends to have a first-class garden should neglect the compost. Garden crops like compost.

Do not try to grow garden crops or any other ordinary farm crop in soil that is wet.

A crop of buckwheat makes a famine for the white grub. There is nothing in the roots for the grub to feed on.

Sometimes roots store up elements that are not found in the plants they nourish. Rhubarb is an example.

As a rule whole bones are not valuable as fertilizers. Yet the grape vine will get nourishment from whole bones.

Better turn the cider into vinegar. Drinking cider is a dangerous thing, for it soon contains a large per cent of alcohol.

It takes considerable care and time to prepare the soil for garden purposes, but it must be done if we expect good crops. Think of that next spring.

The way to win a battle is to plan your campaign. The way to have a good garden is to think the matter over and lay your plans during the winter.

The stems of a plant, like the roots, have two offices; first, to sustain the leaves and fruits, and second to convey nourishment to the leaves and fruits, and also to return nourishment to the roots.

It is the barrel of elegant appearing apples that the consumer is willing to pay for. He says nothing about the quality, but the sight of such a barrel of apples causes him to say: What splendid apples, I want a barrel.

Apples should never be handled any more than is absolutely necessary, not because the simple touching of the fruit does any harm, but with every handling there are liable to be some bruises, unless the utmost care is exercised.

It is a sad commentary upon the abilities of a man as a farmer, when, having the proper soil and location, he says that he can buy fruit cheaper than he can grow it. Perhaps such a man could buy everything he raises cheaper than he can produce it.

Production is increasing all the time, and the time is here when if we would grow fruit or produce anything else at a profit, we must not only produce the best varieties, but we must produce them in the most economical way. Study economy in production.

Samuel Miller's remedy for bark louse is equal amounts of pine tar and linseed oil, applied with a brush, and washed off in the spring with strong soapuds. He tells the Rural World that in the spring all the scales will be dead. It looks like a good remedy. Try it.

The grape is a delicious fruit and a useful fruit as long as it is not made into wine. Some people advocate the use of the milder alcoholic drinks as an aid to temperance. It is the mild drinks, such as wine, that lead more men into drunkenness than any "tangle foot" was able to do.

The publishers of "Southern Society and Drama," No. 60 Main Street, Norfolk, Va., desire a correspondent in this section to attend theatres and society meetings and forward reports of same. Credentials for admittance furnished. Address with stamped envelope for reply.

Books and Magazines.

The January St. Louis Magazine is a holiday number of unusual interest. There are illustrated New Year poems, papers and stories by Ella Wheeler-Wilcox, Minnie C. Ballard, Firmin Boissin, Lilla N. Cushman and many others. Editor A. N. De Meul has his customary bright, unconventional "Literary Chats" and "Light Moods" departments. Price only 15 cents. Specimen copy 6 cents. We will send our paper for one year and The St. Louis (regular price \$1.50) for only \$1.60.

Pictures of Jefferson Davis's Funeral.

THREE pages of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER this week are devoted to superb illustrations of the obsequies of Jefferson Davis. The opening of the Auditorium in Chicago, the Johnstown theatre disaster, the centennial of the first American Congress, interesting foreign events, and a typical Christmas-tree are also pictured. The illustrations are numerous, and the leading contributed articles gives the reasons why St. Louis should have the World's Fair. It is a splendid number, and all should buy it.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY for January is a "Holiday Number," as benefits the season. It has a new dress and is, probably the most elegant number ever issued. The colored frontispiece is "A Fair Masquerader." Lieutenant Beehler, the eminent naval officer, contributes a paper of thrilling interest, as well as of great historical value, on "The United States Navy and West India Piracy," in the eventful years 1821-25. It is profusely illustrated. The article on Millet and his famous "Angelus," with engravings of that and others of his works, is timely and attractive. The Yellowstone region with seductive pictures of the German Turner Associations of the United States by Dr. Metzner, and numerous other articles of literary, romantic or practical interest, while the serial and short stories, poems and various departments are full and varied.

The farmers here are beginning to see the necessity of organized effort and are forming an alliance which will protect them in the exchange of the commodities they raise against the combines and of trusts of eastern manufacturers.—Lawrence Journal.

Yes, and they are seeing more than this. They are seeing that comparatively no legislation is, or ever has been done in this interest, while everything has been done for corporations, money brokers, stock jobbing, etc. If the National Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union does no more than to protect itself in the exchange of commodities, it will not get very deep down toward the tap root of the evil, and this fact it fully understands.

The winter term of the Lawrence Business College takes place January 2d. All interested should as far as possible enter at this time.

For an elegant line of Holiday Goods go to Farnsworth's Crockery Store, 503 Kansas Avenue, south, Topeka.

CATARRH.

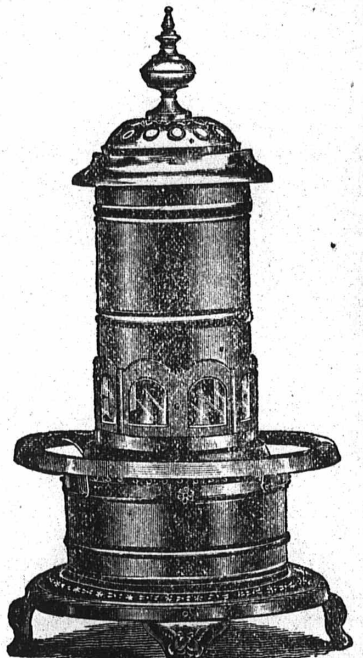
Catarrhal Deafness—Hay Fever.

A NEW HOME TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks.

N. B.—This treatment is not a snuff or an ointment; both have been discarded by reputable physicians as injurious. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent on receipt of three cents in stamps to pay postage, by A. H. Dixon & Son, 337 and 339 West King Street, Toronto, Canada—Christian Advocate.

Sufferers from Catarrhal troubles should carefully read the above.



The above cut illustrates a novel feature in the stove line, and one that creates a sensation wherever introduced.

A STOVE THAT REQUIRES NEITHER PIPE OR CHIMNEY.

NO SMOKE, NO SMELL.

We also carry a full line CHARTER OAK STOVES, Fine Table and Pocket Cutlery, Carvers, Razors, Builders' Hardware, &c., &c.

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HANLEY BROS.,
Dealers in

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Corner Gordon st. and Topeka Avenue.
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Carries on a

Strictly First Class Business

with all its different branches.

Buys all His Stock alive

and has it butchered in his own slaughter house.

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Veterinary Notice!

All diseases of animals scientifically treated by the latest method. Poll-evil, Fistula and Lameness a Specialty. Give me a trial. All examinations free.

DR. DETLOR,
507 Jackson st. Topeka,
Correspondence and Telegrams promptly attended to.



HOW TO MAKE WOMAN BEAUTIFUL

Many women with fair faces are deficient in beauty owing to undeveloped features, flat noses, etc., which can be remedied by using

ADIPO-MALENE.

It is impossible to give a full description in an advertisement. Send for a stamp for a descriptive circular, and receive "Beauty," a Monograph, with testimonials, sealed by return mail. Sold by druggists. L. E. MARSH & CO. 2519 Madison St., Philadelphia, Pa.

As soon as the ground freezes cover the strawberries, but do not cover them too thickly.

THE OWLS' CHRISTMAS.

BY LURA LEE.

There was an old owl and he lived in a tree,
A Christmas tree, if you please;
And seven small owlets his children were,
Nimble and merry as bees;
But very complaining and gruff were they
The day that came just before Christmas Day.

For not a gift, if you please.
"Huh!" and "Ha!" and "Humph!" they growled;
"A nice state of things, if you please:
Not a present nor a bit of fun,
While father snoozes at ease.
Papa, wake up! What of Christmas Day?
Can't we go out and have a play
Under the Christmas trees?"

Father he blinked, but he chuckled out-right.
Then got out his pocket-knife keen,
And whittled seven pairs of tiny skates,
The tiniest ever seen.
With holly leaves he tied them secure,
And rolled up seven tippets of snow soft and pure,
And put them on, if you please.

He gave each for a cane an icicle long,
And took them all down to the lake;
Where the ice was smooth, and glassy, and strong—
No danger that it would break—
And said, "You can skate, and run, and dance,
And tumble, play tag, and stumble, and prance,
All day and all night, if you please."

So that was their Christmas. Snug in bed,
And awfully tired that night,
The owlets slept, and never woke up
Till morning, but woke in affright.
What do you think? The tree was cut down
Without waking an owl and carted to town,
And set up in a house, if you please.

There it was lighted and trimmed and be-decked,
And the nest at the top of the tree;
Presents below and a merry crowd,
Laughing and romping with glee,
And there Mr. Owl and his family were kept,
And petted and fed till the children slept,
Then out to the home grove they all were swept,
And that was their Christmas Day.

A TIMELY TALE.

Told on Christmas Eve by the Old Clock Most Feelingly.



then it looked right at the jumping-jack and asked: "Why haven't you gone to sleep, too?"

"I'm waiting for Santa Claus," answered the jumping-jack.

"Waiting for Santa Claus," laughed the old clock; why, you don't suppose that Santa Claus is going to bring you anything, do you?"

"I need it bad enough," said the jumping-jack; "I fell into the wash-basin three weeks ago and by the time I was pulled out and dried I lost all the beautiful red stripes and yellow buttons off my coat, and this left eye of mine faded from a lovely purple into a dirty lavender. I have been the sickest jumping-jack in town ever since."

"Oh, phsaw!" said the old clock; "handsome is that handsome does; tick-tock! tick-tock!"

"But I shall be all right in the morning," said the jumping-jack, "for my little mistress Bertha put me here by the fire to-day and whispered up the chimney: 'Please, Santa Claus, bring a new eye and a new suit of clothes for jumping-jack, and please, Santa Claus, bring me a nice big box of candy.'"

"So you like Bertha, do you?" asked the old clock.

"No, not very much," said the jumping-jack; she dropped me in the wash-basin, you know, and then, too, she makes me jump when I don't want to. Last week she pulled me so hard that the string broke."

"Sque-ea-en-eak!" said another small voice, and the little blue mouse peeped out from under the wardrobe. "Sque-ea-en-eak and I don't like Bertha either!" she said.

"Tick-tock, tick-tock," said the old clock, "and why don't you like Bertha, Mistress Blue Mouse?"

"She frightens me," answered the little blue mouse, "and she pets that horrid old cat. No, I could never like a child that keeps such bad company. Depend upon it, no child that keeps company with a cat ever came to any good end—sque-ea-en-eak!"

Now, while the old clock and the jumping-jack and the little blue mouse talked together, Bertha lay fast asleep in her crib, and the old clock and the jumping-jack and the little blue mouse were still talking and Bertha was still fast asleep when there came the sound of sleigh bells and then the noise of some one slipping down the chimney.

But instead of Santa Claus there came out of the chimney and stood on the hearth a very fat and very sleepy-looking boy. He wore fur clothes and a fur cap, and the first thing he did was to yawn.

"You're not Santa Claus, are you?" asked the jumping-jack.

"Of course he isn't!" said the old clock. "I know Santa Claus, for I've seen him twenty times!"

"No, I'm Santa Claus' boy," said the boy, and he yawned again, for he was very sleepy.

"What on earth are you doing here at this time of night?" said the jumping-jack.

"Why, father was so busy," said the boy, "that he sent me down here with this box of candy and this box of paints. One of them is for—let me see—he

said to give the candy to the jumping-jack, and—no that wasn't it! I am to paint Bertha—no, I'm sure I don't remember what he did tell me to do, but here is the candy and here are the paints!"

You see he had forgotten all about what he came for. Wasn't that just like a boy?

Just then a wicked thought came to the jumping-jack. He winked his one eye at the little blue mouse, as much as to say, "You help me out in this story and I'll make it all right with you." Then the jumping-jack said to



the boy, "I know all about this, and I will tell you what to do. The box of candy is for me, and you are to paint Bertha. You'll find her in the crib over there. Put some red stripes and yellow buttons on her, and don't forget to give her a new purple left eye."

"That's right," squeaked the little blue mouse.

The old clock was so surprised that it could only "tick-tock, tick-tock," over and over again, and these "tick-tocks" were so sad that tears of sorrow filled the eyes of the needles in the work-basket on the table.

The boy was foolish enough to believe the wicked jumping-jack. So he handed over the box of candy, and then—oh, horrible!—he went to the crib and painted red stripes and yellow buttons all over poor little Bertha, and having done that he painted one of her beautiful blue eyes (the left one) an awful purple! Then he tied a string to her and climbed up the chimney again.

As for Bertha, she got the worst of it, of course, for there she was—all painted up like a jumping-jack, with a big purple left eye. She couldn't speak or do anything else unless somebody pulled the string, and she had to stay that way a whole year, until Santa Claus came around himself and fixed things. When Santa Claus did come he took the evil jumping-jack away with him and changed him into a nut-cracker. So now the evil jumping-jack has to work harder than ever before, and nobody is a bit sorry, I'm certain.

But the old clock sings "tick-tock, tick-tock" just the same as before, and once when I sat listening to this strange music, which will go on long after you and I are done with Christmas times, the old clock paused in its solemn singing to tell me the story I have just told you, and the old clock knows many other pretty stories which I may sometime repeat.

New Substitute For Glass.

The introduction of a material combining all the advantages of glass, with none of the corresponding disadvantages arising from its brittleness, will be hailed with interest by every class of the public who suffer daily in one form or another from the fragile nature of the article it is now sought to supersede. The transparent wire wove roofing, which is translucent, pliable as leather and unbreakable, has for its basis a web of fine iron wire, with warp and waft threads about one-twelfth of an inch apart. This netting is covered on both sides with a thick translucent varnish, containing a large percentage of linseed oil. The process of manufacturing is conducted by dipping the sheets into deep tanks containing the composition until the required thickness is obtained; the sheets are then dried in a heated chamber, and after being stored for some time till thoroughly set are ready for use. The sheets can be made any color desired, and range from amber to pale brown.

The roofing is very pliable, and bending backward and forward without any injury, readily adapts itself to curves or angles in roofing. The new material is not only water proof, but is unaffected by steam, the heat of the sun, frost, hail, rain, or, indeed, atmospheric changes of any kind. Being a non conductor, buildings, winter gardens and similar structures remain cool in summer and warm in winter.

A Happy Thought.

"Tommy, I hear you got a thrashing in school to-day." Tommy: "Yes, ma, the teacher whipped me, but he is getting so old and weak that it didn't hurt much." "Did you cry?" "Oh, yes, I bawled so you could have heard it on the next block." "Why did you do that?" "I wanted to make the old man feel happy once more."

Lemon, Girl, and Squeezer.

"Lemon parties" are becoming popular in a number of Hudson River towns. It is stated that every young man is expected to bring a lemon, a girl, and a squeezer.

HER HEART'S REPLY.

If unto one I answer "Yes!"
Midst queenly splendor I may dwell
In robes of royalty to dress
And all the world will say "Tis well."
In luxury my life shall pass,
To me will never be denied
What gold may purchase. But alas!
My heart will not be satisfied.

If to the one my heart would hold,
Though parted we forever roam,
I answer "Yes!" rich gifts of gold
May ne'er adorn our cottage home.
But ah! a cot entwined with flowers
Where love may happily abide
Is more than gold to lives like ours,
My heart will then be satisfied.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

Early one morning Master Edward Barton arose from his pillow in great haste, called himself a hard name, and, having made his toilet, sat down to write a letter.

He had had a quarrel with his sweetheart—Miss Sallie Peyton—and now he was anxious to become reconciled to her.

After covering several sheets of paper with words and sentences, merely to destroy them, he at last produced this effusion:

My Darling Lump of Sugar: Forgive your wicked Edward. It was all his own fault, and he repents in dust and ashes. Write to him to come to his own pet before he dies of sorrow. He can't live without you.

Having inclosed this missive in a neat envelope, Master Edward caught up his hat and rushed toward the village postoffice, but had not made half the distance before he espied, trotting along the road with a small basket on his arm, a very small boy, no other, in fact, than the brother of the damsel to whom the note was directed, and coming face to face with him, uttered the exclamation:

"Halloo, Phil?"

"Halloo, yourself," replied that worthy.

"Where are you going?" inquired the young man.

"Home," said Phil, "I've been to get coffee at the store."

"Oh, coffee," repeated the young man. "You're a little fellow to send on errands, aren't you?"

"No," responded Phil, "I is big."

"Oh, so I perceive. I wonder now if you are big enough to carry a letter?"

"Of course," said Phil.

"Then take this," said the young man, handing him the missive he had composed, "and give it to your sister as soon as you get home."

"Why don't you take it yourself?" asked Phil.

"Oh, your legs are younger than mine," said the young man, seeking for an apt reply and finding none.

"Zey ain't," said Phil indignantly; "my yegs is old."

Any imputation of youth was always resented with indignation by this five-year-old.

"Of course; where were my brains? I might have known your legs were as old as you were," said Edward, in a mollifying tone.

"Yes," said Phil, "of course. I've got new boots."

He laboriously lifted first one chubby leg and then the other, to exhibit them the better.

"Regular seven-leaguers, I declare," said Master Edward. "Now carry that letter safe to Miss Sallie and I'll bring you some caramels when I come over."

"All right. Dood-bye," said the young gentleman in the most condescending tones. "Tome soon," and away he trotted, while Master Edward, confident of his lady's mercy, now that he had humbled his pride and asked forgiveness, stalked along the road, which arose gradually from the flat farming land to the rocky hillside, and shortly reached an elevation which enabled him to see the chimneys of Pine farm, the abode of the Peytons.

A few steps more and the increased elevation permitted him to look upon the garden, and standing at the gate he saw a little blue figure that made his heart beat. It was Sallie's own.

At that distance he knew that even if she looked up she would not recognize him, so he stood still and gazed. He had not seen her for three good weeks, and even to look upon a fluttering figure in blue, that he knew, to be no other, gave him joy.

She opened the gate and ran up the road a space, the ribbons at her waist floating out upon the breeze. She beckoned with her hand and went out of sight.

Shortly she returned, leading Phil by one hand and carrying the little basket in the other.

"She has got it," said Edward.

He kissed his hand toward the chimneys reddened by the newly rising sun, and said to himself that she would surely write that very day.

Meanwhile Phil had been led into the kitchen.

"What on earth kept you so long?" asked his mother.

"I found persimmons," said the child. "Bill shook 'em down and I picked 'em up."

"I hope they were ripe," said the mother.

"Yes. Sumpin' for Sallie in the basket," said Phil, taking a hot biscuit from the pan and flying out in the garden.

"What is in the basket for me, ma?" asked Sallie.

"There's a dandelion in here," replied Mrs. Peyton, handing the basket to black Martha, the cook, after she had peeped into it and traced the yellow flower.

The letter had managed to get itself under the loose splint, and was invisible in the shadow of the cover.

Sallie stuck the flower into her blue belt.

"Cunning of Phil to bring it," she

said, and the basket was hung upon a peg in the pantry, and poor Master Edward waited in vain for an answer.

Waited and waited, growing sad and sorry as the time passed on, and Sallie waited also. She had believed that her lover would make overtures of reconciliation, and she was ready to meet him half-way. And two young hearts ached and were full of bitterness and believed they must break, because of two inches of loose splint in a little old market basket.

Then Edward went away with an uncle who was captain of an ocean steamer; and Sallie, staying at home, refused the offers of hand, heart and fortune made her by various gallant Virginia youths, saw her younger sisters marry, and kept the secret of her heart from all.

"If he had but come," she often said to herself.

"If she had but answered," Edward said as often, having no doubt she received his letter.

As for Phil, he went away to school, and afterward to a military academy, and grew tall and handsome, and came home for the holidays, and was the family joy and pride as heretofore.

And the splint basket hung upon the hook in the pantry with a persistency only possible to a southern basket in a southern kitchen.

It was old and shabby and a sort of heirloom. A big new basket had been in constant use when Phil went on his errand, but this had been chosen for its small size and light weight.

Phil was just 16 and home for Christmas, and for the first time since he went away Edward had come home. He had proposed, but he had not married.

He had never forgiven Sallie for refusing to forgive him, and he believed he hated women for her sins. The truth was he still loved her.

After he had been home for a week and had been to call on all his old friends, and had found the Virginian village unchanged, even the old pump, that some one had begun to paint blue, stood half finished, as it was when he went away, and old Uncle Blink, the gardener, had not time to finish "Platin' dem yar s'ringa," he walked out morning down into the village to the postoffice.

The postmaster was still sorting the letters in the tea-caddy, as he had been when he last saw him, and his wife was reading the postal cards and commenting on the news they conveyed.

There were letters and papers for him, and after he had got through with the requisite amount of gossip he turned his steps homeward and came full upon a tall youth who carried in his hand a shabby little old splint basket.

"Well," cried this young fellow in astonishment, "is it you or somebody else?"

"I believe I am myself," said Edward. "But who—unless—why, it is Phil Peyton, grown like the vine in 'Jack and the Bean-stalk'!"

"I do shove up," said Phil. "You look shorter somehow. Well, how do you do? Somehow it seems as if this all happened before."

"It did—eleven years ago," said the older man. "You carried the same basket and were going for coffee."

"I've been for coffee now," said Phil. "Well, come and see us. Good-bye, they are waiting for the coffee. Uncle Mo would have taken two hours to do the errand, so I offered to run over to the store. Good-bye. Do come over and have a cigar and a chat."

He hurried away. Edward went slowly up the hill. Had Sallie altered as much as Phil had? he asked himself. Sallie was 27 now; he was 31. He heaved a sigh suitable for an 80th birthday.

"Youth has flown," he thought, "and love with it."

He looked over his shoulder at this moment. He had reached the point whence he could see the Peytons' garden.

Despite himself he turned and gazed. Phil had entered the gate. A little woman in blue stood there and took the basket from him.

"Sallie! My God! I am just as fond of her as ever!" sighed Edward. "What an idiot I am!"

The tears arose to his eyes. He saw her take the basket from Phil, and the two entered the house together.

"Who do you think I just now met, ma?" said Phil.

"Who was it?" queried the mother. "Sallie's old beau, Mr. Edward Barton," said Phil. "He didn't know me at first."

Sallie turned to look out the window. "Here is the coffee, Martha," said Mrs. Peyton, handing the basket to the cook.

"Dey is a letter is dis dar basket, missus," said Martha.

"Did you give me one to mail?" asked Phil. "I didn't see it."

"No, it is directed to Sallie," said Mrs. Peyton. "Why, how dirty it is!" She caught the letter. After one glance at the hand in which it was directed she disappeared from the room.

The next day Edward Barton received a letter. Within it was his own dear missive.

Dear Mr. Barton: To-day when Phil came in he brought this letter in a little old basket we have had in the house forever. It is dated eleven years ago. He remembers that you gave him one for me when he was a little boy. It must have caught in the splints and hidden itself all this time. I want you to know that I never read it before or surely I should have answered it.

Yours truly, SALLIE PEYTON.

Eleven years of sorrow! Eleven years of anger!

It was really one of Cupid's excellent tricks; but, after all, these two were yet young and they loved each other, and all is well that ends well.

I am asked to the wedding.

TALK OF THE DAY.

Pushed to the wall—Plaster.
Eternal vigilance is the price of an umbrella.

When money is tight business men are sure to be sober.

Turkeys are the most innocent of birds. The most silly woman in the world can stuff one.

No truth in it—"What's all this talk of illicit whisky made in the south?" O, that's all moonshine.

And he didn't take the hint—"Delightful air up here, Miss Ancient?" "Yes, indeed, so embracing!"

Judge—"Why don't you answer the question just put to you?" Prisoner—"Well, give me time, can't you?" Judge—"Certainly. Thirty days! Next case."

The old story—"How is your furnace?" "First-rate. We manage to get it warm every day, but it is a little selfish about letting any of the heat away from it."

Euchre between the acts—"Will you do me the favor to let me pass?" She gently nodded her head; "With pleasure; however, if I were you, I would order it up," she said.

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

Appropriate—"We want a good name for our town." "Yes. Something like 'Yonkers-on-Hudson' or 'Manchester-by-the-Sea,' eh?" "Yes. How would 'Boombtown-on-Paper' do?"

Pleasant for Johnson—"To look at you, Johnson, no one would take you for a humorist." "No?" "No. And be hanged if they'd think you were a funny man to read your jokes, either!"

Hospital-ity—Hospital physician (with a view to diagnosis)—"What do you drink?" New patient (cheering up at the proposal)—"Oh, sir!—thank you, sir—whatever you—I leave that to you, sir!"

Mudge—"Doctor, if I were to lose my mind do you suppose I would be aware of it myself?" Dr. Boless—"You would not. And very likely none of your acquaintances would notice it, either."

No great shakes: Miss Brimmer (talking of Victor Hugo)—"Have you seen 'Ninety-Three,' Mr. Ferguson?" It is wonderful! Ferguson, '92 (suddenly aroused)—"I don't think so. We beat them nine to four."

Station master—"Come, come, my good man! You mustn't walk on the track." Tramp (disgustedly)—"The conductor says I can't ride and you say I can't walk. What's your blamed old road here for, anyway?"

A Unanimous Joke—"The subject for debate this evening, ladies and gentlemen," said the president of the society, "is the old maid." "Ready for the question!" humorously shouted everybody in the hall at once.

Lubrication: Mrs. Megrim—"Lemuel, what air you a doing?" Mr. Megrim—"Apple-jackin' these axles. If th' stuff makes them wheels go th' way it did my head last night, I'll git 't town in about five minutes."

Mean thrust: Caller (on wrong floor)—"This is the subscription office of the Tomahawk, is it not? I wish to procure a few back numbers." Exchange editor (pointing to funny man)—"Look in his column to-morrow morning."

After the distribution: Foreign guest (at grand reception)—"Evidences of vast wealth are everywhere. Who is that handsome woman ablaze with diamonds?" Hostess—"Oh, she's the wealthiest girl in the room. She's a Johnstown sufferer."

In a Flat—"Well, my dear, we should be comfortable enough here. Stationary tubs, stationary washstands, hot and cold water and all modern improvements." "Yes (dejectedly). John, that's all very nice, but where is the stationary domestic?"

He—"Mattie, I know that nobody can love you as well as I do." She—"And is it possible that only you can find anything in me deserving of love?" He—"Of course I don't mean that, Mattie. But, you know, I am not so particular as most men are."

Doctor—"Even if your wife, my dear sir, does not seem quite cured of the malady for which I recommend the baths you must remember that she has gained ten pounds. You will know how to value that." "Exactly; precisely; every pound cost me \$100."

His Wish—"Is there anything you wish for, dear?" said the young wife, fondly, to her husband at the breakfast table on the morning after the wedding.

"Yes; I wish somebody would give me \$10 for that five thousand dollar check your father put among the wedding presents."

Mrs. Dainty—"I am so delighted to welcome you that I've come right down, you see, without even stopping to put on cuffs." Mrs. Faupras (returning her embrace)—"You sweet thing, as if any one with the wits of a Venus de Milo need to even think of wearing cuffs!"

Space Limited.—Mr. Bascom—"I noticed young Timothy'sed is payin' consid'able 'tentions to our 'Lizy, Jane. Do you 'spose there's anything between 'em?" Mrs. Bascom (who hasn't forgotten old times)—"Not much, I guess, when they get to settin' on the sofa."

Risky.—Irate father—"Young man! I am enraged, sir, that you should seek to marry my daughter on so short an acquaintance. You are almost a stranger to her." Stubbs (firmly)—"Well, she doesn't take any more chances than I do. She's almost a stranger to me, too."

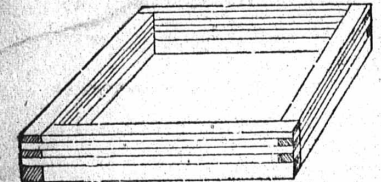
OF INTEREST TO FARMERS.

Facts Worthy of Serious Consideration by Agriculturists.

How to Build a Simple Silo Bed—Parasites in Sheep—Does Hog Raising Pay—Poultry for Market—Pointers for the Dairy.

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Let me give you the plan of a silo which we have recently built, and as it can be followed with ease by any one, says a writer in the Country Gentleman, even those not skilled in carpenter work, it may be suited to the wants of a large class of farmers who have not the necessary mechanical skill or the ready money to hire a carpenter to



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Do Hogs Pay?

When the price of pork is as low as at present many farmers get the idea that raising hogs does not pay. Let us look at this question and ascertain, if we can, whether anything on the farm pays better. One acre of clover and one acre of corn (fifty bushels) will produce 800 pounds of pork. This at \$3 per hundred, which is low enough, is \$24. Suppose you say the pigs and the care of them for eight months, when they ought to be ready for market, is worth \$8, leaving \$16 for the use of two acres of ground. But you say there is danger of cholera and other diseases with hogs. That is true. But the mortality among hogs for the past twenty years does not exceed 10 per cent. But say it is double that or 20 per cent. This on \$24 would be \$5.80—leaving \$18.20. Deduct from this the \$8 for pigs and their care, leaves \$10.20 for two acres or \$5.10 per acre. If a man has fifty acres of corn and hogs enough to eat it, and on of clover, making sixty acres, he will have a clear profit for the use of his land of \$357.—Des Moines Register.

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The custom of selling undrawn poultry, which generally prevails, should be abolished as pernicious and dangerous. In former days, when cold storage was not yet in vogue, there could not be much harm done, but now it has become a serious hygienic evil and should be effectually

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We must all make our apologies to the pig, who has been grossly maligned in regard to his food. Instead of being ready to eat anything, he turns out to be the most fastidious of animals. Experiments have been made both in France and Sweden which show this to be the case, and in the latter country the record tells that out of 575 plants the goat eats 449 and refuses 126; the sheep out of 524 plants eats 387 and refuses 141; out of 497 plants the cow eats 276 and refuses 218; out of 474 plants the horse eats 262 and refuses 212; and the pig out of 243 plants eats 72 and refuses 171.

Dairy Dots.

Break a piece of cold butter, and if the grain is perfect, the broken parts will resemble the broken parts of east iron or steel, also the same of some rock formations.

Out of poplar, beech, ash or white oak make paddles, say ten inches long and the handle four inches wide. With these paddles you can handle the butter—make it up for weighing, printing, etc., without touching it with your bare hands, which is something you should never do.

Bear in mind that sudden changes in food will cause sudden changes in the yield of milk. Bringing the cows from a pasture of grass and feeding them on dry food is a risk. Cooked food, ensilage or roots, should be used in connection with hay or grain, and as long as grass or green rye can be had the cows should be turned on it until the winter sets in.

Cows that yield largely of milk drink water freely, and it should be provided for them at all hours; but if the water is very cold the cow will be chilled, as she must warm the water with the animal heat of the body. Water in winter should, therefore, be warmed in some manner. Some cows will refrain from drinking water as long as possible, if the water is cold, and consequently, fall off in the yield of milk.

Farm Notes.

A warm stable will make the fall colt come out on grass in the spring strong and vigorous.

No portion of the milk should be lost. A mess of cornmeal and whey will be relished by pigs. The refuse from creameries is a valuable food if utilized for hogs.

That cooked food is not more extensively used is not because it is less nutritious than raw food, but because an additional expense is incurred for fuel and labor in cooking.

Meadow land needs manuring as well as for other crops. If not plowed up in a system of rotation, a good application of manure should be given, taking care to have it well rotted and fine.

The best way to apply salt to land is to mix it with the lime or ashes, one bushel of salt to ten of the lime or ashes being the proper proportion. It renders the lime more soluble, due to chemical action.

Whenever you are compelled to allow a field to remain uncultivated for want of time or labor, it indicates that you have too much land, and that it will pay you to sell a portion in order that your efforts may be devoted to a smaller area.

The best way to kill wire grass is by shadowing the soil. First plow the ground in the fall, so as to allow the frost to pulverize it. In the spring plow again and sow oats thickly. Cut the oats in the milky stage and sow the ground with Hungarian grass, the thicker the better. These crops will keep the ground well shaded and kill out the grass.

The Household.

SWALLOWING saliva often relieves sour stomach.

Hot dry flannel, applied as hot as possible, for neuralgia.

When not in use the umbrella should be left loose, unconfined by elastic or silken band.

BROKEN limbs should be placed in natural position and the patient kept quiet until the surgeon arrives.

RANCID lard is improved by trying it over with a little water in the kettle, adding slices of raw potatoes.

Do not blow the food to cool it for children; the breath is often impure and will make the food injurious to the child.

A BROWN bread sandwich is spread with cream cheese and watercress or parsley, with cayenne pepper and salt.

HEMORRHAGES of the lungs or stomach are promptly checked by small doses of salt. The patient should be kept as quiet as possible.

RICE CAKE.—One teaspoonful of rice flour, two cups of wheat flour, two eggs, one cupful of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of baking powder and a little salt. Bake in a round tin dish in a quick oven.

BAKED HASH.—Take any kind of cold meat and chop fine, with a little cold ham or salt pork, mix one or two eggs and a little butter, and season with salt and pepper; with this mix bread or rusk crumbs, moisten a very little and bake like pudding.

THE PIGTAIL MYSTERY.

The Secret of Tartar Power Over the Chinese.

Owing to the lack of printed matter concerning Chinese royalties and the conservative disposition of the officials, few if any foreigners know anything of the authentic character concerning the relations of the Chinese and the usurpers of their throne, the Tartars. It is often wondered at by Americans that an empire of 400,000,000 people could be so easily contented to be ruled by only a few hundred thousand of roving bands of wild Tartars. That there is a great secret of this miraculous power of the Tartar dynasty over its great vassal empire is made evident by the facts of the Chinese devotion and sincerity to the welfare of the present dynasty. Here are the secrets of the Tartar conquest of China. The conditions were published in the "Shin Yu Kei" (a sort of constitutional history of the present dynasty), of which I can only roughly quote through memory:

1. As a sign of subjugation to the conquerors the Chinese must wear the cue and shave the crown of their heads like the soldiers of Yuan Ching Wong, the conqueror, and discard the flowing robes of the great Ming to wear those shaped by Tartars.

2. The Tartars shall rule only the male population of China, while the women remain the subjects of their own husbands, and that none of them be permitted to marry Tartars.

3. The offices of "Chu Ching Shon" and "Yu Ching Shon," or premier and general-in-chief of the empire, are to be filled only by Tartars, while the balance of the political offices are equally divided between the two nationalities, Chinese and Tartars alike.

And to revenge upon their conquerors for taking away practically all the important offices of the realm, the literati, or ruling class of China, made and dictated the fourth condition, namely, their old law that no men of either party are eligible to any offices of honor except by regular literary competitions, and denied their conquerors the famous degree of "Chum Yuen," the highest and most distinguished honor that can be conferred upon man by his people and his rulers, thus enforcing their conquerors to drop the sword or the pen, and also forcing them to follow Chinese habits, such as the worshipping of ancestors and other religious peculiarities of the Chinese.

Through sheer necessity their conquerors accepted the terms, as otherwise the Chinese would rather exterminate themselves by suicide than be ruled by a race who had a different civilization from their own.

Just Like His Grandfather.

Congressman John Allen, of Mississippi, was the central figure of a pleasant group of southern gentlemen at the Hoffman House recently. The witty southern representative is always at his best when telling an entertaining story. In talking about the amusing incidents connected with political campaigning in his congressional district, he related several stories in the negro dialect, among the best of which was the following:

"I had just returned from making a political speech," said Mr. Allen, "when I was met at the door by old 'Aunt' Allison, an aged negro woman, who nursed me in childhood. With her big, black, good-natured face all wreathed in smiles, she said: 'Bless ma soul! Mass'r John, but how yo' don't rem'n' me o' yo' deah ole gran' fa'r. Yo' walk like him, talk like him, act like him, an' am jes' like him in politics, too.'"

"Why, aunt, I never knew that my grandfather had been active in politics," said I.

"Oh, 'deed an' 'deed he wah, Mass'r John. He wah jes' like yo' self in that pat'iclah."

"In what way, aunty?"

"Oh, he wah all de time a holdin' office."

"What office did grandfather hold, aunty?"

"Jes' de same as yo'—candidate."

Some Women are Sly.

How awfully sly some women are! I was standing in a notion store when a young woman of fair countenance and modest front came up to the counter, and, after the usual performances, asked the salesman to show her some corkscrews, adding: "I want a good strong one to open ink bottles."

The salesman returned with a basket containing corkscrews of all sizes, and picking out a little one held it up, saying: "We have them like this—but here's one," and he showed a corkscrew with a solid wooden handle, "you can get a good grip on."

The young woman never smiled as she said that she'd take the big corkscrew. The ink bottle was never made with a neck large enough to admit such a screw.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Conscience Money.

Since 1860 the amount of conscience money sent to the Treasury Department foots up over a million and a-half of dollars, but it is estimated that over \$75,000,000 was stolen and kept without hurting any one's conscience in the least.

Rapid Convalescence.

It is said that it doesn't take a northern invalid very long to get well in Florida. When the first week's hotel bill is presented he generally says: "I guess I'm well enough to start for home this afternoon."

THE BABOON AS AN EPICURE.

Eats a Little of Everything, but Can't Stand Arsenic.

The baboon, says the Cape News, seems to be changing its nature with the changing climate conditions. In former years he was a vegetarian, his worst offense being stealing melons in the gardens when he got the chance. Now he has taken the other ways of getting a livelihood. Said a farmer the other day to a brother farmer: "Have you lots of honey on your farm?"

"No; the baboons rob all the nests."

"How do they do it? the bees would sting them to death."

The answer was that probably the baboons did the work in the night when the bees were drowsy, sleepy and dull. Anyway he believed the baboons got off with the swag of honey wherever they could get at a nest. Then, Mr. Peter Pooyen, of Moonontein, has his story to tell of the new development of the baboon; it attacks the wild aloe, pulls it down and tears out the pith for food. Mr. Booyen, sr., does not object to this, as he would be glad if all the wild aloes on his farm were cleared out by any means whatsoever. The special wish of the father and son is that baboons would take to some food-providing operations which would get rid of the prickly pear. But as the substance of the leaf and of the trunk of the prickly pear if nothing but water the wish is not likely to be gratified. Anyway the poisoning clubs have classed the baboon with the wild carnivora and the rifle and arsenic are now busy to destroy him.

Farmers give interesting instances of the difficulty of poisoning the baboon, the fellow being about as "sly" as a human being. One farmer believes the fellow tastes the poison as prepared and disguised for him, and if he finds it is not a good thing for his stomach, spits it out. That, farmer, however, has succeeded in giving the arsenic such a palatable surroundings that the shrewdness of the baboon is not proof against the palatable temptation and dies.

Bungling Harness in France.

In France a peculiar condition of affairs exists in making harness intended for horses doing heavy work. The people seem to have a tendency to place upon the horse's back an enormous weight in the shape of harness. The horse's neck is weighed down by a huge collar and a pair of hames of a queer pattern. The hames are a clumsy structure of wood bound by iron, which extends high above the collar, forming a peak at the top. Fastened to the collar is a large robe, generally of a bright hue, placed there presumably to protect the horse's neck and shoulders from the rain and to prevent chafing. This collar weighs from fifty to sixty pounds. The remainder of the harness is made in the same proportion and with one idea kept constantly in view—that is, to make the harness weigh as much as possible.

Stone Walls Are Numerous.

I have noted places in England where stone had been hauled a considerable distance to wall up the land into three or four acre patches. An excess of fence on any farm above absolute requirements is a nuisance, and more certainly so on high-priced lands. Imagine carrying out the soiling plan or intensive farming on these small fields, as is often done. It should be remembered that these farms are seldom owned by the tillers and that they have become accustomed to it and do not realize their inconvenience. This is from a letter of an American farmer written while visiting England.

A Very Old Vessel.

A remarkable vessel, a fore and aft schooner of about eighty-five tons register burden, called the Vigilant, is now, and has been, regularly running from Santa Cruz to St. Thomas and vice versa as a passenger, freight and mail packet for upward of four score years. The Vigilant, it is said, was built in Baltimore, Md., during the very first years of our national independence, making her upward of 110 years old. She was of the "Baltimore clipper" class, so famed many years for speed, and must have been a wonder and a beauty when launched.

The Chicago Girl All at Sea.

Once in crossing the Atlantic the passengers of a certain ship were summoned to look at an iceberg. The sun threw a shower of rays upon it, which was reflected by the glittering mass, and the effect was something magnificent. There arose a chorus of delighted exclamations.

"How like an old Gothic cathedral!" cried one passenger.

"Do you think so?" remarked an American lady. "Now, it looks to me just like one of our grain elevators."

She Played Often.

Mr. Henpeck—De Poore, your's a lucky dog. My wife says that when your wife loses her temper she never says a word, but goes to the piano and plays a hymn tune until she cools down. I wish my wife would do that. De Poore—"You'd change your mind after you had paid out so much money as I have getting the piano repaired."—Moon.

His Arithmetic.

"Two times two is ate," said Bobby, triumphantly, as he finished the last drumstick on the second turkey, and then asked timidly, if he could have a taste of the white meat.

A GREAT RIVER.

The Source of the St. Lawrence Discussed.

Where does the river St. Lawrence rise? How many can answer this question in geography? Some will probably say in Lake Ontario, others in Lake Superior. Neither answer is quite correct.

Like the Amazon, this river has a different name for each part of its course. The lower part of the great South American river is called by the natives the Amazonas, the middle part is the Solimoes, and the upper part the Maranon.

So the St. Lawrence, between Lake Erie and Lake Huron the St. Clair and Detroit river, and between Lake Huron and Lake Superior the St. Mary's river. Yet are these all one and the same river, the lakes being but so many expansions of its waters.

Beyond Lake Superior, to the northward, there is still another portion of its course, called the Nepigon, a noble stream of clear azure-tinted water nearly as large as the Hudson in volume, which flows down from the great Lake Nepigon in the heart of the Canadian wilderness.

Until recently Lake Nepigon has been but little known. On our maps it is figured as a much smaller lake than it really is. Its actual dimensions are about seventy-three miles in length by fifty-one in breadth. These figures give but an inadequate idea of its size, for there are five great bays varying from twenty to ten miles in length. The actual cast line of the lake is not much less than 600 miles.

Twelve rivers of considerable size, four of them rising far up on the "divide" toward James Bay, flow into it, and its waters rival those of Lake George in purity and clearness. It literally swarms with whitefish and trout.

The Nepigon River—the outlet of the lake—may be fairly termed the northerly and upper course of the St. Lawrence, not only from its size, exceeding greatly all other rivers flowing into Lake Superior, but from the clearness and color of its water, and other general characteristics.

Whereas the other smaller rivers of Lake Superior are "black-water" rivers, that is to say, having turbid or stained water, the Nepigon is a clear and beautiful river of the same azure, sea-green and marine-blue water which one sees at Niagara and in the St. Lawrence.

The Center of Population.

Gath said to Congressman Hill, "will not the next census show that the center of American population is some where about the Wabash river?"

"I am rather of the opinion that the next census will locate the center of the American population in the vicinity of Bloomington, Ind. At the last census it was at Taylorsville, which is almost within sight of Cincinnati. When the constitution was adopted the center of population was not far from the head of Chesapeake Bay or somewhere near Baltimore City. It has gone on by a waveling line until it is probably now turning some to the northwest from the point where it last was indicated. Of course, Texas has pulled off a good deal of population, but not so much as the northwest. Not improbably St. Louis will some day turn out to be the line of the American focus. The western people bring to bear upon any material problem of this kind which is to help them onward a coherence, definiteness of purpose and almost fierce resolution which is hardly known elsewhere in the world.

Couldn't See the Point.

A Yale student returning from abroad is disgusted with the slow appreciation of the English people. He says that on the trip home he had occasion to make use of the phrase "in the soup." As it was new to British ears, it provoked the curiosity of one old gentleman, who begged an explanation. The embarrassed young man began with a cheerful and homely example.

"If," said he, "I started for America, and my trunk by some inadvertence was detained in Liverpool, I should be sadly inconvenienced, would I not? Well, then, my trunk would be in the soup, and so would I."

"But," broke out the Englishman, "I cannot see what your trunk has got to do with an article of diet."

The Indians Sprucing Up.

The Pluties living in the vicinity, says the Virginia City Enterprise, appear to be improving in the ways of civilization. They certainly dress much better than in former times. More well and comfortably dressed Indians are now to be seen in and about this city than ever before. In one way and another they earned a considerable amount of money last summer (many of them went over to California in the hop-picking season) and they appear to have invested the greater portion of it in clothing and blankets. The squaws wear decent calico dresses, and are always ready to spend money in buying shoes and stockings for their children—particularly the little girls, who are not allowed to go barefoot, even in summer.

They See the End.

A German professor of languages at Dresden, in speaking before a class the other day, said that the next hundred years would witness the total extinction of the German language, and that English alone would be spoken on the habitable globe. That's a good enough language for anybody.

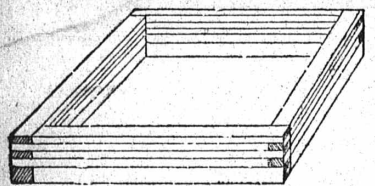
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The best way to apply salt to land is to mix it with the lime or ashes, one bushel of salt to ten of the lime or ashes being the proper proportion. It renders the lime more soluble, due to chemical action.

Whenever you are compelled to allow a field to remain uncultivated for want of time or labor, it indicates that you have too much land, and that it will pay you to sell a portion in order that your efforts may be devoted to a smaller area.

The best way to kill wire grass is by shading the soil. First plow the ground in the fall, so as to allow the frost to pulverize it. In the spring plow again and sow oats thickly. Cut the oats in the milky stage and sow the ground with Hungarian grass, the thicker the better. These crops will keep the ground well shaded and kill out the grass.

The Household.

SWALLOWING saliva often relieves sour stomach.

Hot dry flannel, applied as hot as possible, for neuralgia.

When not in use the umbrella should be left loose, unconfined by elastic or silken band.

BROKEN limbs should be placed in natural position and the patient kept quiet until the surgeon arrives.

RANCIID land is improved by trying it over with a little water in the kettle, adding slices of raw potatoes.

Do not blow the food to cool it for children; the breath is often impure and will make the food injurious to the child.

A BROWN bread sandwich is spread with cream cheese and watercress or parsley, with cayenne pepper and salt.

HEMORRHAGES of the lungs or stomach are promptly checked by small doses of salt. The patient should be kept as quiet as possible.

RICE CAKE.—One teaspoonful of rice flour, two cups of wheat flour, two eggs, one cupful of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of baking powder and a little salt. Bake in a round tin dish in a quick oven.

BAKED HASH.—Take any kind of cold meat and chop fine, with a little cold ham or salt pork, mix one or two eggs and a little butter, and season with salt and pepper; with this mix bread or rusk crumbs, moisten a very little and bake like pudding.

THE PIGTAIL MYSTERY.

The Secret of Tartar Power Over the Chinese.

Owing to the lack of printed matter concerning Chinese royalties and the conservative disposition of the officials, few if any foreigners know anything of the authentic character concerning the relations of the Chinese and the usurpers of their throne, the Tartars. It is often wondered at by Americans that an empire of 400,000,000 people could be so easily contented to be ruled by only a few hundred thousand of roving bands of wild Tartars. That there is a great secret of this miraculous power of the Tartar dynasty over its great vassal empire is made evident by the facts of the Chinese devotion and sincerity to the welfare of the present dynasty. Here are the secrets of the Tartar conquest of China. The conditions were published in the "Shin Yu Kei" (a sort of constitutional history of the present dynasty), of which I can only roughly quote through memory:

1. As a sign of subjugation to the conquerors the Chinese must wear the cue and shave the crown of their heads like the soldiers of Yuen Ching Wong, the conqueror, and discard the flowing robes of the great Ming to wear those shaped by Tartars.

2. The Tartars shall rule only the male population of China, while the women remain the subjects of their own husbands, and that none of them be permitted to marry Tartars.

3. The offices of "Chu Ching Shon" and "Yu Ching Shon," or premier and general-in-chief of the empire, are to be filled only by Tartars, while the balance of the political offices are equally divided between the two nationalities, Chinese and Tartars alike.

And to revenge upon their conquerors for taking away practically all the important offices of the realm, the literati, or ruling class of China, made and dictated the fourth condition, namely, their old law that no men of either party are eligible to any offices of honor except by regular literary competitions, and denied their conquerors the famous degree of "Chum Yuen," the highest and most distinguished honor that can be conferred upon man by his people and his rulers, thus enforcing their conquerors to drop the sword or the pen, and also forcing them to follow Chinese habits, such as the worshipping of ancestors and other religious peculiarities of the Chinese.

Through sheer necessity their conquerors accepted the terms as otherwise the Chinese would rather exterminate themselves by suicide than be ruled by a race who had a different civilization from their own.

Just Like His Grandfather.

Congressman John Allen, of Mississippi, was the central figure of a pleasant group of southern gentlemen at the Hoffman House recently. The witty southern representative is always at his best when telling an entertaining story. In talking about the amusing incidents connected with political campaigning in his congressional district, he related several stories in the negro dialect, among the best of which was the following:

"I had just returned from making a political speech," said Mr. Allen, "when I was met at the door by old 'Aunt' Allison, an aged negro woman, who nursed me in childhood. With her big, black, good-natured face all wreathed in smiles, she said: 'Bless ma soul! Mass'r John, but how yo' don't rem'in' me o' yo' deah ole gran' fa'r. Yo' walk like him, talk like him, act like him, an' am jes' like him in politiks, too.'"

"Why, aunty, I never knew that my grandfather had been active in politics," said I.

"Oh, 'deed an' 'deed he wah, Mass'r John. He wah jes' like yo' self in that pat'iclar.'"

"In what way, aunty?"

"Oh, he wah all de time a holdin' office."

"What office did grandfather hold, aunty?"

"Jes' de same as yo'—candidate."

Some Women are Sly.

How awfully sly some women are! I was standing in a notion store when a young woman of fair countenance and modest front came up to the counter, and, after the usual performances, asked the salesman to show her some corkscrews, adding: "I want a good strong one to open ink bottles."

The salesman returned with a basket containing corkscrews of all sizes, and picking out a little one held it up, saying: "We have them like this—but here's one," and he showed a corkscrew with a solid wooden handle, "you can get a good grip on."

The young woman never smiled as she said that she'd take the big corkscrew. The ink bottle was never made with a neck large enough to admit such a screw.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Conscience Money.

Since 1860 the amount of conscience money sent to the Treasury Department foots up over a million and a-half of dollars, but it is estimated that over \$75,000,000 was stolen and kept without hurting any one's conscience in the least.

Rapid Conscience.

It is said that it doesn't take a northern invalid very long to get well in Florida. When the first week's hotel bill is presented he generally says: "I guess I'm well enough to start for home this afternoon."

THE BABOON AS AN EPICURE.

Eats a Little of Everything, but Can't Stand Arsenic.

The baboon, says the Cape News, seems to be changing its nature with the changing climate conditions. In former years he was a vegetarian, his worst offense being stealing melons in the gardens when he got the chance. Now he has taken the other ways of getting a livelihood. Said a farmer the other day to a brother farmer: "Have you lots of honey on your farm?"

"No; the baboons rob all the nests." "How do they do it? the bees would sting them to death."

The answer was that probably the baboons did the work in the night when the bees were drowsy, sleepy and dull. Anyway he believed the baboons got off with the swag of honey wherever they could get at a nest. Then, Mr. Peter Pooyson, of Moonontein, has his story to tell of the new development of the baboon; it attacks the wild aloes, pulls it down and tears out the pith for food. Mr. Booyson, sr., does not object to this, as he would be glad if all the wild aloes on his farm were cleared out by any means whatsoever. The special wish of the father and son is that baboons would take to some food-providing operations which would get rid of the prickly pear. But as the substance of the leaf and of the trunk of the prickly pear if nothing but water the wish is not likely to be gratified. Anyway the poisoning clubs have classed the baboon with the wild carnivora and the rifle and arsenic are now busy to destroy him.

Farmers give interesting instances of the difficulty of poisoning the baboon, the fellow being about as "slim" as a human being. One farmer believes the fellow tastes the poison as prepared and disguised for him, and if he finds it is not a good thing for his stomach, spits it out. That, farmer, however, has succeeded in giving the arsenic such a palatable surroundings that the shrewdness of the baboon is not proof against the palatable temptation and diet.

Bungling Harness in France.

In France a peculiar condition of affairs exists in making harness intended for horses doing heavy work. The people seem to have a tendency to place upon the horse's back an enormous weight in the shape of harness. The horse's neck is weighed down by a huge collar and a pair of hames of a queer pattern. The hames are a clumsy structure of wood bound by iron, which extends high above the collar, forming a peak at the top. Fastened to the collar is a large robe, generally of a bright hue, placed there presumably to protect the horse's neck and shoulders from the rain and to prevent chafing. This collar weighs from fifty to sixty pounds. The remainder of the harness is made in the same proportion and with one idea kept constantly in view—that is, to make the harness weigh as much as possible.

Stone Walls Are Numerous.

I have noted places in England where stone had been hauled a considerable distance to wall up the land into three or four acre patches. An excess of fence on any farm above absolute requirements is a nuisance, and more certainly so on high-priced lands. Imagine carrying out the soiling plan or intensive farming on these small fields, as is often done. It should be remembered that these farms are seldom owned by the tillers and that they have become accustomed to it and do not realize their inconvenience. This is from a letter of an American farmer written while visiting England.

A Very Old Vessel.

A remarkable vessel, a fore and aft schooner of about eighty-five tons register burden, called the Vigilant, is now, and has been, regularly running from Santa Cruz to St. Thomas and vice versa as a passenger, freight and mail packet for upward of four score years. The Vigilant, it is said, was built in Baltimore, Md., during the very first years of our national independence, making her upward of 110 years old. She was of the "Baltimore clipper" class, so famed many years for speed, and must have been a wonder and a beauty when launched.

The Chicago Girl All at Sea.

Once in crossing the Atlantic the passengers of a certain ship were summoned to look at an iceberg. The sun threw a shower of rays upon it, which was reflected by the glittering mass, and the effect was something magnificent. There arose a chorus of delighted exclamations.

"How like an old Gothic cathedral!" cried one passenger.

"Do you think so?" remarked an American lady. "Now, it looks to me just like one of our grain elevators."

She Played Often.

Mr. Henpeck—De Poore, your's a lucky dog. My wife says that when your wife loses her temper she never says a word, but goes to the piano and plays a hymn tune until she cools down. I wish my wife would do that.

De Poore—You'd change your mind after you had paid out so much money as I have getting the piano repaired.—Moon.

His Arithmetic.

"Two times two is ate," said Bobby, triumphantly, as he finished the last drumstick on the second turkey, and then asked timidly, if he could have a taste of the white meat.

A GREAT RIVER.

The Source of the St. Lawrence Discussed.

Where does the river St. Lawrence rise? How many can answer this question in geography? Some will probably say in Lake Ontario, others in Lake Superior. Neither answer is quite correct.

Like the Amazon, this river has a different name for each part of its course. The lower part of the great South American river is called by the natives the Amazonas, the middle part is the Solimoes, and the upper part the Maranon.

So the St. Lawrence, between Lake Erie and Lake Huron the St. Clair and Detroit river, and between Lake Huron and Lake Superior the St. Mary's river. Yet are these all one and the same river, the lakes being but so many expansions of its waters.

Beyond Lake Superior, to the northward, there is still another portion of its course, called the Nepigon, a noble stream of clear azure-tinted water nearly as large as the Hudson in volume, which flows down from the great Lake Nepigon in the heart of the Canadian wilderness.

Until recently Lake Nepigon has been but little known. On our maps it is figured as a much smaller lake than it really is. Its actual dimensions are about seventy-three miles in length by fifty-one in breadth. These figures give but an inadequate idea of its size, for there are five great bays varying from twenty to ten miles in length. The actual east line of the lake is not much less than 600 miles.

Twelve rivers of considerable size, four of them rising far up on the "divide" toward James Bay, flow into it, and its waters rival those of Lake George in purity and clearness. It literally swarms with whitefish and trout.

The Nepigon River—the outlet of the lake—may be fairly termed the northerly and upper course of the St. Lawrence, not only from its size, exceeding greatly all other rivers flowing into Lake Superior, but from the clearness and color of its water, and other general characteristics.

Whereas the other smaller rivers of Lake Superior are "black-water" rivers, that is to say, having turbid or stained water, the Nepigon is a clear and beautiful river of the same azure, sea-green and marine-blue water which one sees at Niagara and in the St. Lawrence.

The Center of Population.

Gath said to Congressman Hill, "will not the next census show that the center of American population is some where about the Wabash river?"

"I am rather of the opinion that the next census will locate the center of the American population in the vicinity of Bloomington, Ind. At the last census it was at Taylorsville, which is almost within sight of Cincinnati. When the constitution was adopted the center of population was not far from the head of Chesapeake Bay or somewhere near Baltimore City. It has gone on by a waveling line until it is probably now turning some to the northwest from the point where it last was indicated. Of course, Texas has pulled off a good deal of population, but not so much as the northwest. Not improbably St. Louis will some day turn out to be the line of the American focus. The western people bring to bear upon any material problem of this kind which is to help them onward a coherence, definiteness of purpose and almost fierce resolution which is hardly known elsewhere in the world.

Couldn't See the Point.

A Yale student returning from abroad is disgusted with the slow appreciation of the English people. He says that on the trip home he had occasion to make use of the phrase "in the soup." As it was the curiosity of one old gentleman, who begged an explanation. The embarrassed young man began with a cheerful and homely example.

"If," said he, "I started for America, and my trunk by some inadvertence was detained in Liverpool, I should be sadly inconvenienced, would I not? Well, then, my trunk would be in the soup, and so would I."

"But," broke out the Englishman, "I cannot see what your trunk has got to do with an article of diet."

The Indians Sprucing Up.

The Plutes living in the vicinity, says the Virginia City Enterprise, appear to be improving in the ways of civilization. They certainly dress much better than in former times. More well and comfortably dressed Indians are now to be seen in and about this city than ever before. In one way and another they earned a considerable amount of money last summer (many of them went over to California in the hop-picking season) and they appear to have invested the greater portion of it in clothing and blankets. The squaws wear decent calico dresses, and are always ready to spend money in buying shoes and stockings for their children—particularly the little girls, who are not allowed to go barefoot, even in summer.

They See the End.

A German professor of languages at Dresden, in speaking before a class the other day, said that the next hundred years would witness the total extinction of the German language, and that English alone would be spoken on the habitable globe. That's a good enough language for anybody.

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